THE

Merry Muſician;

Hen. OR, A Smyth.
Mar. 14. 1743

CURE for the SPLEEN:

BEING

A COLLECTION of the moſt diverting SONGS, and pleaſant BALLADS, ſet to the VIOLIN & FLUTE adapted to every Taſte & Humour

Here, in this little Magazine,
The greateſt Rarities are ſeen;
For Muſick has ſuch Pow'rful charms,
The Valiant Souldier She diſarms,
The Cripple throws his Crutch away,
And the Moroſe looks briſk and gay.

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Wm Hough

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The Fly.

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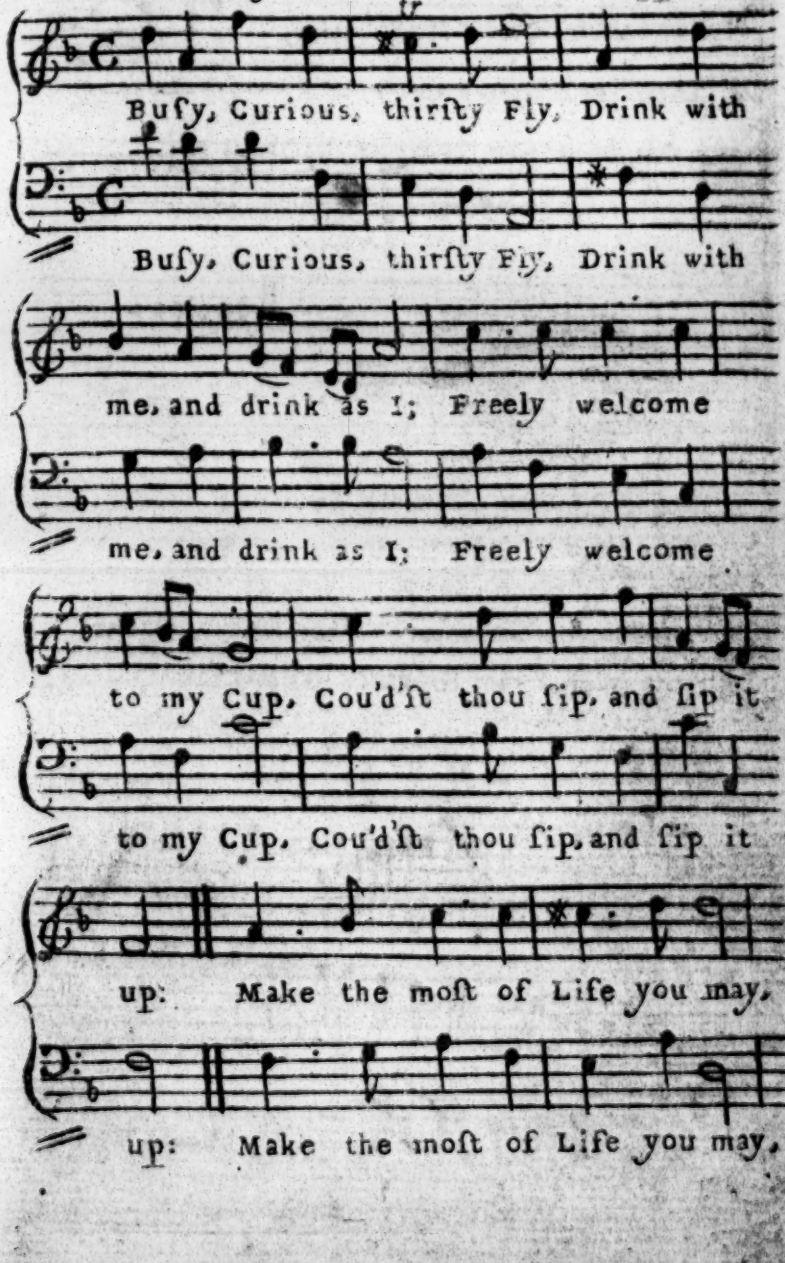
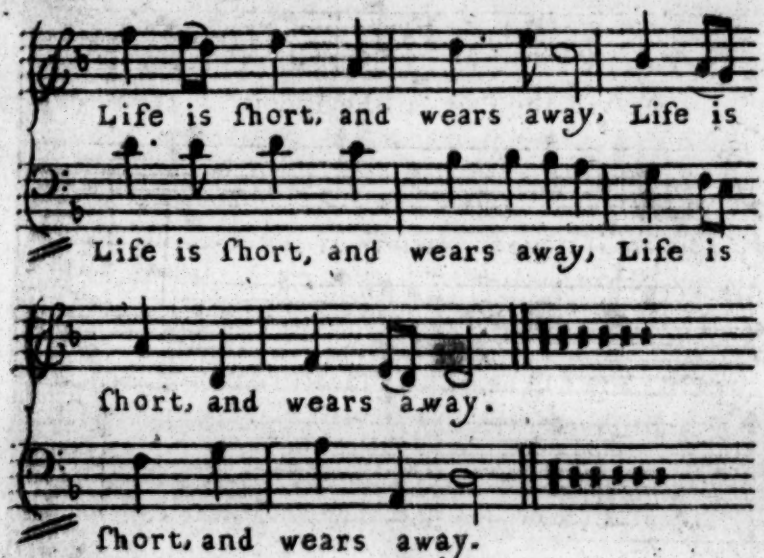
Set by Dr. Greene.

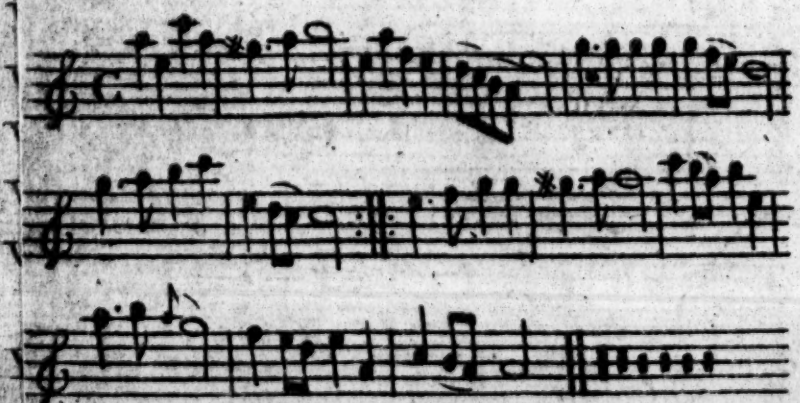
BRITISH MUSEUM


Buſy, Curious, thirſty Fly, Drink with
Buſy, Curious, thirſty Fly, Drink with
me, and drink as I; Freely welcome
me, and drink as I; Freely welcome
to my Cup, Cou'd'ſt thou ſip, and ſip it
to my Cup, Cou'd'ſt thou ſip, and ſip it
up: Make the moſt of Life you may,
up: Make the moſt of Life you may,

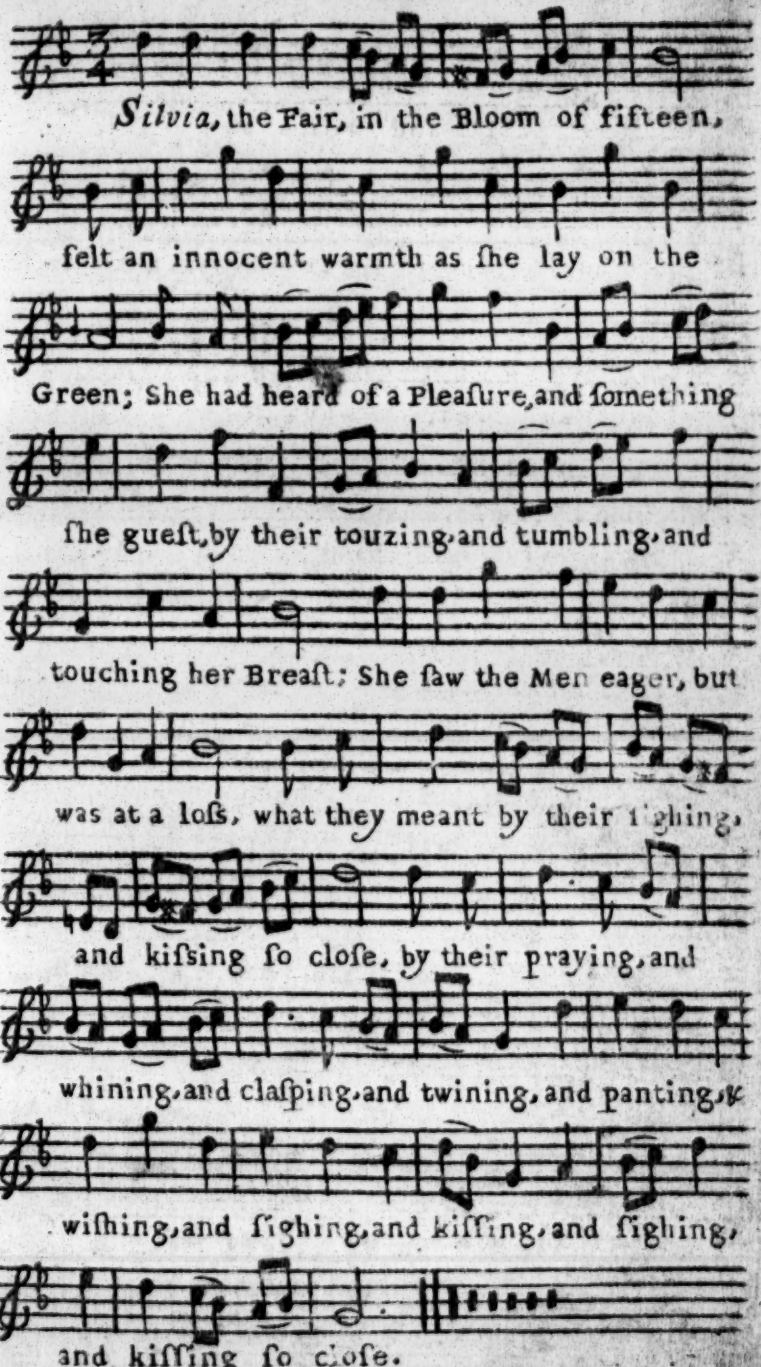


Both alike, both mine, and thine,
Haſten quick to their decline;
Thine's a Summer, mine no more,
Tho' repeated to threeſcore:
Threeſcore Summers when they're gone,
:S: Will appear as ſhort as One :S:

F L U T E.



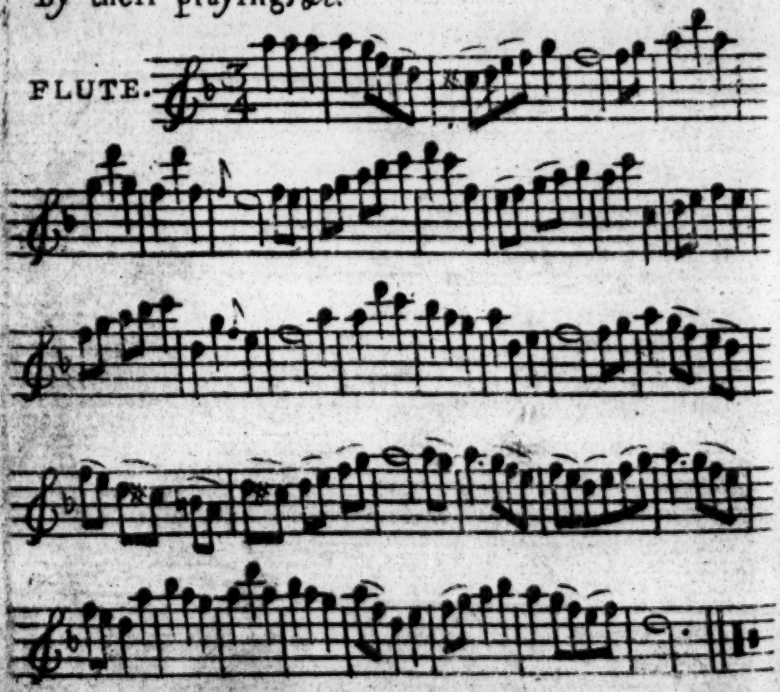
Fair Silvia.


Silvia, the Fair, in the Bloom of fifteen,
felt an innocent warmth as she lay on the
Green; She had heard of a Pleasure, and something
she guest, by their touzing, and tumbling, and
touching her Breast; She saw the Men eager, but
was at a loss, what they meant by their sighing,
and kissing so close, by their praying, and
whining, and clasping, and twining, and panting,
wishing, and sighing, and kissing, and sighing,
and kissing so close.

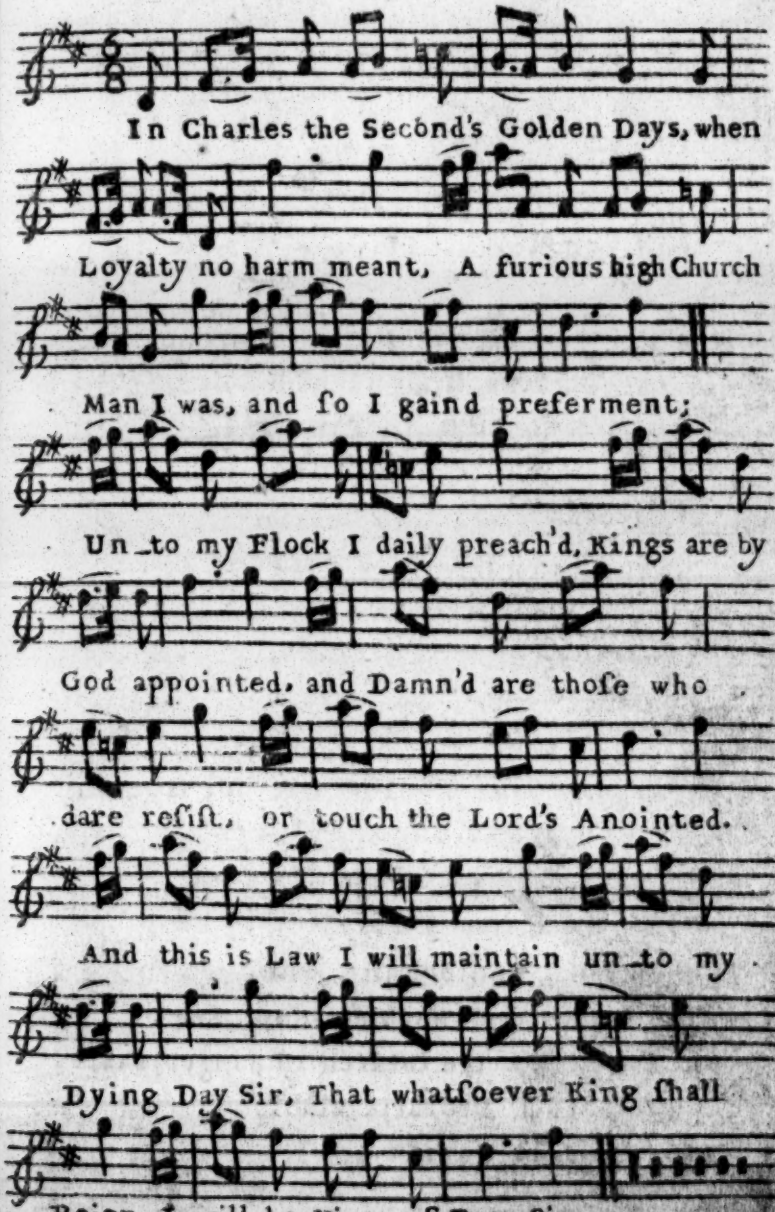
Ah! ſhe cry'd Ah! for a languiſhing Maid,
In a Country of Chriſtians to die without aid;
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at leaſt,
Or a Proteſtant Parſon, or Catholick Preiſt,
To inſtruct a young Virgin, who is at a loſs,
What they mean by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe.
By their praying, &c.

Cupid, in ſhape of a Swain did appear,
He ſaw the ſad wound, and in pity drew near,
Then ſhew'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the Pain was no more than a Maiden may bare;
When the Balm was infuſ'd, ſhe was not at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe.
By their praying, &c.

FLUTE.



The VICAR of BRAY.



When Royal James poſſeſt the Crown,
And Popery grew in faſhion,
The Penal Law I Houted down,
And read the Declaration:
The Church of Rome I found would fit,
Full well my Conſtitution,
And I had been a Jeſuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is Law, &c.

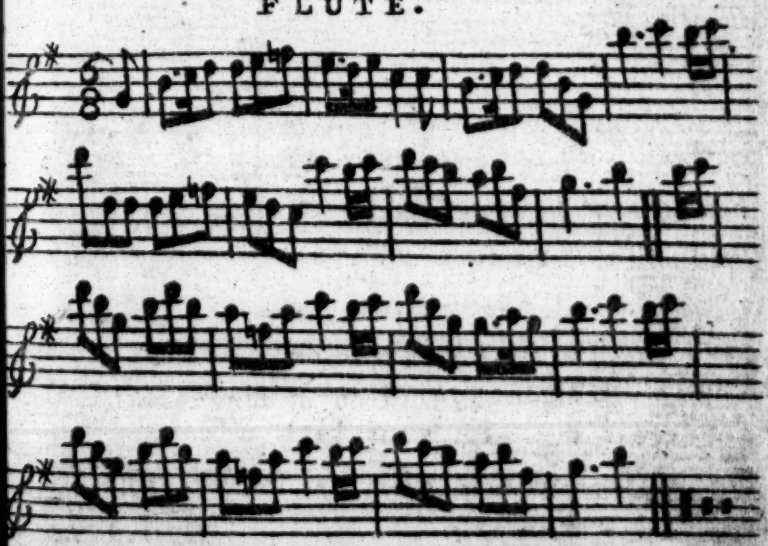
When William, our Deliverer came,
To heal the Nations greivance,
I turn'd the Cat in Pan again,
And ſwore to him Allegiance:
Old Principles I did revoke,
Set Conſcience at a diſtance,
Paſſive obedience is a Joke,
A Jeſt is non reſiſtance.
And this is Law, &c.

When Glorious Ann became our Queen,
The Church of Englands Glory,
Another face of things was ſeen,
And I became a Tory:
Occaſional Conformiſts baſe,
I Damn'd, and Moderation,
And thought the Church in danger was,
From ſuch Prevarication.
And this is Law, &c.

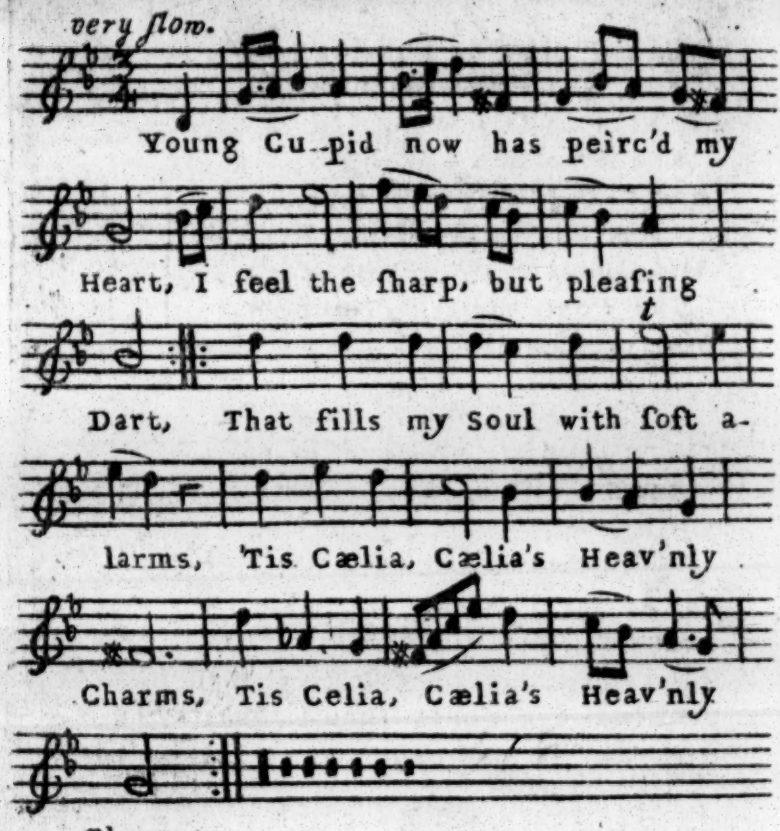
When George in Pudding time came o'er,
And Moderate Men look'd Big Sir,
My Principles I chang'd once more,
And ſo became a Whigg Sir:
And thus preferment I procur'd,
From our Faiths Great Defender,
And almoſt every day abjur'd,
The Pope, and the Pretender.
And this is Law, &c.

The Illuſtrious Houſe of Hannover,
And Proteſtant Succeſſion,
To theſe I luſtily will ſwear,
Whilſt they can keep poſſeſſion;
For in my Faith and Loyalty,
I never once will faulter,
But George my Lawful King ſhall be,
Except the Times ſhou'd alter.
And this is Law, &c.

FLUTE.



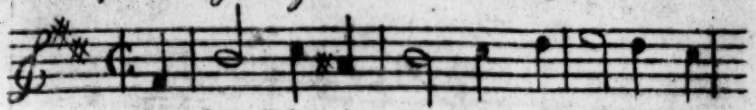
SONG.



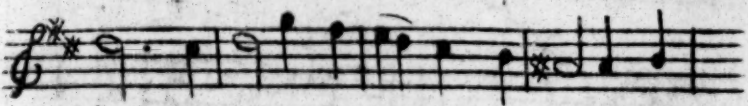
As when by Crafty Hunters wiles,
A Deer's enſnar'd within the Toils,
With Panick fear does trembling lye,
So I for Cælia pant and die.

Then Cælia, Oh, my Pray'r now hear,
And be as Kind as thou art Fair,
Nor treat me with your high diſdain,
Let Love and Pity eaſe my Pain.

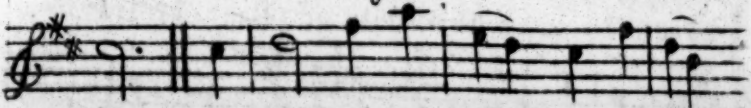
The 6 following Songs in the Country Bumkin



How hard is the Fortune of all Woman-



kind, for ever ſubjected, for ever con-



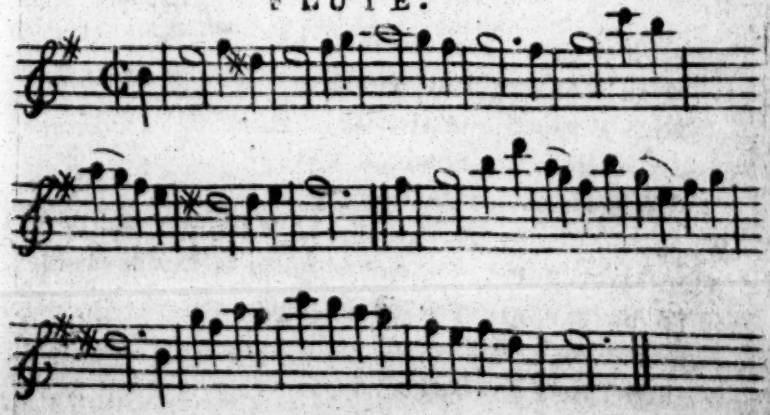
find. The Parent controuls us until

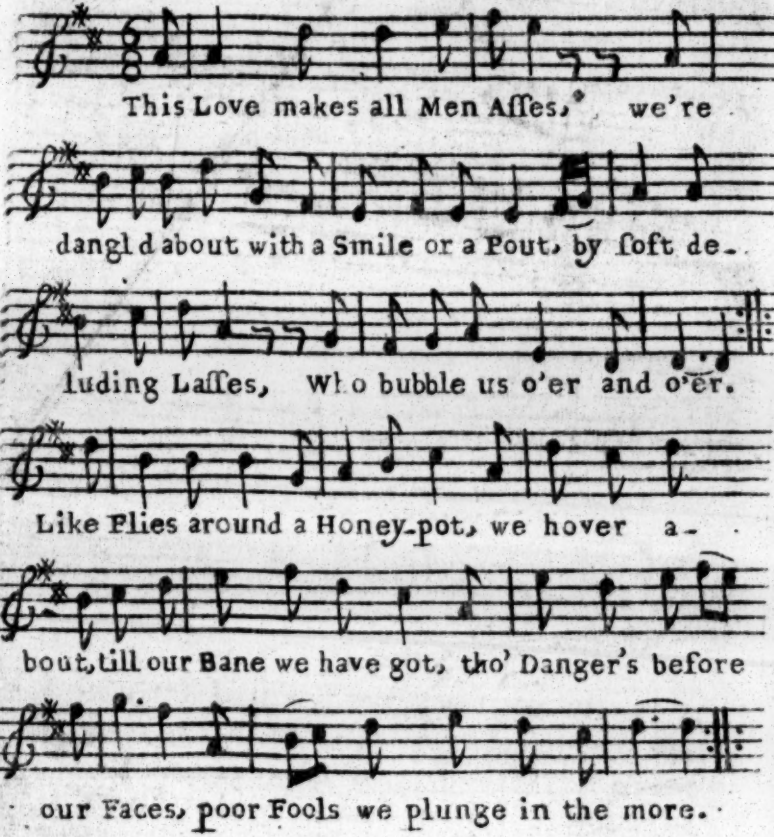
we are Wives, The Huſband enſlaves

us the reſt of our Lives.

If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,
But ſecretly languiſh, compell'd to conceal.
Deny'd e'ry Freedom, of Life to enjoy,
We're ſham'd if we're kind, we're blam'd if we're
(coy.

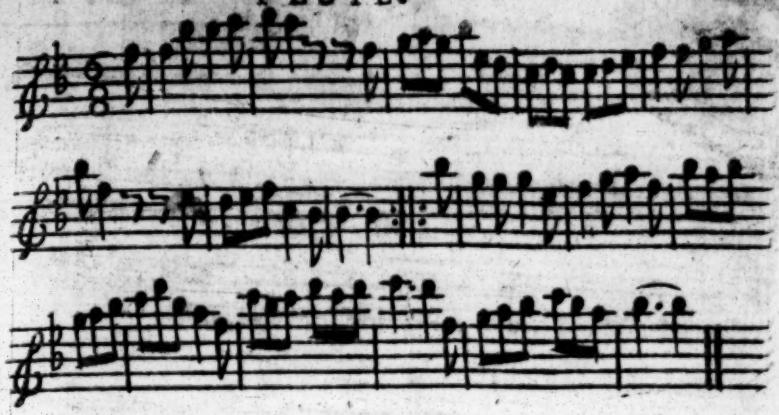
FLUTE.





When Fortune does enrich us
With Honour and Wealth,
With Vigour and Health,
These Angels so bewitch us;
Much more we esteem their Charms.
What Risques do we run for a Woman's sake?
What Stratagems use, and what Toils undertake,
To barter our Treasure
For Pleasure,
Within the Fair One's Arms?

FLUTE.

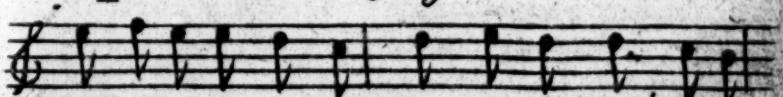


No ſooner comes a Country Clown, with his

Leather-Breeches, to London Town, but he

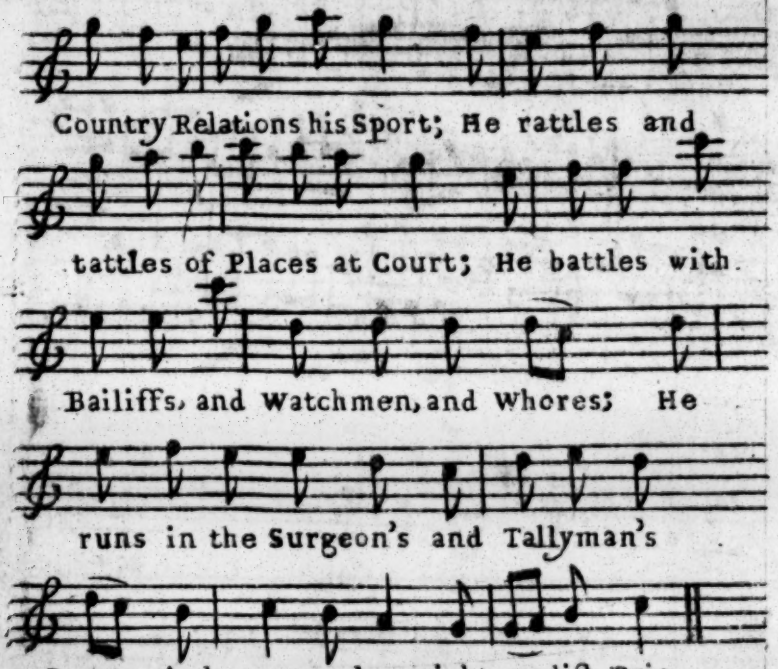
cocks his Hat, and ſtrives to look big. He

ſwops his Acres for gaudy Clothes, And he



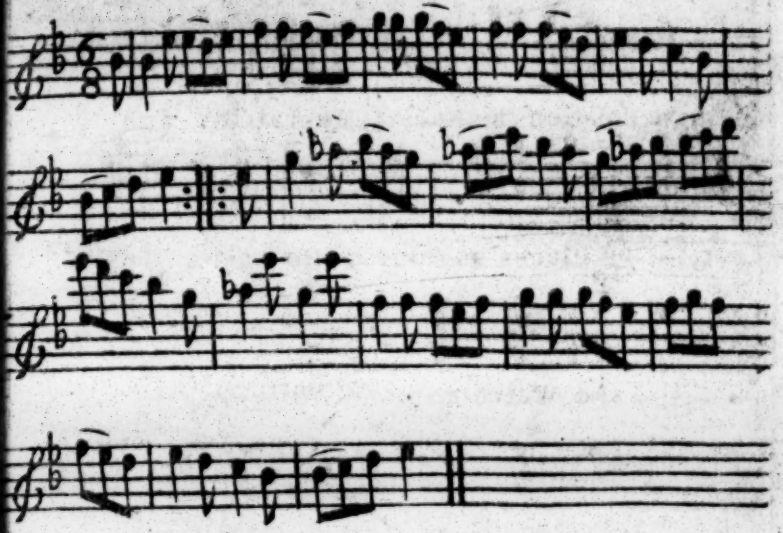
flaunts it about with the Belles and the Beaus, In a

lac'd Coat, and pig-tail'd Wig. He makes his



At last his Cash and his Credit grown low,
And his Habit all shabby; Goodby to the Beau;
Fate frowns, and Friends forsake:
He bids his Honour and Conscience, Good-night,
And the Country Bubble becomes a Town Bite;
No other Course to take:
He scours the Road, and he borrows a Purse;
Or cheats at the Baron's, that's fifty times worse:
He rogues it so fast,
That they shop him at last;
For his Tricks, in a String,
He is destin'd to swing:
There's an end of my Gentleman Rake.

FLUTE.



Who d ever endeavour a Girl to ſecure; th w.

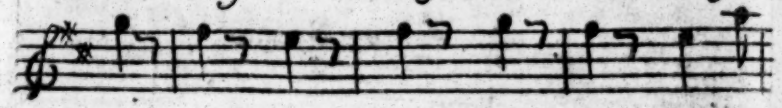
Shams, and with Flams, he muſt lay out his Lure:

For if ſhe once ſmokes him, She jilts him, and

jokes him, and leads him a tireſome Life: If

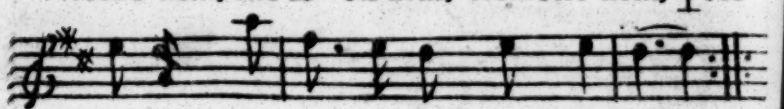
once ſhe diſcover he really does love her, His

Peace he may bid Good-night; For ſhe'll fling,



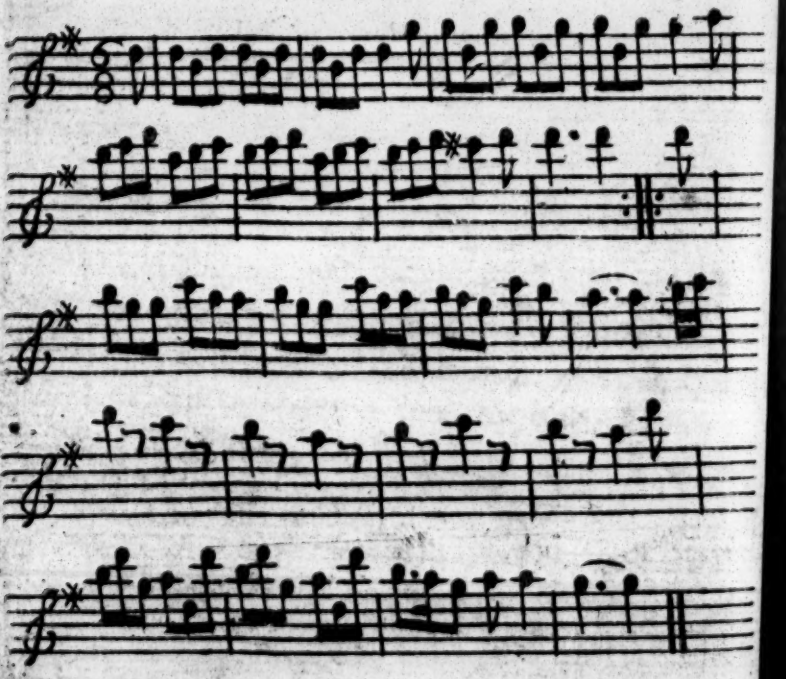
flounce, huff, bounce, ſqueal, ſquawl, ſcold, bawl; ſhe'll

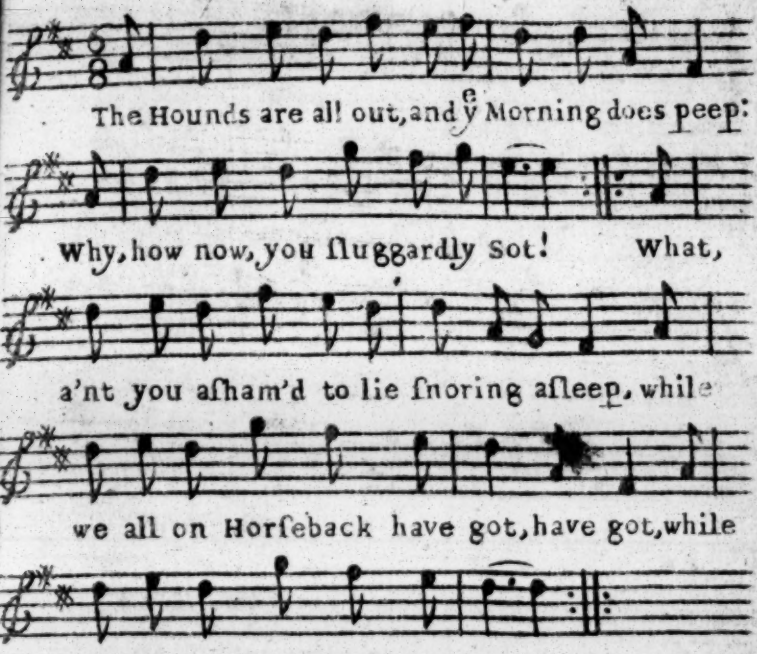
teaze him, ſhe'll vex him, torment him, per-



plex him, He'd better be hang d outright.

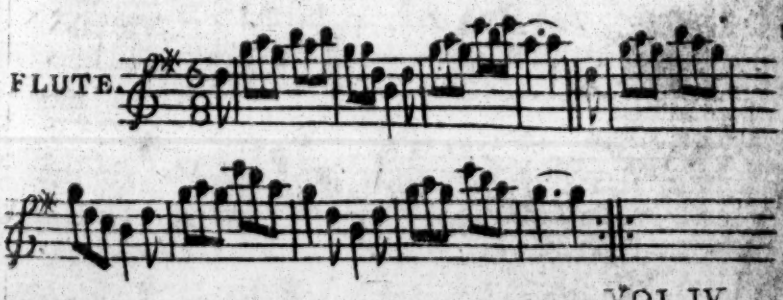
FLUTE.

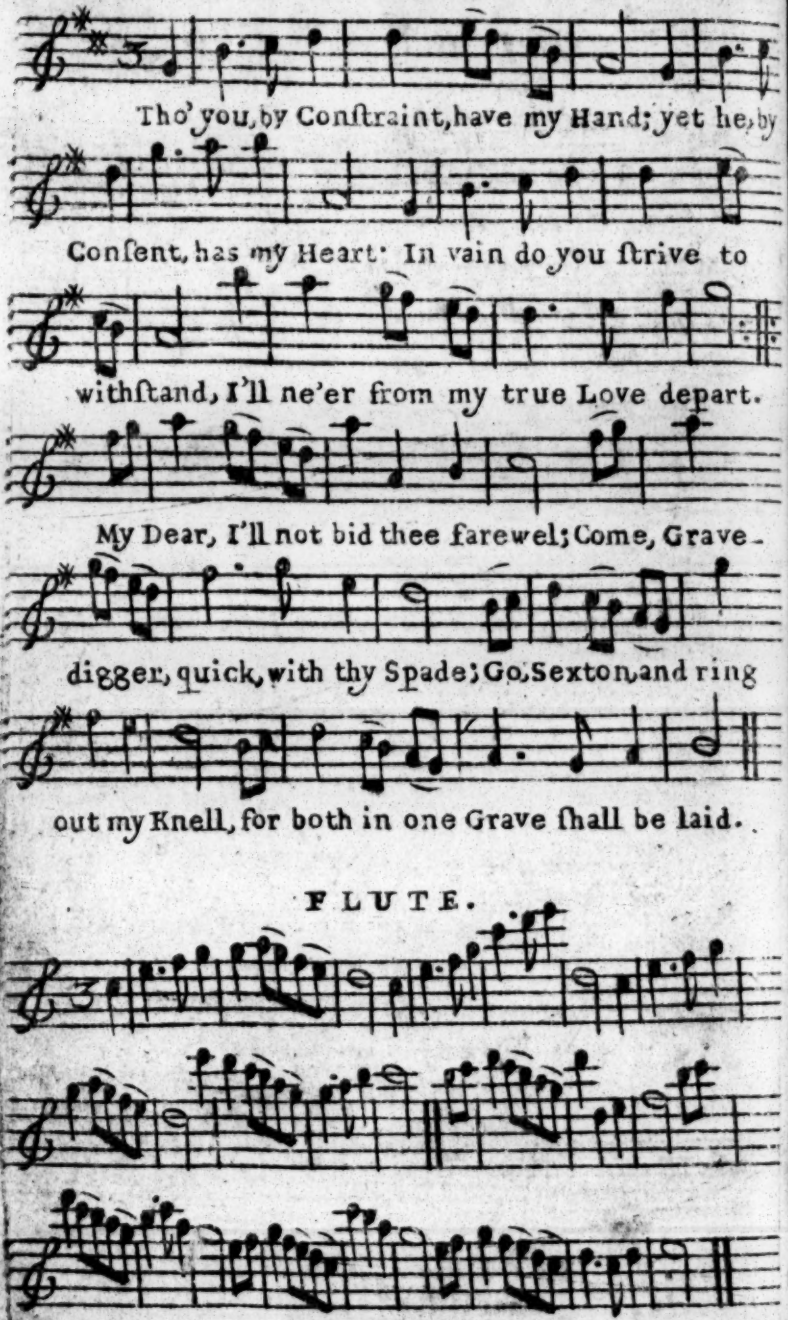




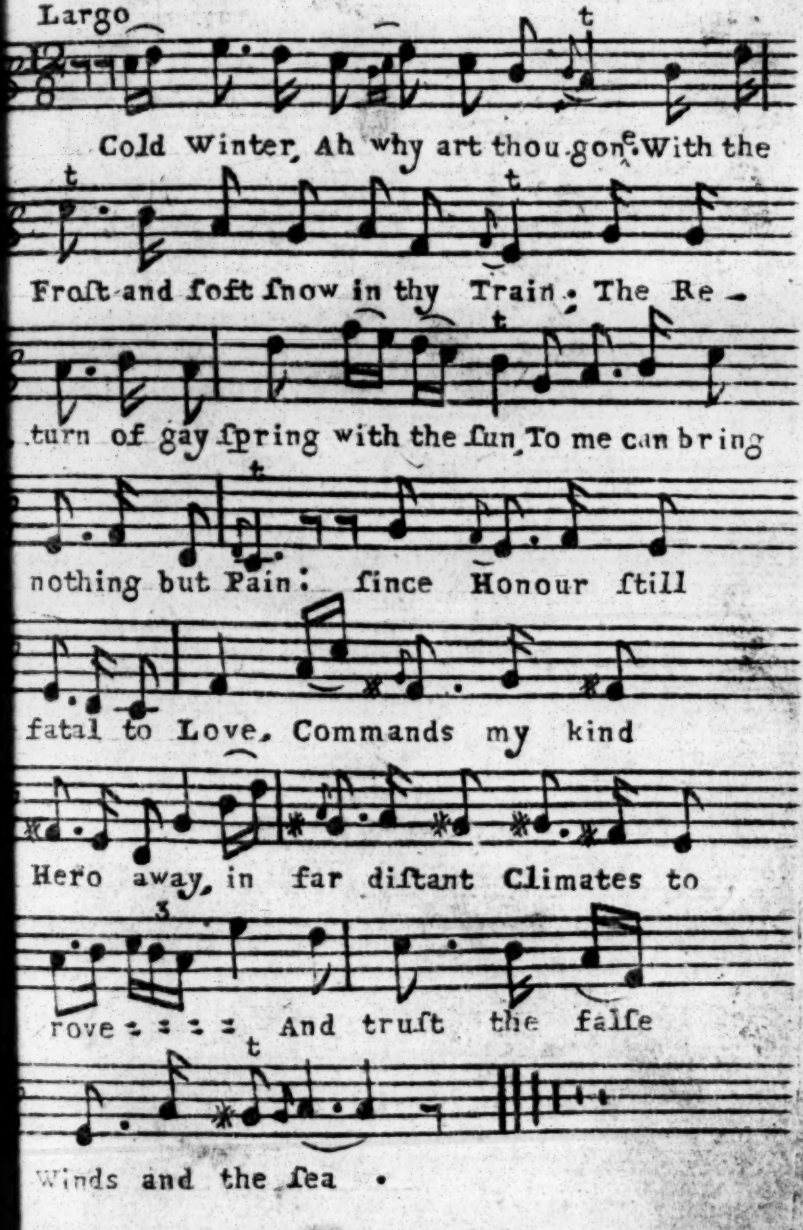
I cannot get up, for the over night's Cup
So damnably lies in my Head;
Beſide, my Wife cries; my Dear, do not riſe,
But cuddle me longer a-bed.

Come, on with your Boots, and ſaddle your Mare;
Nor tire us with longer Delay:
The Cry of the Hounds, and the Sight of the Hare,
Will chaſe all our Vapours away.




Tho' you, by Conſtraint, have my Hand; yet he, by
Conſent, has my Heart: In vain do you ſtrive to
withſtand, I'll ne'er from my true Love depart.
My Dear, I'll not bid thee farewel; Come, Grave-
digger, quick, with thy Spade; Go, Sexton, and ring
out my Knell, for both in one Grave ſhall be laid.
FLUTE.

The LADYS COMPLAINT for the Departure of her LOVER.



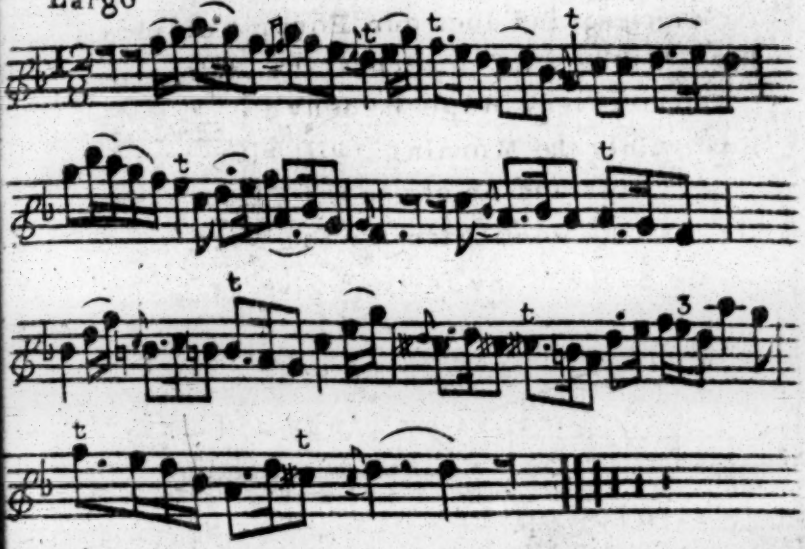
How cruel alaſs is the Fate,
Which unkind does our Fortune divide;
How cheerleſs and wretched the ſtate,
Where every Hope is deny'd.
How vainly the Morning will riſe,
All roſy and bright in the Eaſt;
The Ev'ning won't charm my ſad Eyes,
Or Night to my ſorrows give reſt.

Tho' the Buſhes all gaudily bloom,
And the Birds warble happy and Gay;
My Heart will be nothing but Gloom,
As ſoon as my Lovers away.
Not Muſick will ſoften my Cares,
Nor Pleaſures my ſenſes delight;
When his Voice ſounds no more in my Ears,
And his Perſon's no longer in ſight.

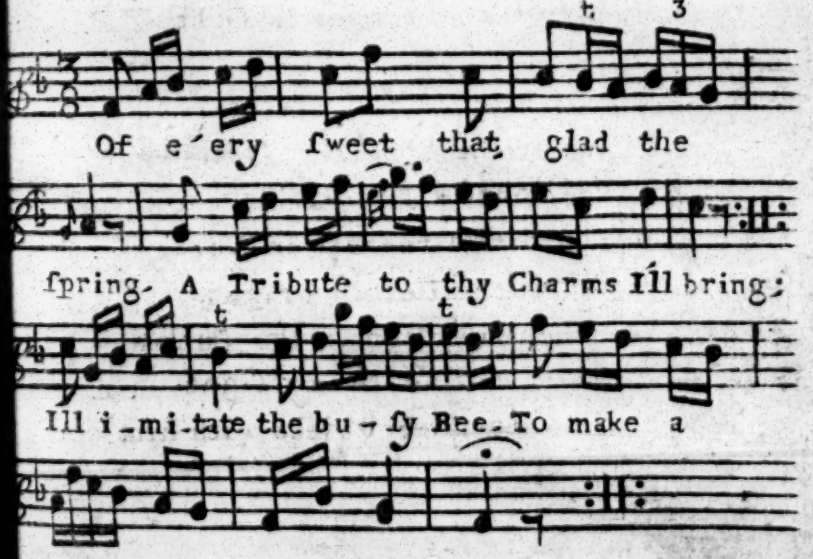
No Joy I ſhall find in the Fields,
The Plains or the trembling Grove;
Since ſolitude ſorrow but yields,
To a Heart that's ſincerely in Love.
But when the Moon riſes ſo bright,
And ſhews her full Orb in the ſtream;
Some Relief it will be to my ſight,
That I view the ſame Object with him.

FLUTE.

Largo



The AMOROUS PROTECTOR.

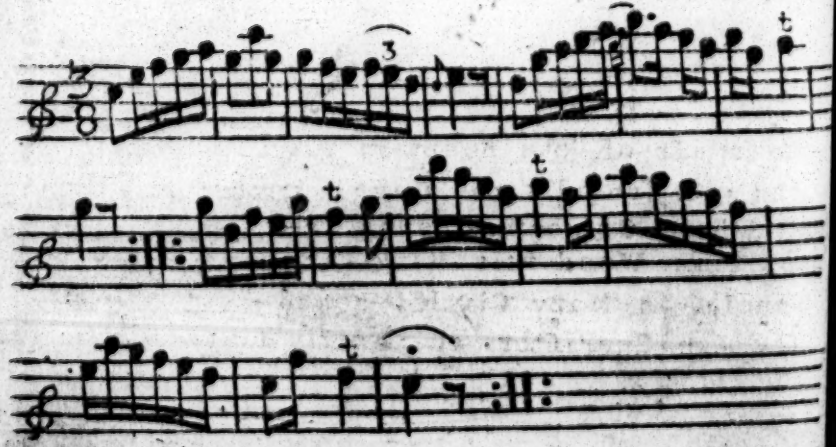


When from the Plains we're chac'd away,
By the fierce God that rules the Day.
I'll lead thee to the ſhades and ſtreams,
To ſhield thee from his ſcorching Beams.

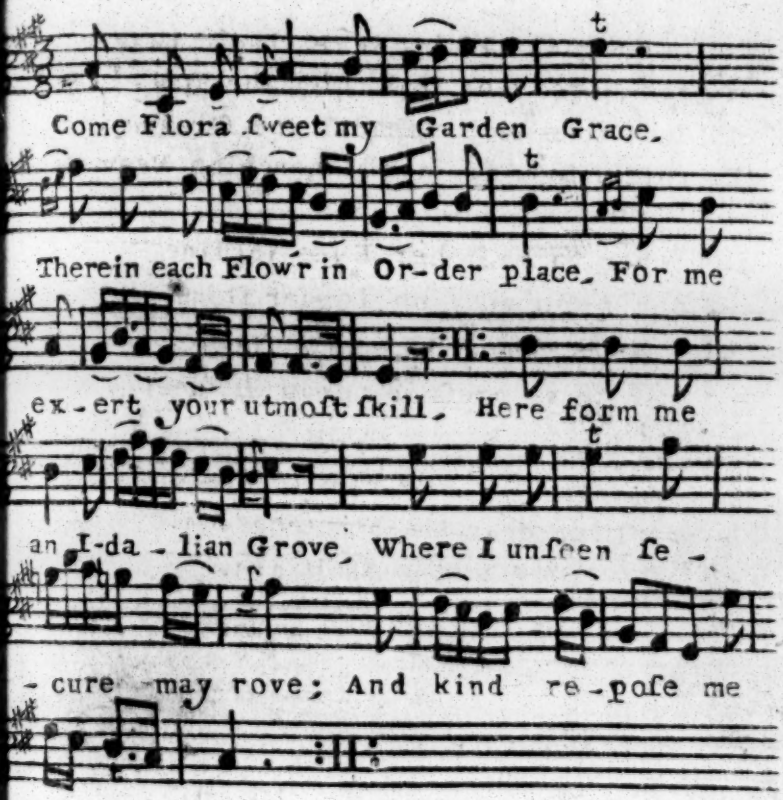
And when to Reſt her Eyes incline,
And Light nor they no longer ſhine;
The faireſt Fleece of e'ery ſheep,
My Love ſhall preſs in peacefull ſleep.

From all the Ills that Night invade,
I'll guard the dear, the beauteous Maid;
My tender faithful Care ſhall prove,
None watch ſo well as thoſe that love.

Flute.



The SPRING WISH.

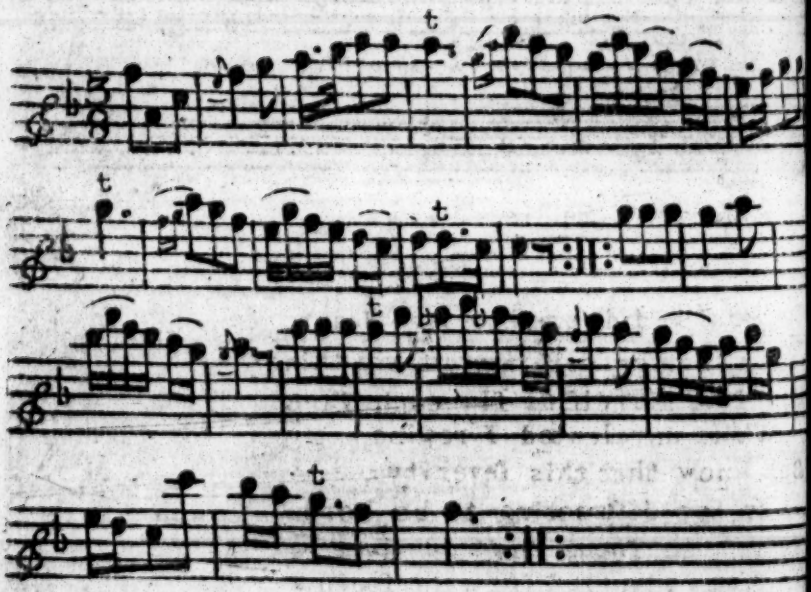


In midſt of it a Fountain' place,
And with Junquills the Margin grace;
Whoſe Golden hue denotes the ſpring:
And let a Wood this Bank ſurround,
Winding in Mazy Circles round;
Where Chorifters do ſweetly ſing.

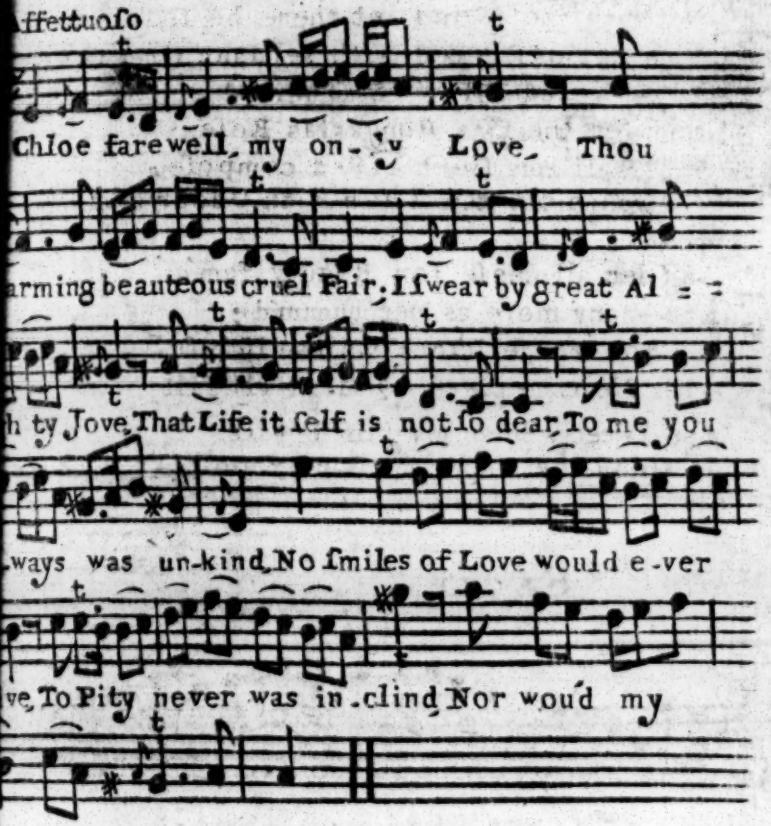
Without the Wood let there be ſeen,
Gay Tulips ſtreak'd with verdant Green;
Iris and ſilver Daffodils:
And let the fine Hungarian Roſe,
And Williams ſweet a Bed compoſe,
Which oft the Lawn with Odour fills.

And let all theſe for Beauty fam'd
And many more as yet unnam'd;
For me delicious Walks diſcloſe:
With Pleaſure there my Mind I'll fill,
And ſweetly then my ſelf I will
Upon the Fountain Bank repoſe.

Flute.



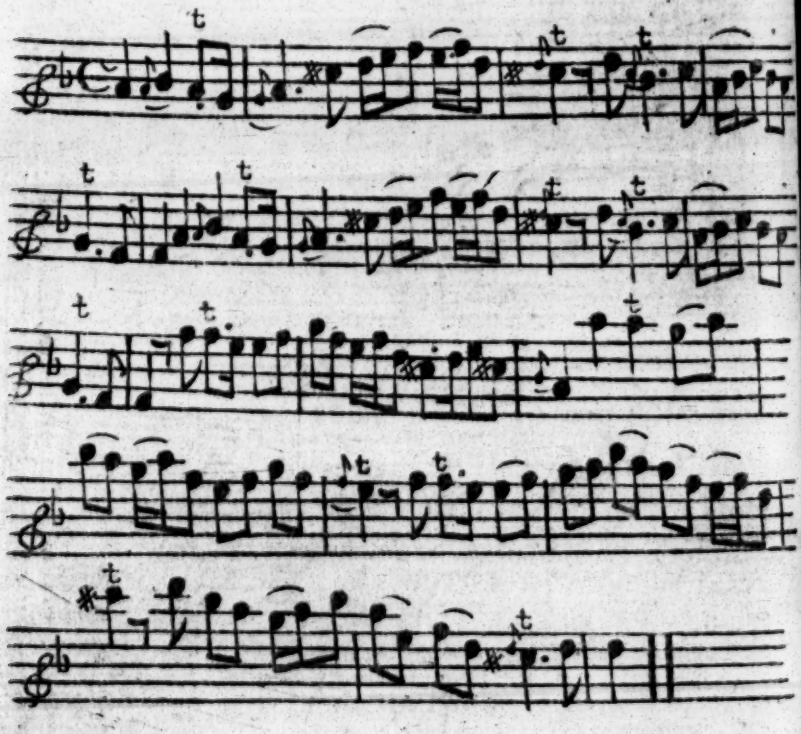
The FAREWELL.



To you I did preſent my Heart,
My Perſon, Life, nay all was thine;
You like Narciſsus fly each Part,
While unrelented I repine:
But know that this ſeverity,
Is too diſtracting to be born;
So inſtant Death ſhall ſet me free,
From your inſufferable ſcorn.

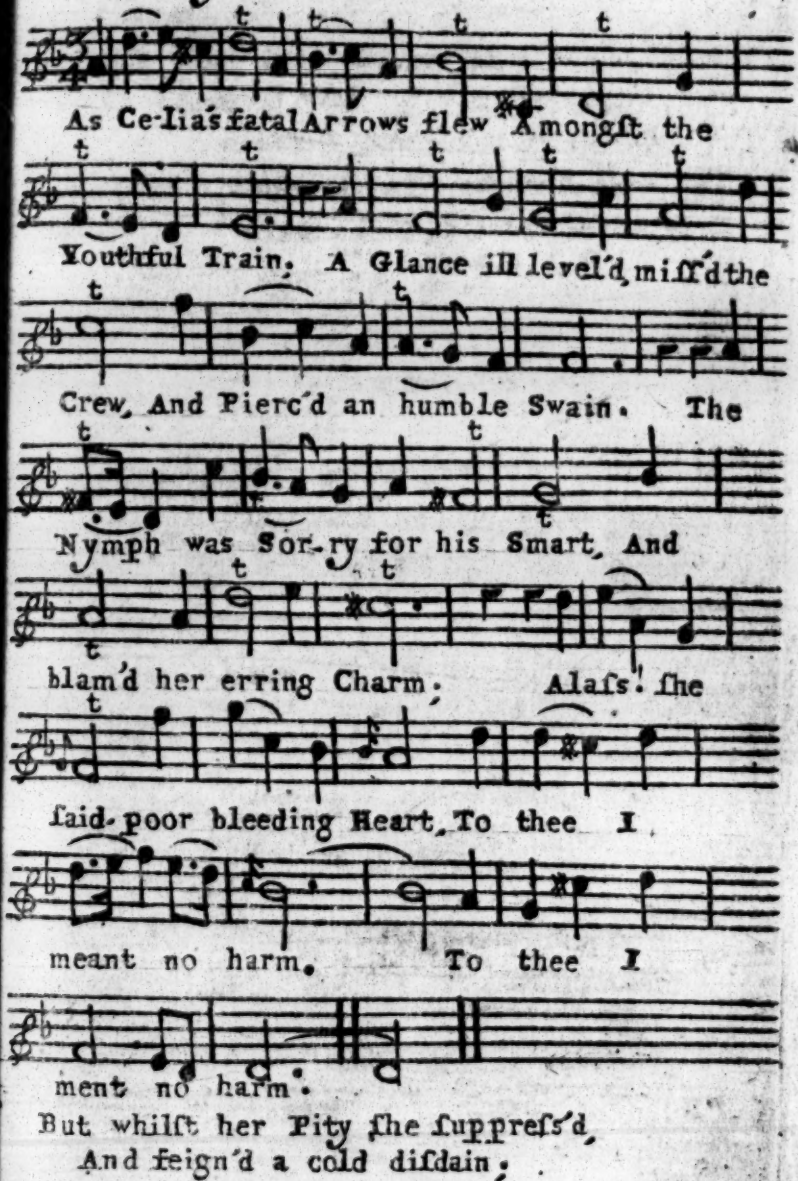
Then come thou gloomy ſhade ſo dear,
And extricate me from my Grief;
With Joy I will receive thee here
Impatient for my laſt Relief:
Her Cruelty and cold Diſdain
Will both in thee compleatly end;
Adieu my Chloe and my Pain!
To Death I go my only Friend.

Flute.



The UNHAPPY LOVERS.

Set by Mr. HANDEL.



But whilſt her Pity ſhe ſuppreſs'd,
And feign'd a cold diſdain;
Her rigour chill'd his aking Breaſt,
And ſtill increaſ'd his Pain.

By abſence next his Care ſhe trys,
And fled his am'rous moan,
The Swain was Baniſh'd from her Eyes,
And left to ſigh alone.

But now ſhe longs again to hear
His ſoft complaining tale;
What harm, ſhe thought to pleaſe her Ear,
With what cou'd ne'er prevail.
The Swain, Bleſs'd with a ſecond view,
Was with a frown diſmiſs'd;
He humbly beg'd a ſoft adieu,
He wept, ador'd and kiſs'd.

How ſweet was ev'n the parting kiſs,
To the poor hapleſs Swain,
In hopes that he of future Bliſs
But thus to part again.
She ſaw him twice, ſhe ſaw him thrice,
And try'd her utmoſt Skill;
He mended not by her advice
But ſhe her ſelf grew ill.

Yet Cælia's Heart was chill'd with Pride,
Tho' melting with Deſire;
On Heclas Summit thus abide
At once the Snow and Fire.
Her Love and Honour Rules by turns,
By Minutes, not by Days;
And now ſhe Freezes, now ſhe Burns,
And both alike obeys.

But Flame, too fierce to be confin'd
Within her tender Breaſt;
Burſt forth, and thus to ſooth his Mind,
Her Paſſion ſhe confeſs'd.
Avenge thy Love on my Proud Heart,
For ſo the Fates decree;
Act in thy turn the Scornful Part,
And kindly fly from me.

Yet gentle ſtill, forgive a wrong,
Attended with its Curſe,
Is ill I treated thee ſo long,
My ſelf I treated worſe.
Veil'd with feign'd ſcorn, I ſtrove to hide,
The Love I durſt not own,
Whilſt Cupid ev'ry look bely'd
And Peep'd thro' ev'ry frown.

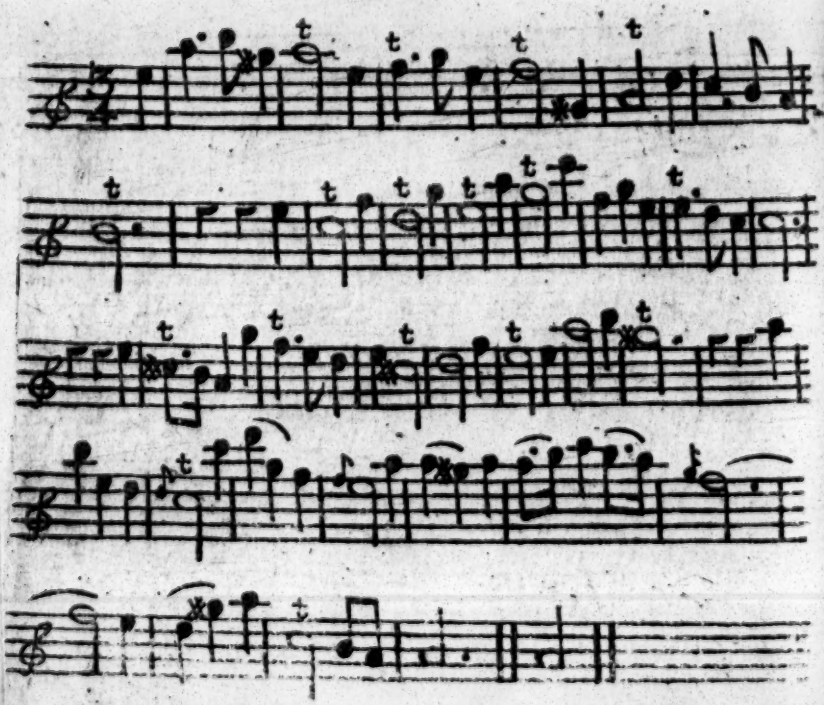
See this fair flow'r that long has ſtrove,
Againſt the Winters Froſt;
It Peeps, is cropt, ſo fares our Love,
Still fated to be loſt.
E'er yon full Moon that ſhines ſo bright,
Shall end its Fatal Name;
Cælia ſhall vaniſh from thy ſight,
Ne'er to return again.

Hymen, no longer time allows,
Then, then my Nuptial Day:
Another claims my Plighted Vows,
I cannot, Dare not ſtay.

This Cryſtal Stream ſhall backward glide,
And leave this Craggy Shore;
But I, the fatal knot once ty'd
Shall never ſee thee more.

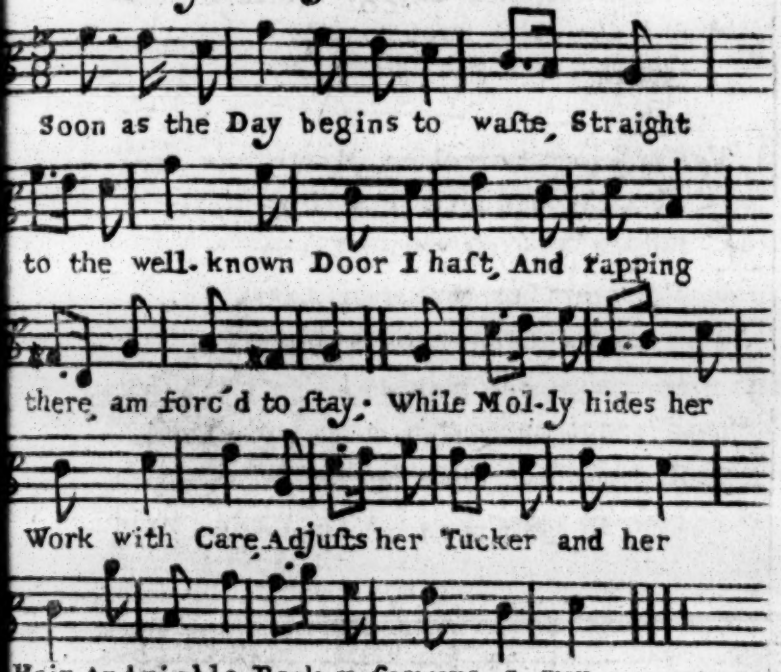
Too true, next circling Month, the ſame
That ſaw her firſt a Wife;
A quicker and leſs cruel Flame
Cut ſhort her thread of Life.
Him too, the Feaver did invade,
Ah Feaver too unkind;
'Twas meant to waft him to her ſhade,
But left him loſt behind.

FLUTE.



The CONSTANT SWAIN and Virtuous MAID.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



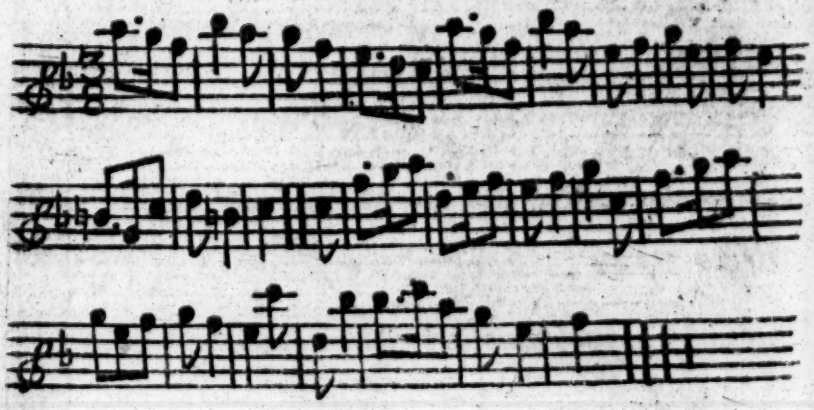
Ent'ring I ſee in Molly's Eyes
A ſudden ſmiling Joy ariſe,
As quickly check'd by Virgin Shame:
She drops a Curt'ſey ſteals a Glance,
Receives a Kiſs, one Step advance;
If ſuch I love, am I to blame.

I ſit and talk of twenty Things,
Of South-Sea Stock or Deaths of Kings,
While only Yes, or No cry's Molly:
As cautious ſhe conceals her Thoughts,
As others do their private Faults,
Is this her Prudence, or her Folly!

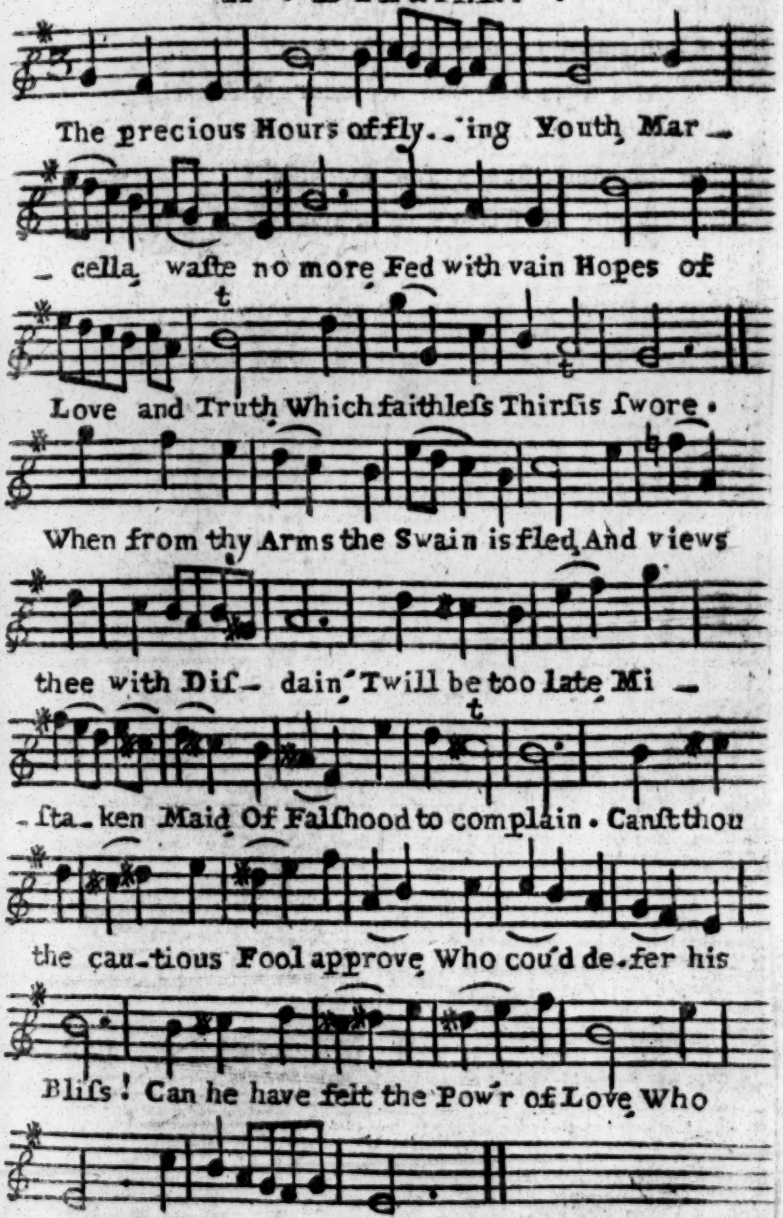
Parting, I kiſs her Lip and Cheek,
I hang about her ſnowy Neck,
And ſay, Farewel, my deareſt Molly:
Yet ſtill I hang, and ſtill I kiſs;
Ye learned Sages, ſay Is this
In me th' Effect of Love or Folly!

No: Both by ſober Reaſon move,
She Prudence ſhews, and I true Love:
No Charge of Folly can be laid:
Then, 'till the Marriage-Rites proclam'd
Shall joyn our Hands, let us be nam'd,
The Conſtant Swain, and Virtuous Maid.

FLUTE.

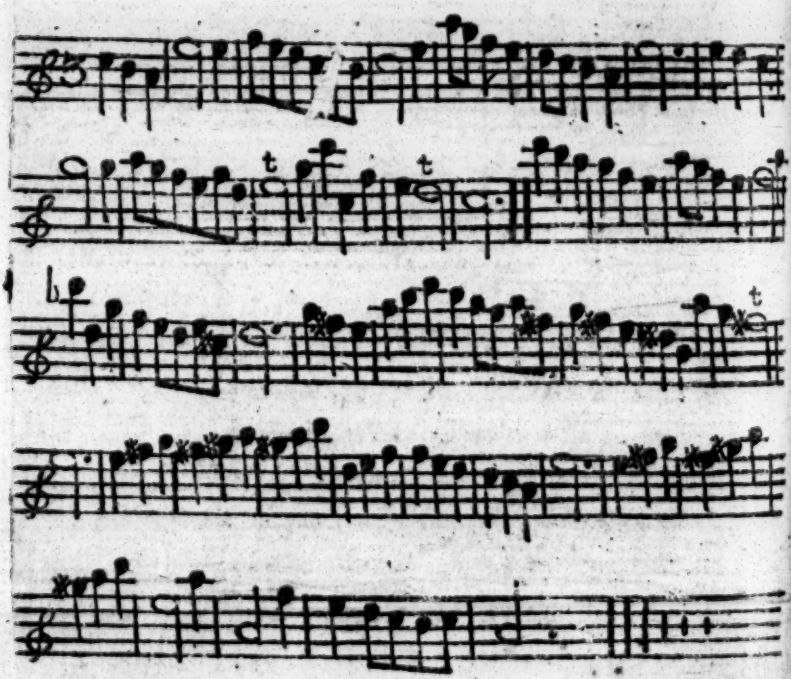


To MARCELLA. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

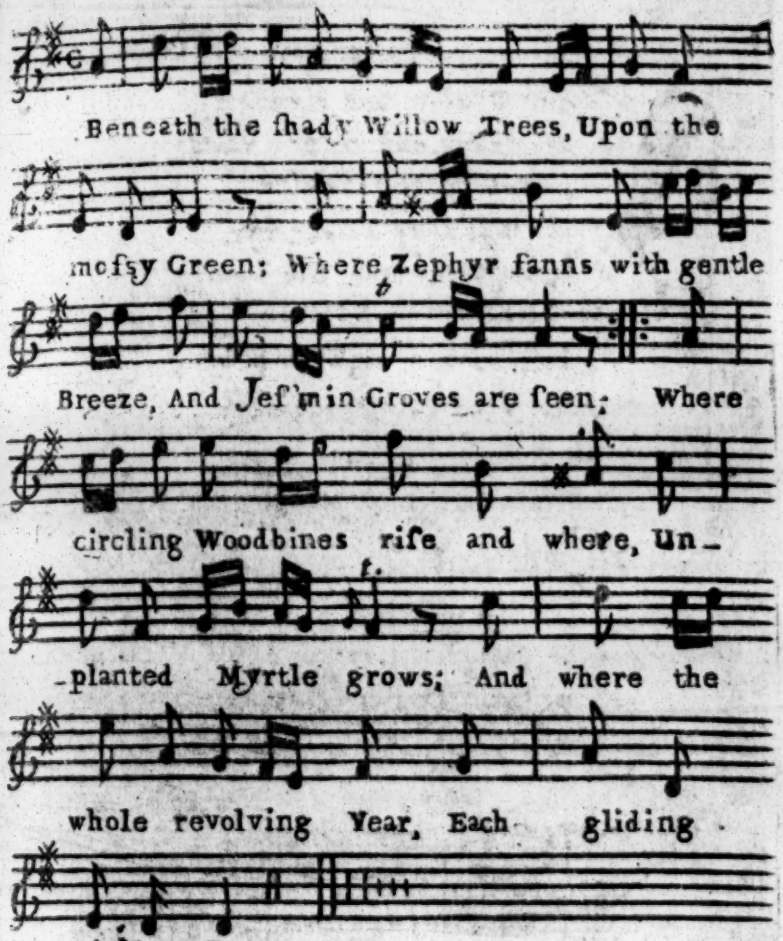


Love ſcorns the thinking Sots and hates
Their Gravity and Reaſon.
Is always ready, and ne'er waits
Conveniency and Seaſon.
Fly from this lazy Lover, fly,
Who lengthens out the Chaſe;
Whoſe Pleaſures in Purſuing lye,
And fears too nigh to preſs.
Marcella, vindicate with care
The Empire of your Eyes,
The World will think you not ſo fair,
If Thirſis is ſo wiſe.

Flute.



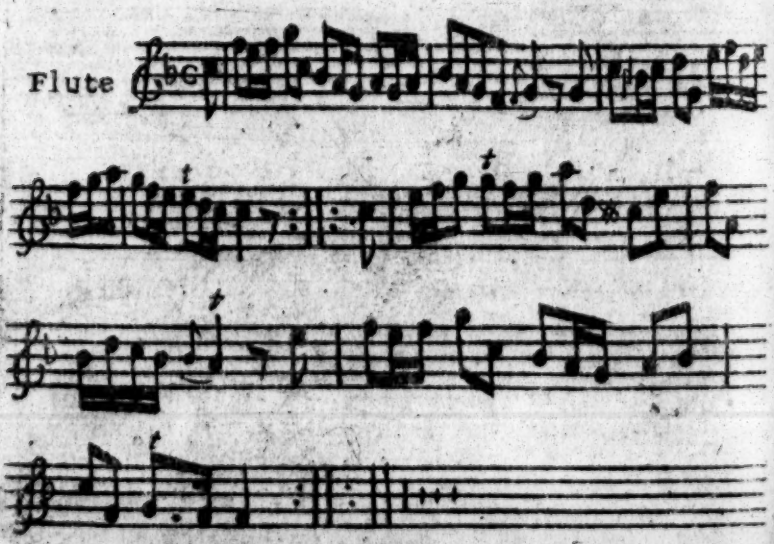
The Happy Meeting



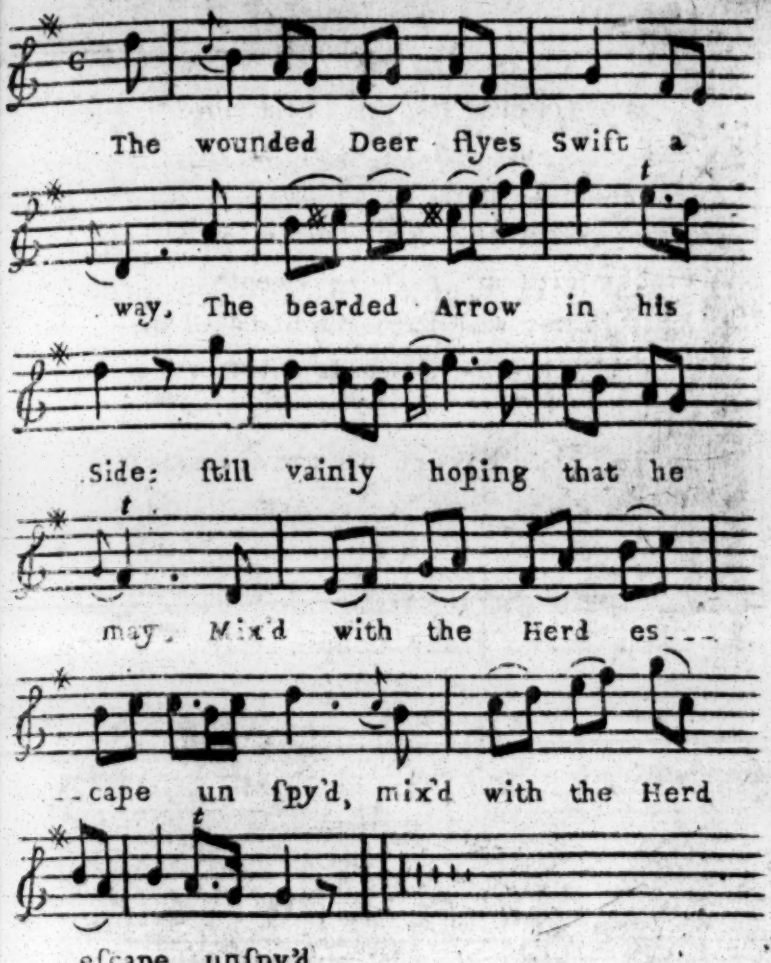
Where bluſhing Roſes do abound,
And Lillies raiſe their Heads:
And Violets diffuſe around,
Sweet Fragrance from their Beds:
There near a gentle purling Brook,
Was mournful Strephon laid,
Neglected was his Silver Crook,
He dying for a Maid.

Adieu to all this verdant Grove,
And Chryſtal Streams ſaid he:
Adieu to my ungrateful Love,
Whom I ſhall never ſee.
But yet I'll Bleſs that charming Face,
E'en with my parting Breath,
That ſhines with ſuch Majeſtick Grace,
From whence proceeds my Death.

When *Silvia* found his Love was true,
She quick flew to his Arms:
Said ſhe no one on Earth but you
Shall e'er poſſeſs my Charms:
Then did the happy Couple ſtay
In this delightful Grove:
And paſs'd the bliſsful Hours away,
In pleaſing Acts of Love.



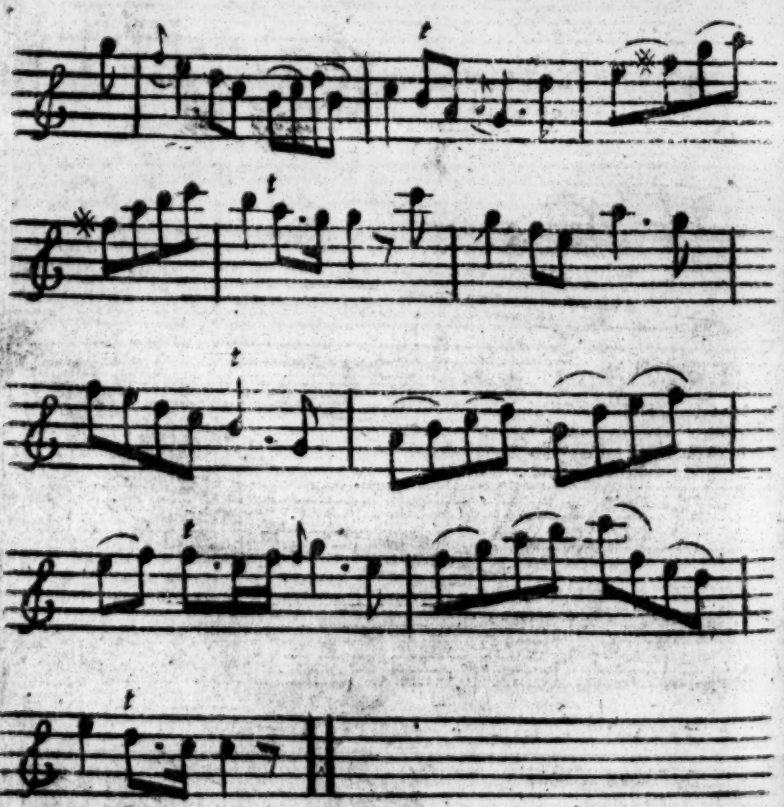
Advice to the Unwary



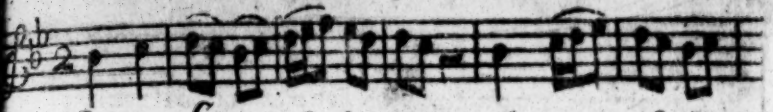
But oh the Moment that they ſee,
The Streaming Blood flow from his Wound:
They ſhun him in his Miſery,
And leave him dying on the Ground.

Thus the poor Nymph who ſore diſtreſt,
Has gaz'd her Liberty away:
To all the World becomes a Jeſt,
And falls of Sland'rous Tongues the Prey.

FLUTE

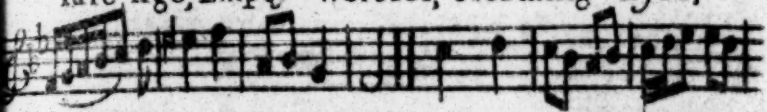


Seignora Cuzzoni. *Set by* Mr Holcomb.



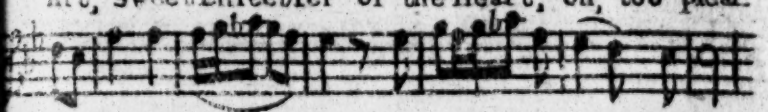
Little *Syren* of the Stage, Charmer of an

Idle Age, Empty Warbler, breathing Lyre,



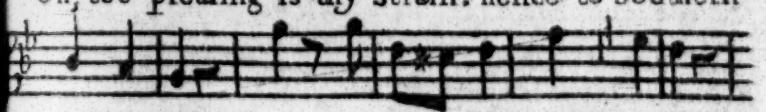
Wanton Gale of fond desire, Bane of ev'ry Man-ly

Art, Sweet Enfeebler of the Heart, oh, too pleas-



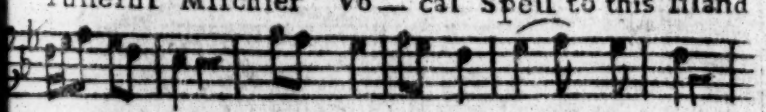
-ing is thy strain! Hence, to Southern Climes again,

Oh, too pleasing is thy Strain! hence to Southern

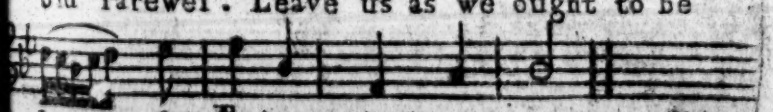


Climes again, Hence to Southern Climes again.

Tuneful Mischief Vo — cal Spell to this Island



bid farewel. Leave us as we ought to be



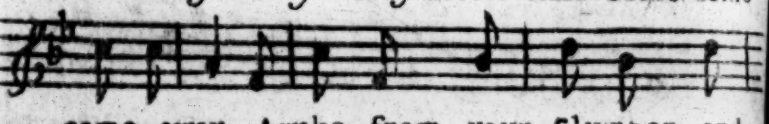
Leave the *Britons* rough and free.

The Hunting-Song in Apollo and Daphne

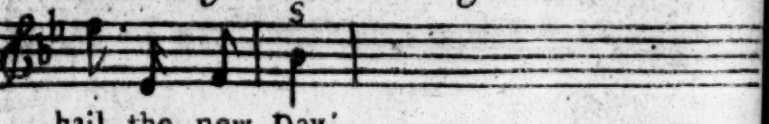
The ſweet roſie Morning Peeps over the Hills

With Bluſhes adorning the Meadows and Fields

The merry merry-merry Horn calls Come come



come away Awake from your Slumber and

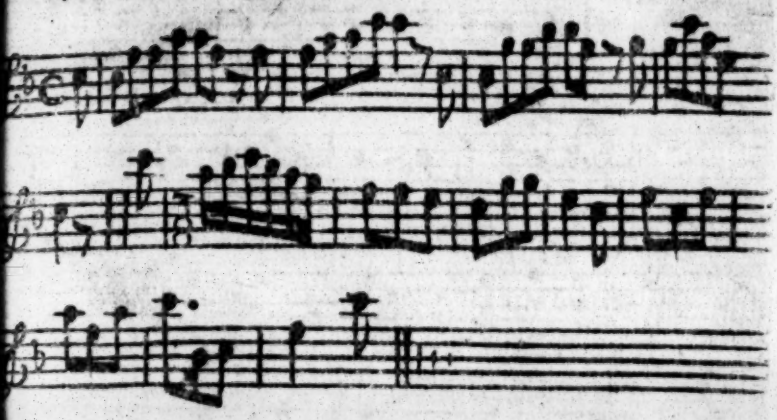


hail the new Day

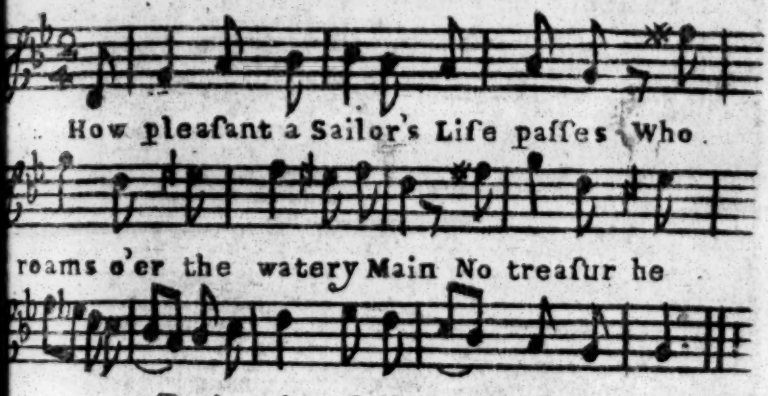
The Stag rous'd before us
Away ſeems to ſly
And pants to the *Chorus*
Of Hounds in full Cry
Cho. Then follow follow follow follow
The Muſical Chace
Where Pleaſure and vigorous
Health you embrace

The Days Sport when over
Makes Blood circle right
And gives the Briſk Lover
Freſh Charms for the Night
Cho Then let us let us now enjoy
All we can While we may
Let Love crown the Night
As our Sports crown the Day

FLUTE



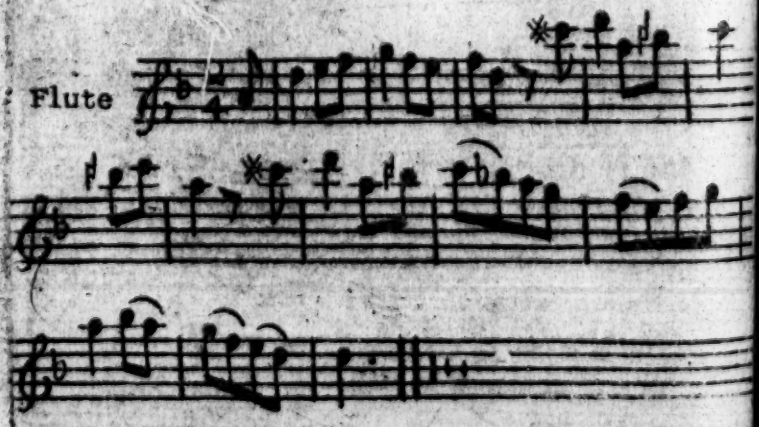
SAILOR's BALLAD



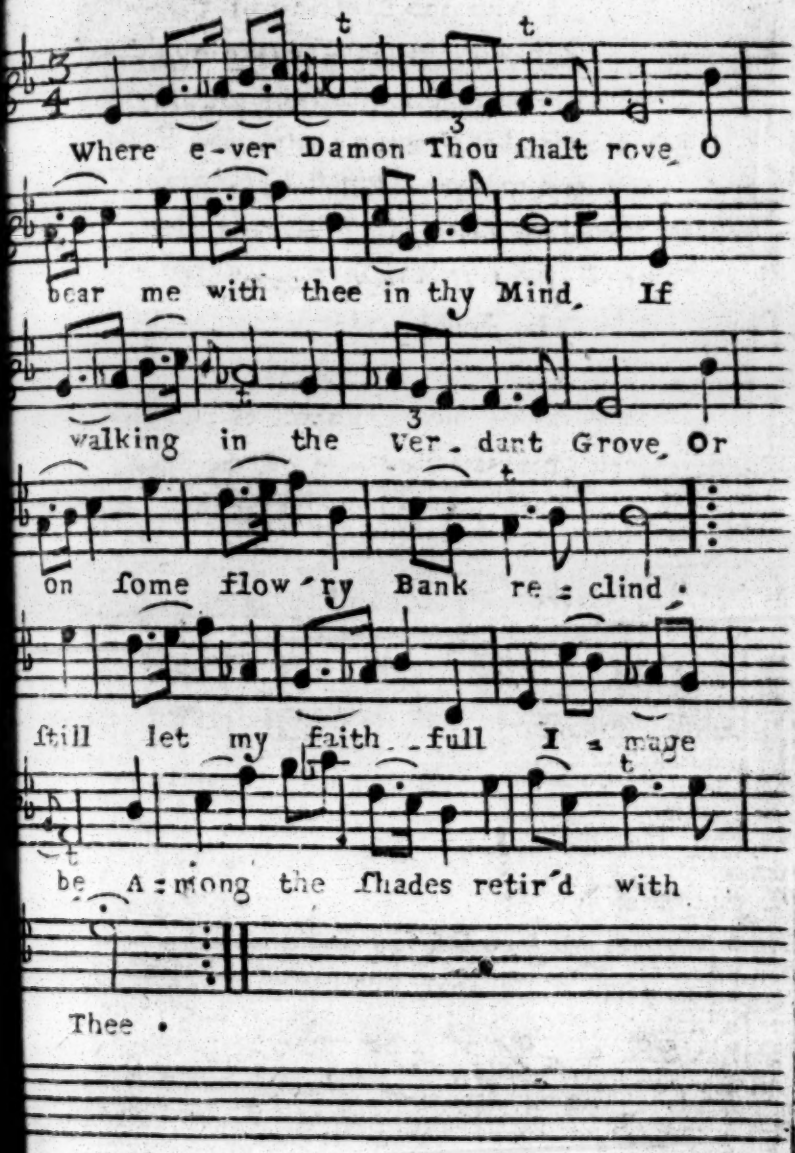
We're Strangers to Party and Faction,
To Honour and Honeſt true;
And wou'd not commit a baſe Action,
For Power or Profit in View,
Then why ſhou'd we quarrel for Riches,
Or any ſuch glittering Toy,
A light Heart and a thin pair of Breeches,
Goes thorough the World brave Boy.

The World is a beautiful Garden,
Inrich'd with the Bleſſing of Life;
The Toiler with Plenty rewarding,
Which Plenty too often breeds Strife.
When terrible Tempeſts aſſail us,
And Mountainous Billows affright,
No Grandeur or Wealth can avail us,
But ſkilful Induſtry ſteers right.
Cho. *Then why ſhould, &c.*

The Courtier's more ſubject to Dangers,
Who rules at the Helm of the State,
Than we, that to Politicks Strangers,
Eſcape the Snares laid for the Great.
The various Bleſſings of Nature
In various Nations, we try;
No Mortal than us can be greater,
Who merrily live 'till we die.
Cho. *Then why ſhould &c.*



The PREMONITION.



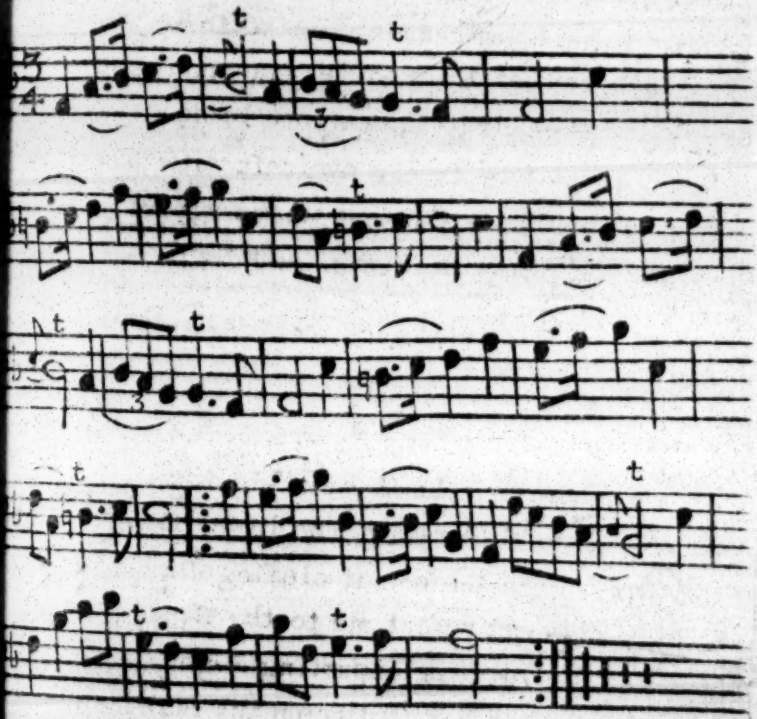
If perch'd upon ſome pointed Thorn,
The Nightingale renews her ſtrain;
Let it remind thee how forlorn,
While thou art abſent I complain:
And when you hear the Widdow'd Dove,
Think I like her deplore my Love.

Or ſhould you wander where ſome Brook,
Does o'er the Pebbles murmuring flow;
As on the ſilver ſtream you look,
Think how I weep oppreſt with Woe:
And ſhould its Current want ſupplys,
I could recruit it from my Eyes.

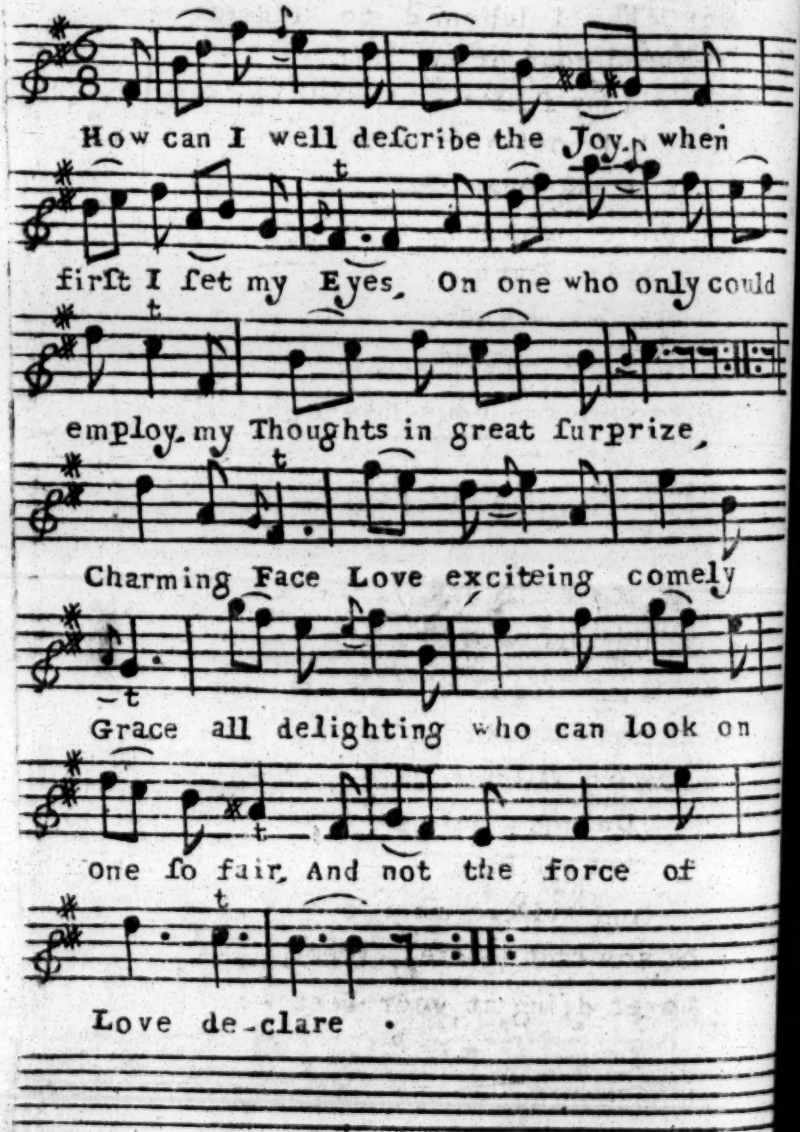
When you behold the ſetting Ray,
Tremble beneath the lower ſkies;
The ſolemn Gloom of cloſing Day,
May repreſent me to thy Eyes,
For languid as departing Light,
Am I when baniſh'd from thy ſight.

Think when beneath the ſpreading Leaves,
You liſten to the wiſp'ring Breeze,
How with ſoft ſighs my Boſom heaves,
While I lament my ruin'd Peace,
Calm is my Grief as ſilent ſhow'rs
Or Dews which hang on painted Flow'rs.

FLUTE.



The AMOROUS PROTESTATION.

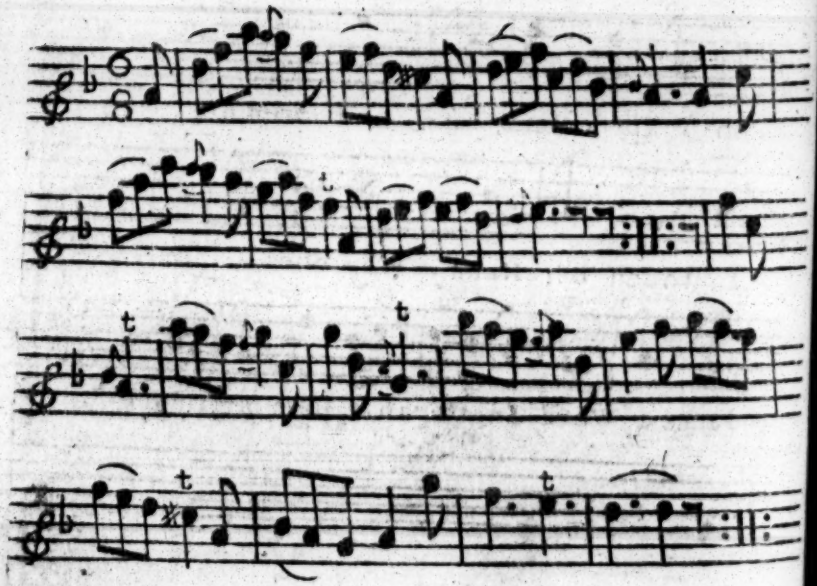


But when I labour'd to addreſs,
The Tenour of my ſuit;
Fear did my faultring ſpeech oppreſs,
And I continu'd mute;
But my ſmart
More abounded;
Cupids Dart
Has me wounded;
And I longer cant conceal
The anguiſh for your ſake I feel.

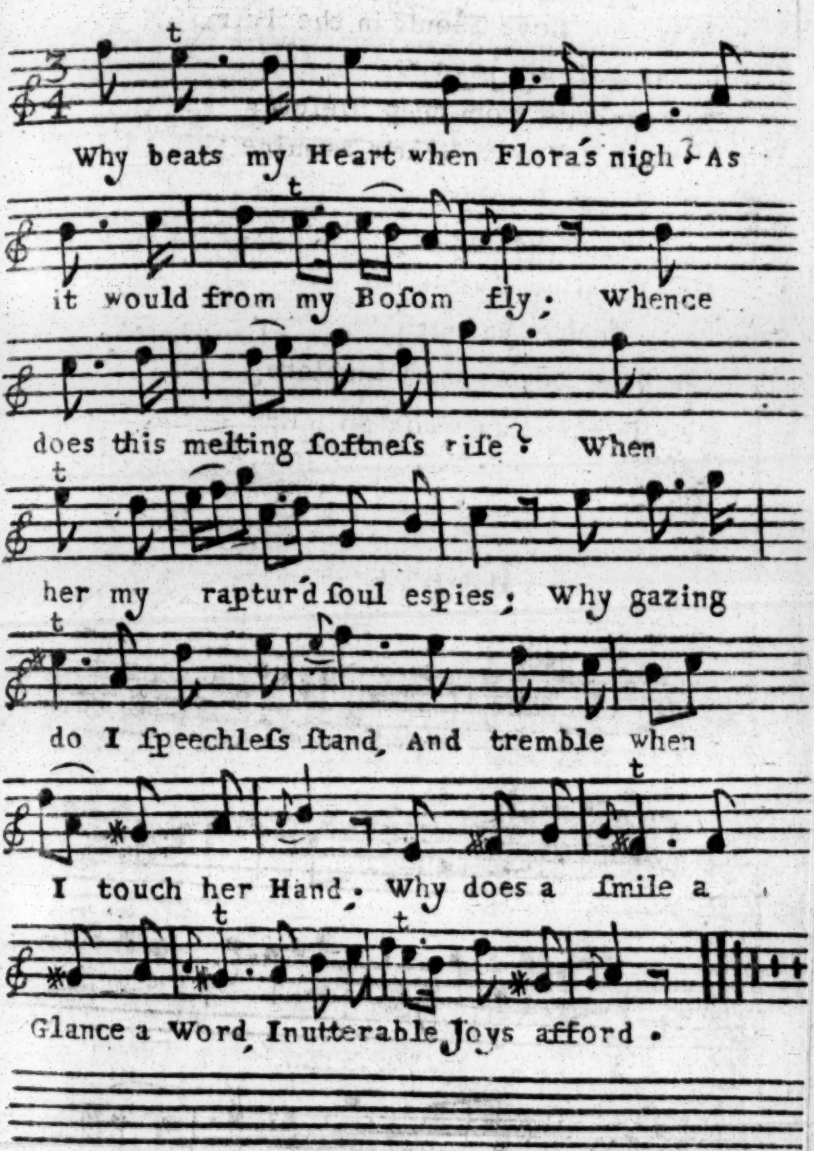
Yet if you diſregard my Pain,
I bid this World adieu;
For all my Hopes of Life are vain,
If not ſuſtaind by you;
With Diſdain
Do not grieve me;
See my Pain
And relieve me;
Sure you cant ſeverely treat,
A Lover dying at your Feet.

Pity and Love ſhould in the Fair,
Inſeparably joyn •,
To extricate from deep Deſpair
Such am'rous Hearts as mine;
Sweet Replys,
Kind Behavour;
Pleaſing Eyes
Gentle Favour•,
Are what Lovers muſt implore,
Or elſe they can exiſt no more •

FLUTE •



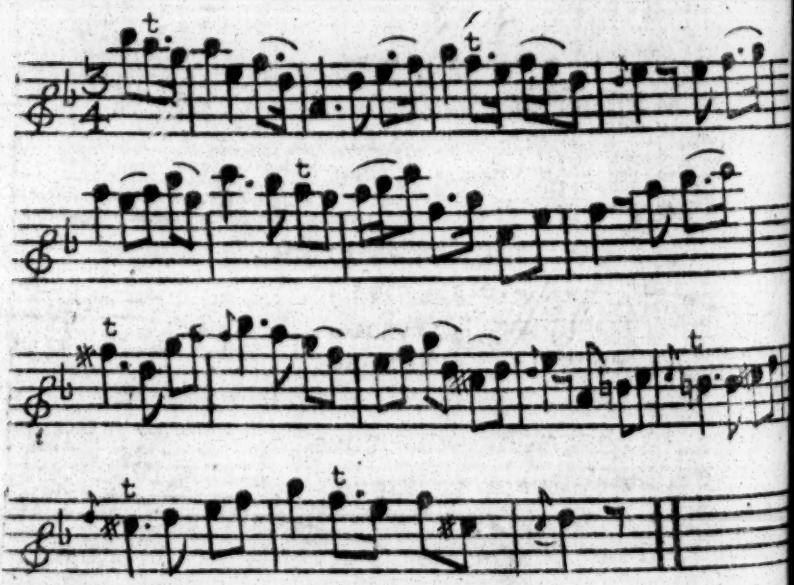
LOVE and PHILOSOPHIE.



Teach me ye learn'd in Natures Laws!
You who have ſearch'd and found the Cauſe;
Why Planets roll and Tempeſts blow,
And ſeaſons change and Oceans flow:
Whence comes my Floras boundleſs ſway?
Why muſt ſhe rule and I obey?
What's Love? declare its wondrous Riſe,
Shew how the ſoul ſpeaks thro' the Eyes.

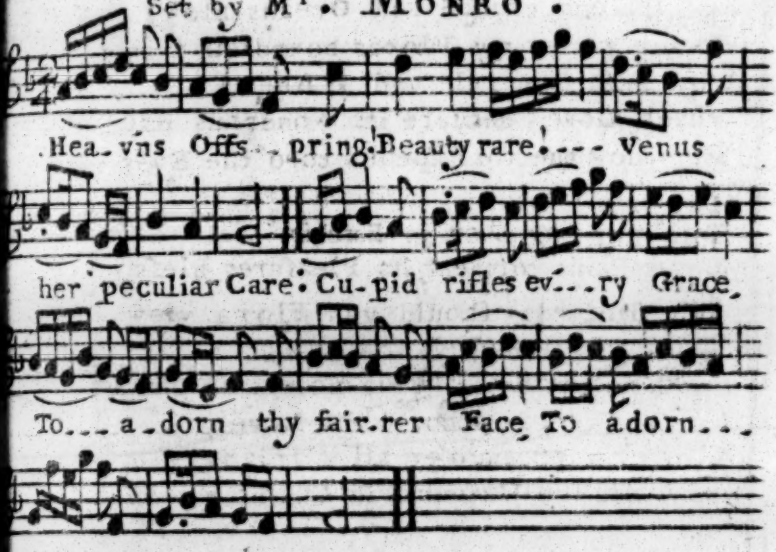
Tell why together in Exceſs?
Loves Pains torment, its Pleaſures bleſs;
Vain Dotards! ſhould you Flora view,
To all your boaſted Arts adieu:
One Look from her would more than prove,
No ſcience can account for Love;
A Pow'r ſupream o'er all it reigns,
And binds the Univerſe in Chains.

FLUTE.



A YOUNG GENTLEMAN to a Young LADY.

Set by Mr. MONRO.



Earliest Bud was ever ſeen,
Thus to bloſſom at Fifteen!
Thro' whoſe Actions ſweetly flows
All, experienc'd Woman knows.

On Thee ſits, with decent Pride,
Wiſdom, beſt and ſureſt Guide.
Then, how ſtrong the Influence
Of thy charming Wit and Senſe!

When to Harmony you move,
Each Spectator's tun'd to Love.
Ev'ry Step is Cupid's Dart
Softly ſtealing to my Heart.

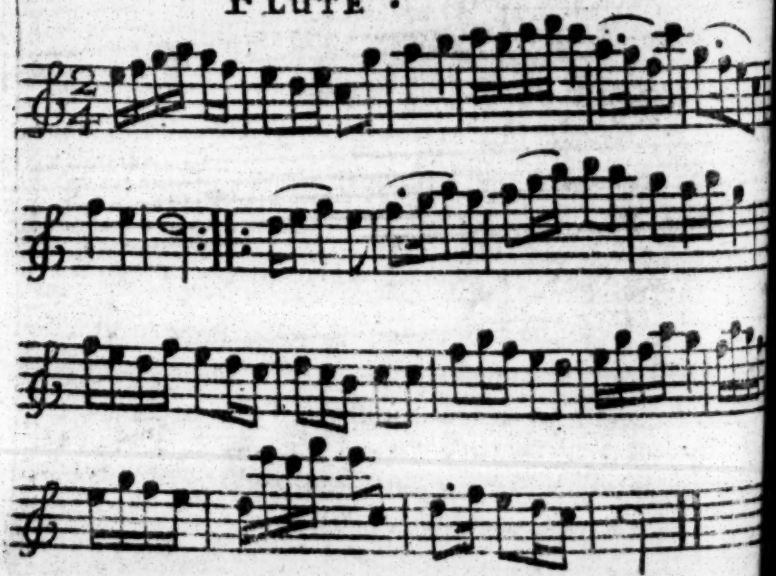
Strange! that lively Sounds ſhou'd cure;
Yet give Pains which I endure!
Muſick, that can others free
From Infection, poiſons me.

Guardian Sylphs! that flit in Air,
Tell my Sorrows to the Fair;
Let your murm'ring Whiſpers prove,
How I groan, and how I love.

But if deaf to all my Woe,
The green Foreſt to her ſhow,
How the Trees of ev'ry kind,
Claſp, and Kiſs, in Marriage joyn'd.

Show the Fair, how curling Vines
Fold their Elms in Am'rous Twines:
Touch'd by ſuch Examples, She
May incline to Love and Me.

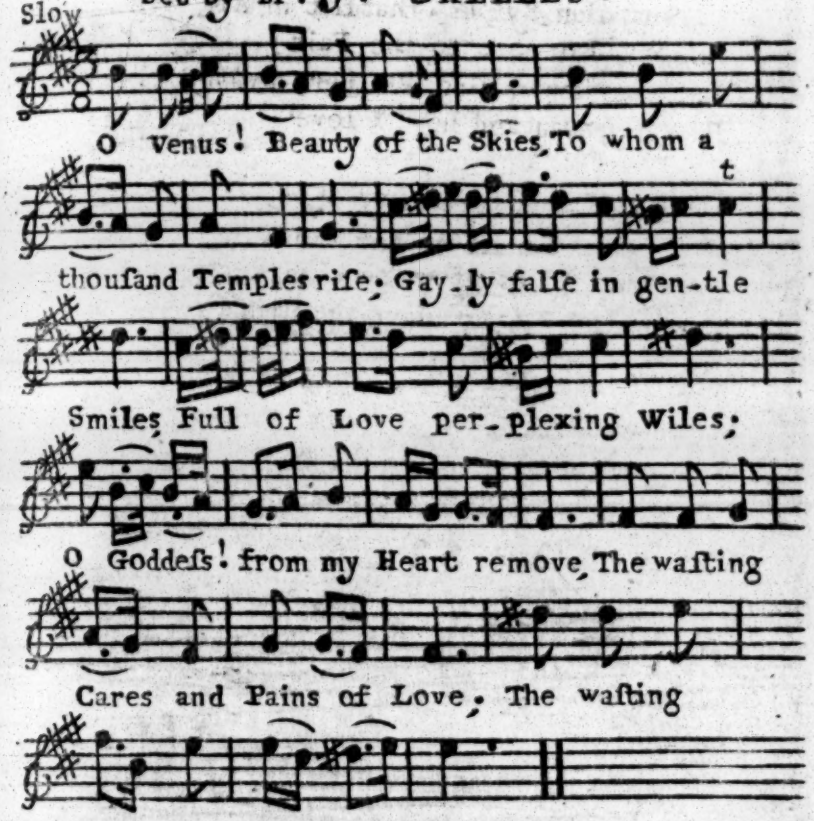
FLUTE.



SAPPHO's HYMN to VENUS.

Translated from the Greek by Mr. A. PHILIPS.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



If ever thou hast kindly heard
A Song, in soft Distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tunefull Vow,
O Gentle Goddess! hear me now
Descend, thou bright immortal Guest,
In all thy radiant Charms confest.

Thou once didst leave Almighty JOVE
And all the Golden Roofs above:
The Carr thy wanton Sparrows drew,
Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew;
As to my Bow'r they wing'd their way
I saw their quiv'ring Pinions play.

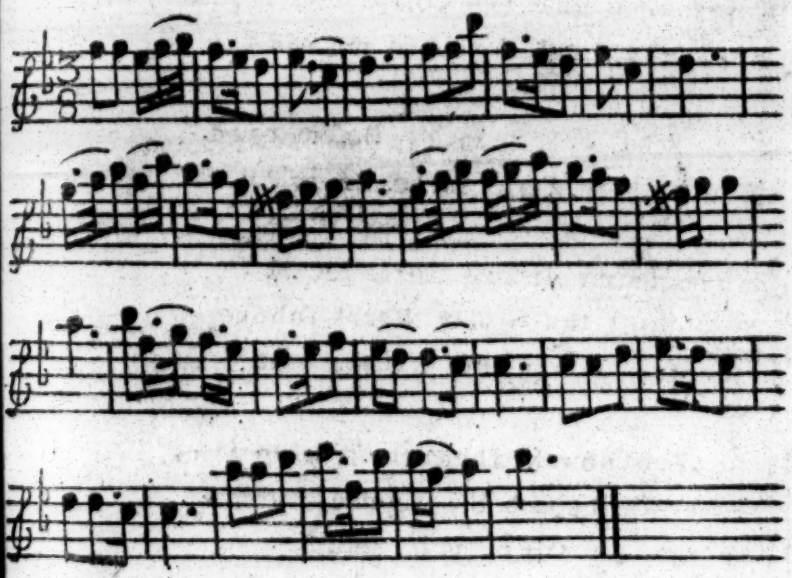
The Birds dismist (while you remain)
Bore back their empty Carr again:
Then you, with Looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly Feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new Complaints I made
And why I call'd you to my Aid?

What Frenzy in my Bosom rag'd?
And by what Cure to be asswag'd?
What gentle Youth I would allure?
Whom in my artfull Toils secure?
Who does thy tender Heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

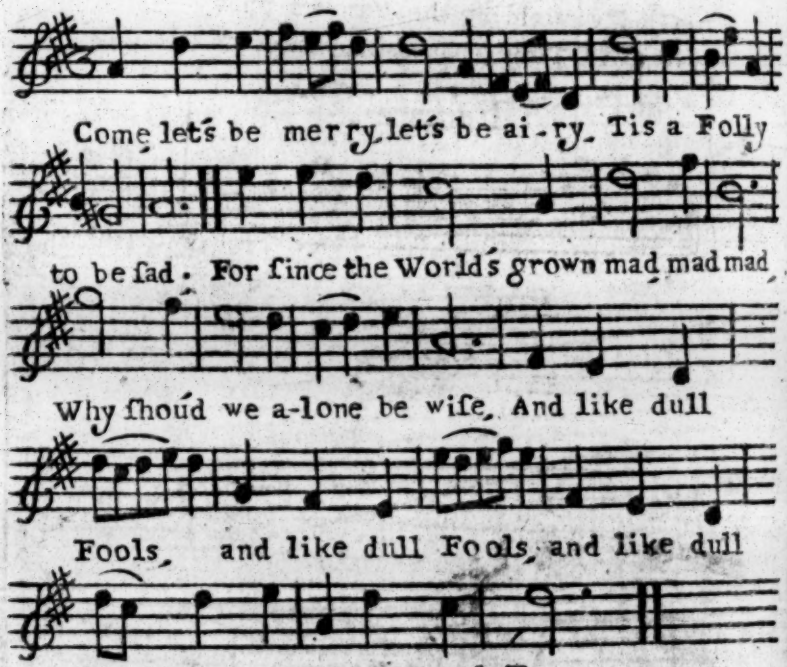
Tho' now he shuns thy longing Arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted Charms;
Tho' now thy Off'rings he despise,
He soon to thee shall Sacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy Victim in his Turn.

Celeſtial Viſitant, once more,
Thy needful Preſence I implore!
In Pity, come and eaſe my Grief,
Bring my diſtemper'd Soul Relief;
Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,
And give me all my Heart deſires.

FLUTE.



ADVICE to the MELANCHOLY.

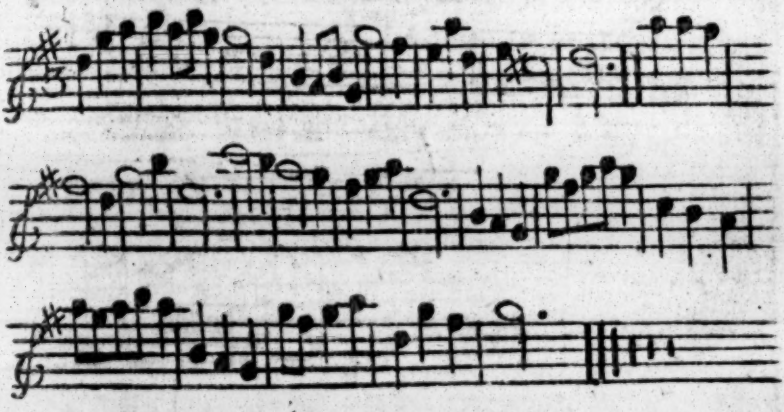


Let not To morrow bring your Sorrow,
While the Stream of Time flows on:
But when the bliſsful Day is paſt,
Still endeavour that the next
Be full as gay, and as little perplex'd.

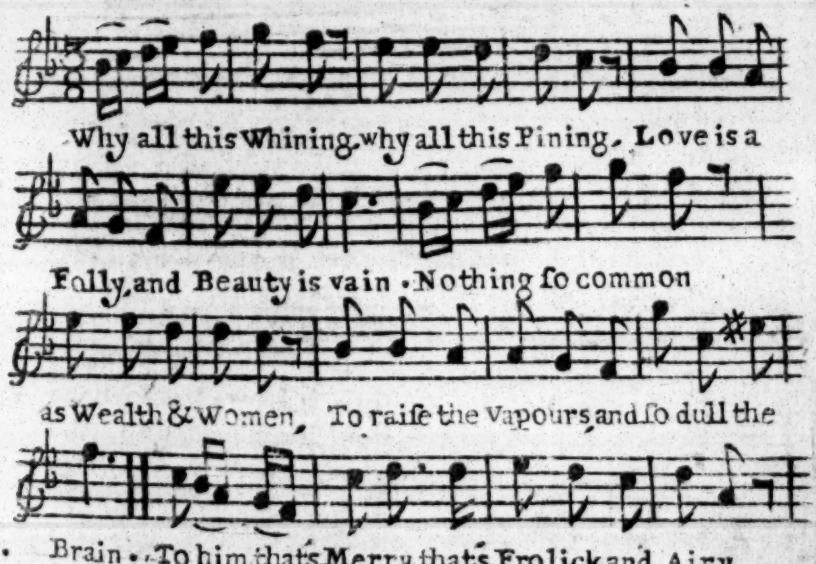
If you have Leiſure, follow Pleaſure,
Let not an Hour of Bliſs paſs by;
For as the fleeting Minutes fly,
Time it will your Youth decay.
Then ſtrive to live, and be bleſt whilſt you may.

If you have Plenty nought will torment you,
But yet your ſelves your ſelves may annoy;
Hearty and free's the poor Man's Joy;
Gladly yielding the Minutes paſs,
And when old Time ſhakes him takes off his Glaſs.

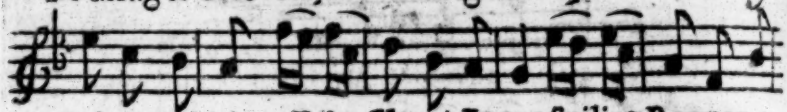
Flute.



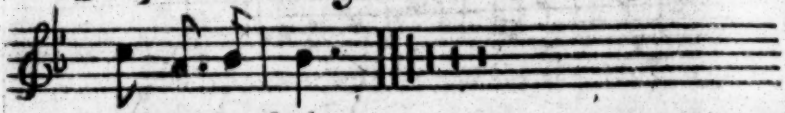
Good Advice.



Nothing is Grievous, nor nothing is Sad. Then rouze thy



Spirit, and take off thy Claret, In one ſmiling Bumper a



Cure's to be had.

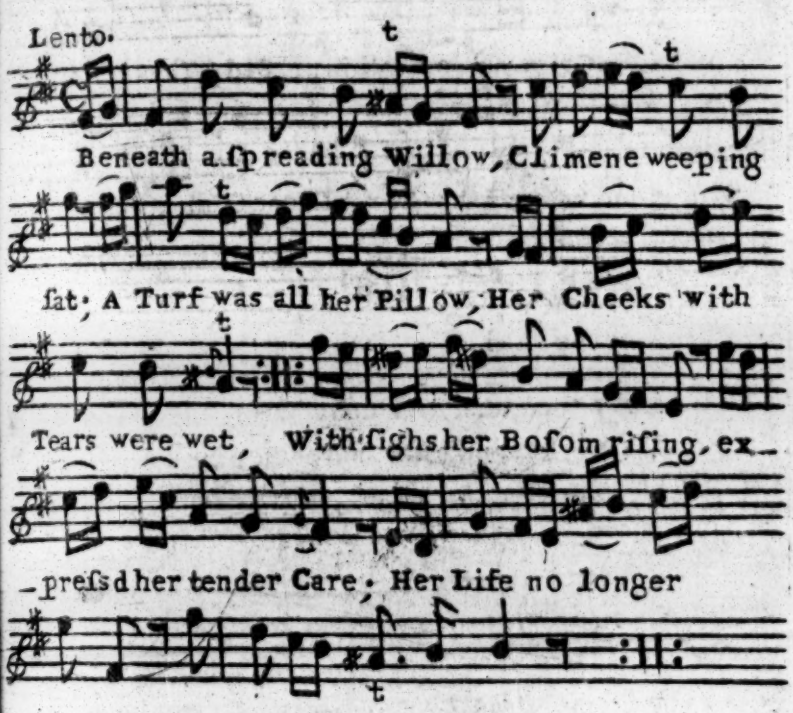
If Cloe fly thee, and ſtill deny thee,
Never look ſneaking nor never repine:
If 'tis her Faſhion, to ſlight your Paſſion,
Then ſeem moſt eaſy, and deny her thine.

Yet ſlily wooe her, and cloſely purſue her,
Or ſhe'll prove a Tyrant, and laugh thee to ſcorn:
When ſhe ſeems Waggiſh, Coquettiſh and Prudiſh,
Then give Her her Humour, and let Her be gon.

When next you meet her, again intreat her,
And if you find ſtill ſhe'd make you her Tool,
Ne'er let it vex you, or once perplex you
She'll ſoon repent it, and find who's the Fool.

Then to requite her, deſpiſe her and ſlight her,
And what you commended as much diſcommend:
But if Love grieve thee, and ſtill will not leave thee,
Then e'en love thy Self firſt, and next love thy Friend.

The FORCE of FRIENDSHIP.



Oh moſt unhappy Creature!
All mournfully ſhe ſaid;
Is there no Pow'r in Nature,
To help a wretched Maid:
Muſt I with ſilent ſorrow,
My Torments ever bear;
Will no ſucceeding Morrow,
Relieve and ſooth my Care.

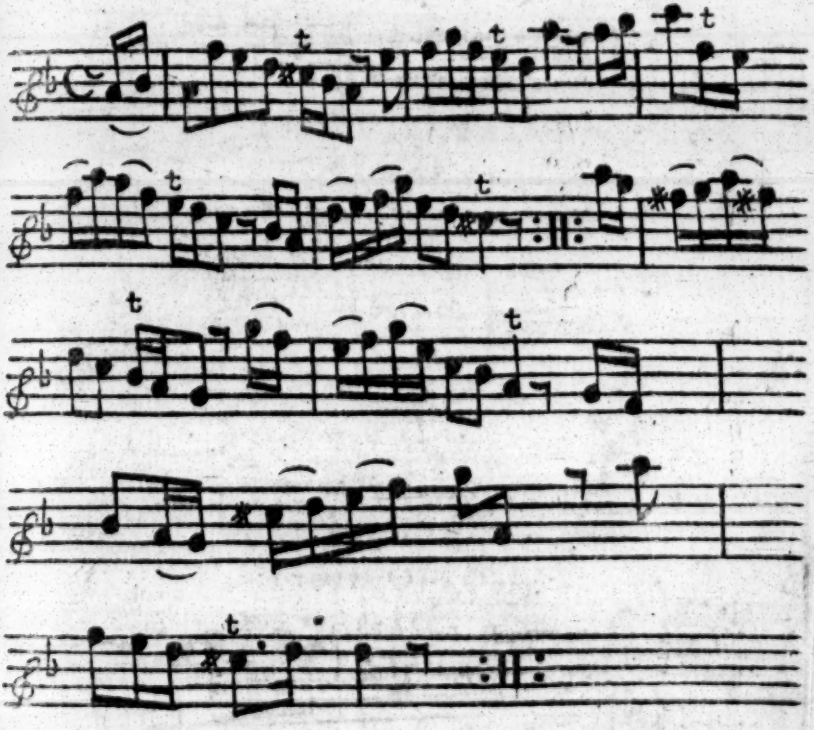
What horrid ſcenes affright me,
Where e'er I turn my Eye:
Evander if you ſlight me,
I muſt too ſurely dye:
No Tongue can tell the Anguiſh,
I for thy ſake endure;
Condemn'd by Love to languiſh,
And hopeleſs of a Cure.

Which Stella overhearing,
Straight haſted to her Friend;
With Language moſt endearing,
Yet fearing to Offend.
She begg'd her to recover,
Her wonted Peace of Mind,
Whiſh'd all her ſuff'ring over,
And ev'ry Planet kind.

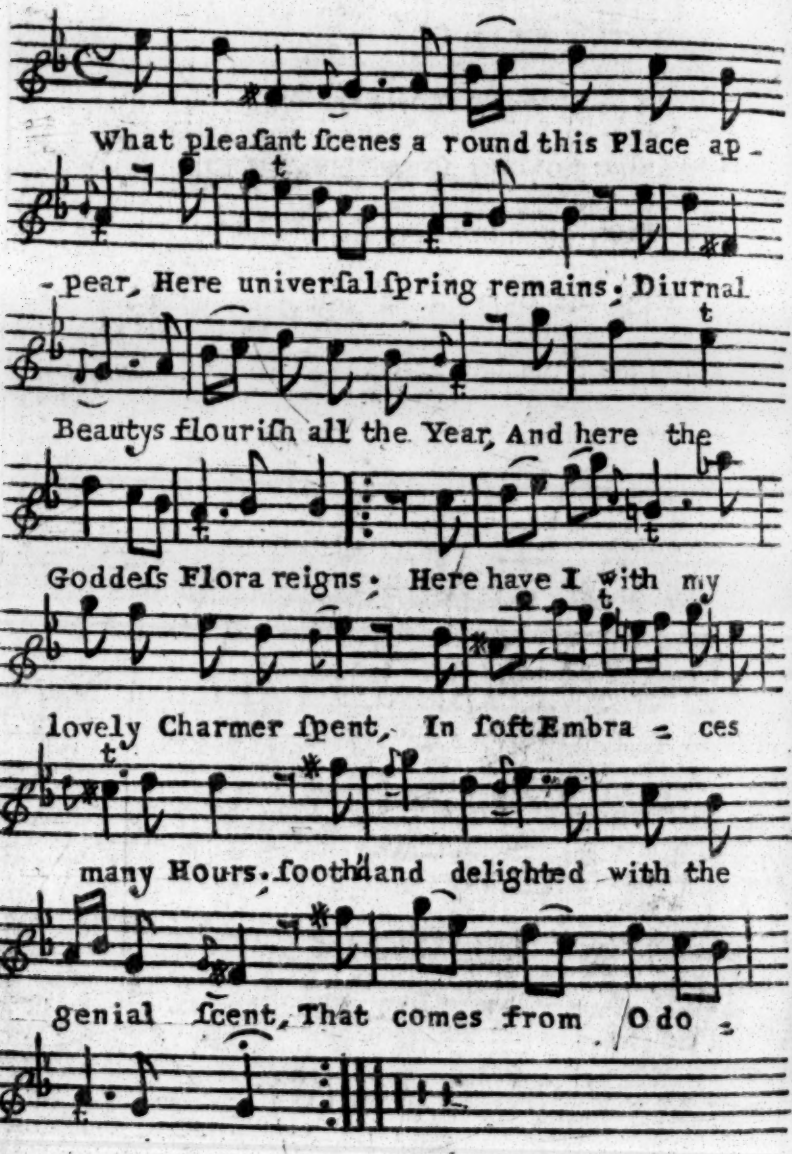
Said ſhe while you are mourning,
My former Grief I feel;
And all my Pains returning,
Seem to afflict me ſtill:
Not ev'n my Love rewarded,
Can give me balmy Reſt;
Your Woes are all recorded,
So deeply in my Breaſt.

Tho' lovely as the Morning,
My gentle ſwain appears;
And ev'ry Beauty ſcorning,
To me alone he ſwears:
Yet while you thus are weeping,
All Joy before me flies;
My Heart ſad Meaſures keeping,
And Tears bedew my Eyes.

FLUTE.



The UNWILLING DEPARTURE.

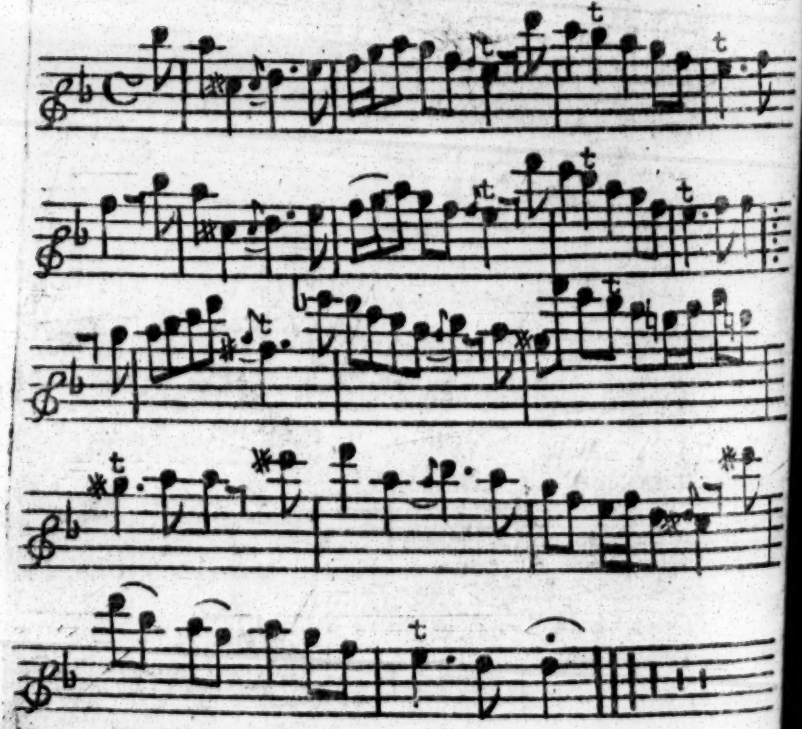


Unhappy me! that muſt ſo ſhortly go,
From theſe Ambroſial happy ſhades;
Where no ungrateful Northern Tempeſts blow,
Nor inharmonious ſound invades:
O cruel Fate! to intercept my Peace,
And ſtop the Current of my Joys;
In forcing me from unmoleſted Eaſe,
To hateful and inceſſant Noiſe.

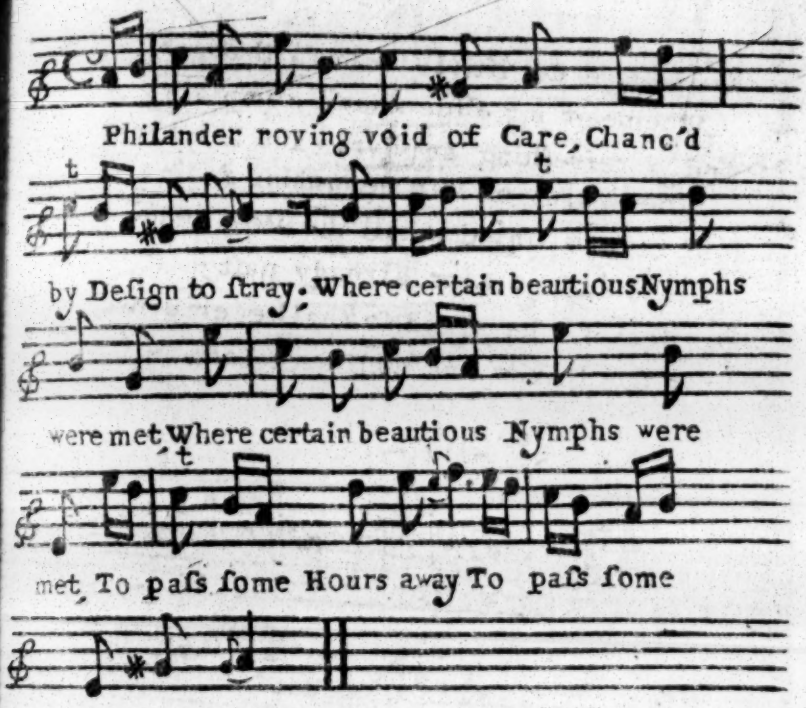
But while I thus lament with weeping Eyes,
The cauſe that bids me hence depart;
Still worſe Reflections in my Mind ariſe,
That deeply wound my bleeding Heart:
Perhaps my ſoft Controuler will infer,
I ſeek a more engaging Fair;
And think my oft repeated Love to her,
Mere empty and deluſive Air.

O ſpeak ye Chriſtial ſtreams! that gently flow,
When e'er my Cloe ſhou'd complain;
And ye refreſhing Zephyrs! let her know,
The Words of her departing ſwain;
Tell her no Object ſhall the Vow remove,
That has my Lips already paſt;
And that I'm hers and ſo ſhall ever prove,
While ſpirits and Exiſtance laſt.

FLUTE.



Apollo's Advice.



When having ſate and talk'd a while,
What Nymphs each ſwain admir'd;
Told how fond ſtrephon lov'd in vain,
And Cloes Beauties fir'd.

A general ſilence then ſucceeds,
Nor was the ſilence long;
When all the Fair agreed to aſk,
The Favour of a Song.

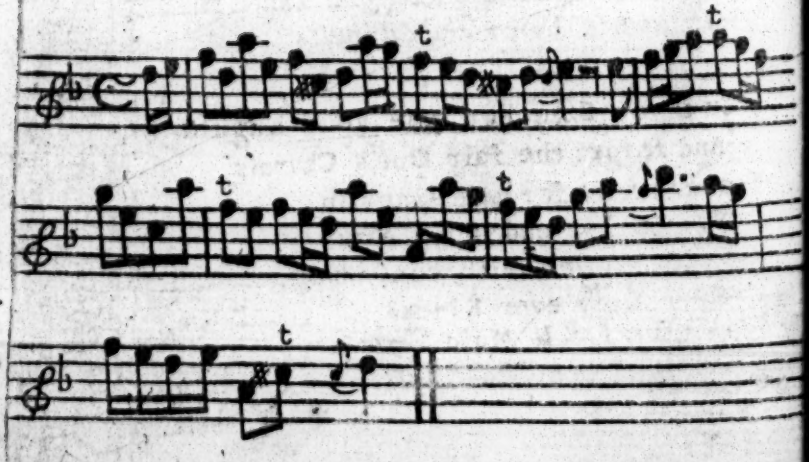
The Youth who knew himſelf unfit,
Was fearfull to comply:
And yet when Beauty aſk'd the Boon,
Unwilling to deny.

The conſcious ſhepherd then in haſt,
The God of Muſick pray'd;
Hear me he cried, harmonious God!
And ſend thy timely Aid.

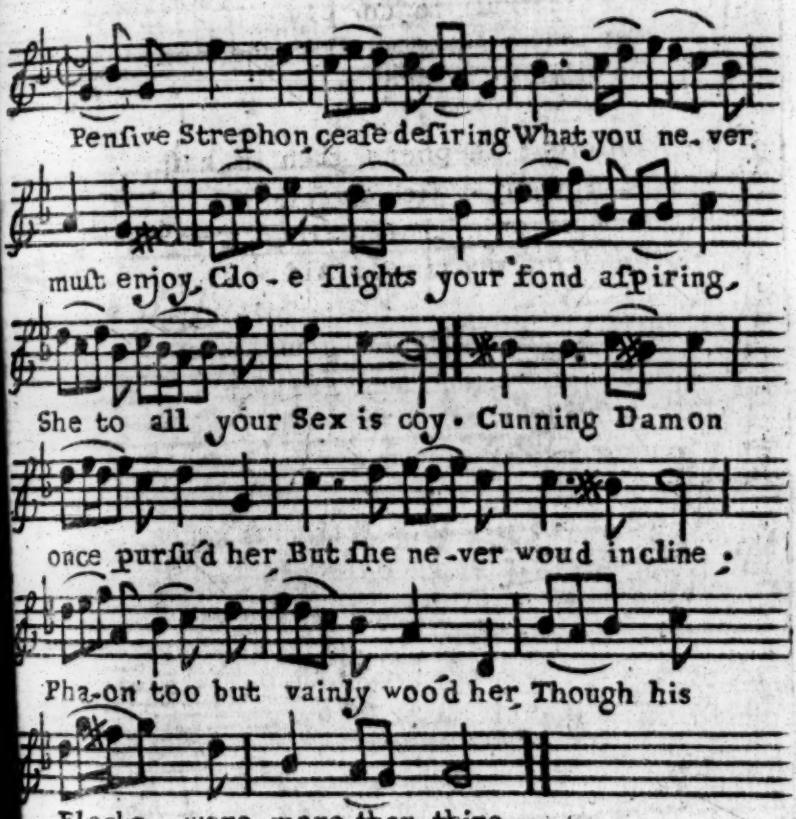
Amaz'd the God his Raſhneſs ſaw,
And ſaid: mad Youth forbear!
When heavnly Judges hear the ſong,
Apollo's ſelf muſt dare.

Be wiſe nor with ſuch Raſhneſs court,
The Danger you would run;
Soar not with bold Icarian Wings,
If you his Fate would ſhun.

Flute.

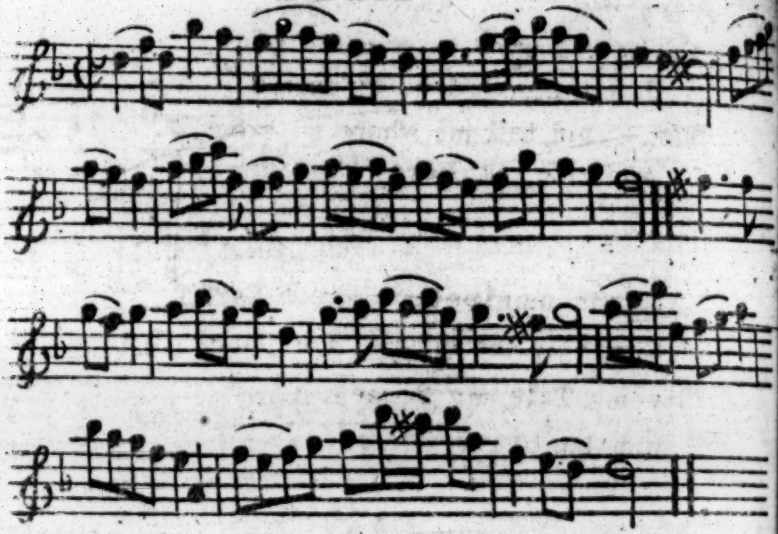


ADVICE to STREPHON.



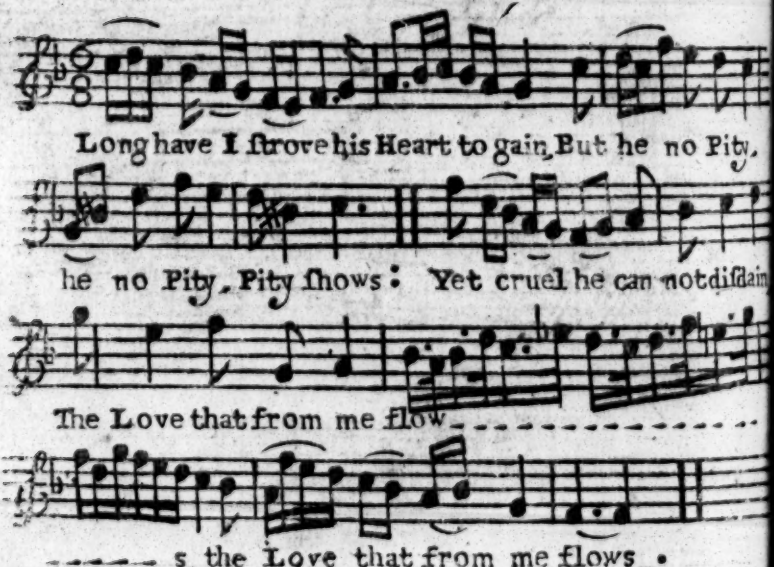
Wou'd you, Strephon eaſe your Anguiſh,
And forget the fair One's Charms,
See Florella for you languiſh,
Fly to her endearing Arms:
She's to all you wiſh, conſenting,
Ever Eaſy ever Kind.
Leave the fickle Maid relenting,
She will ſoon her Folly find.

FLUTE.



The COMPLAINING LOVER. Set by

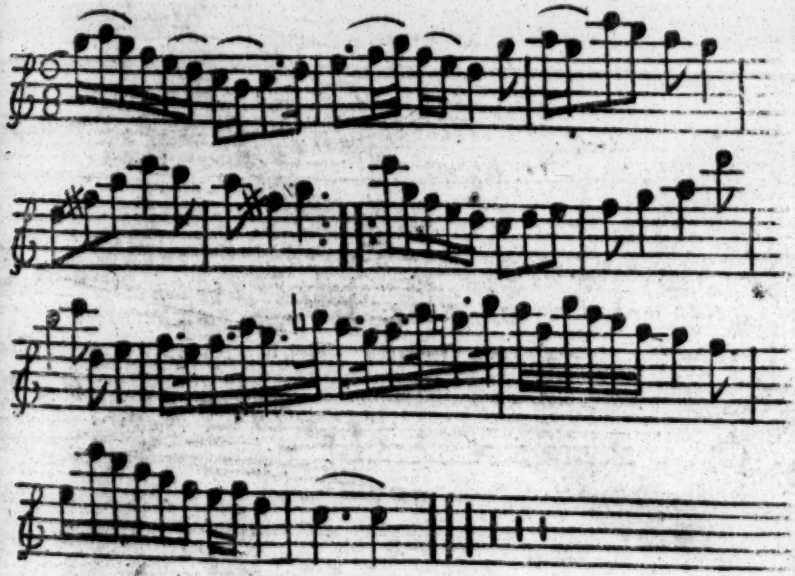
Mr. MONRO.



Oft have I try'd to win his Love,
But that cou'd ne'er attain:
Now, Cupid, tell me where to rove,
And eaſe my Love-ſick Pain.

Ye Gods omnipotent, whoſe Pow'r
Can help the injur'd Fair,
Pity my Tale, my Peace reſtore
And baniſh my Deſpair.

FLUTE.



A BEE Expiring on a LADYs LIPS.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

As near a Fountains flow'ry Side The bright Ce-

- linda lay, Her Looks encreas'd the Summer's

Pride, Her Eyes the Blaze of Day.

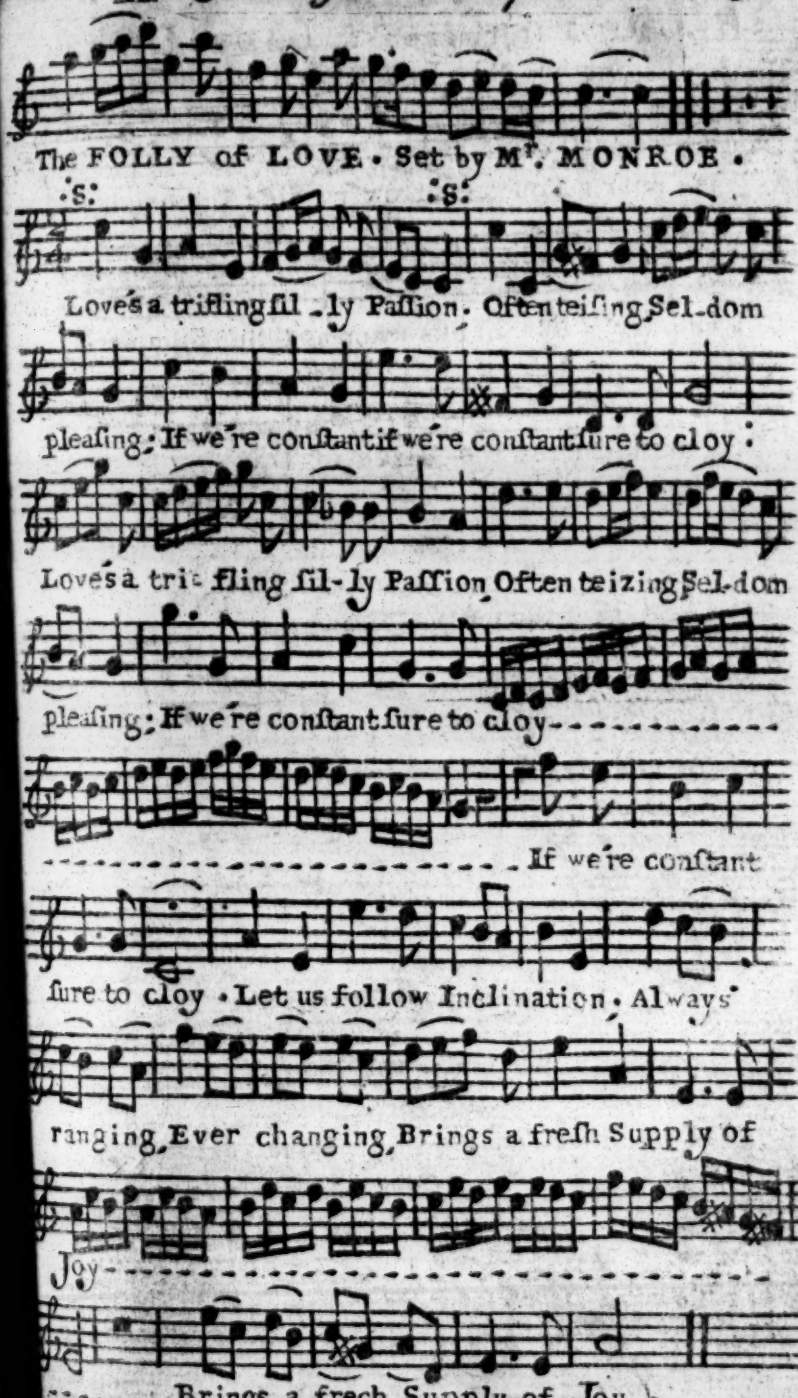
The Roſes bluſh'd with deeper Red,
To ſee themſelves outdone:
The Lillies ſhrunk into their Beds
To find ſuch Rival ſhone.

Quick thro' the Air to this Retreat
A Bee induſtrious flew,
Prepar'd to riffle ev'ry Sweet,
And ſip the balmy Dew.

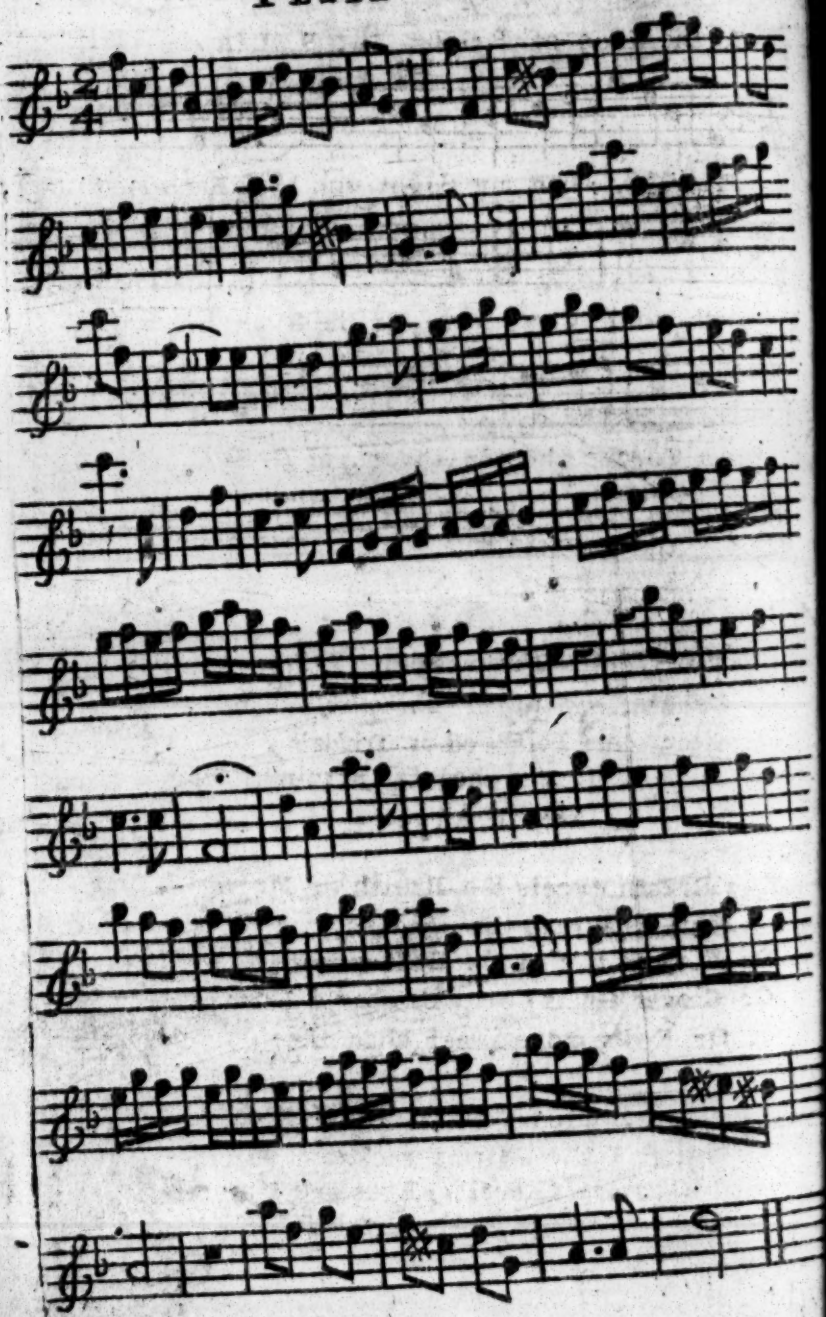
Drawn by the Fragrance of her Breath,
Her Roſy Lips he found,
Where he in Tranſports met his Death,
And dropt upon the Ground.

Enjoy, bleſt Bee, enjoy thy Fate,
Nor at thy Fall repine,
Since Kings wou'd quit their Royal State,
To ſhare a Death like thine.

FLUTE.

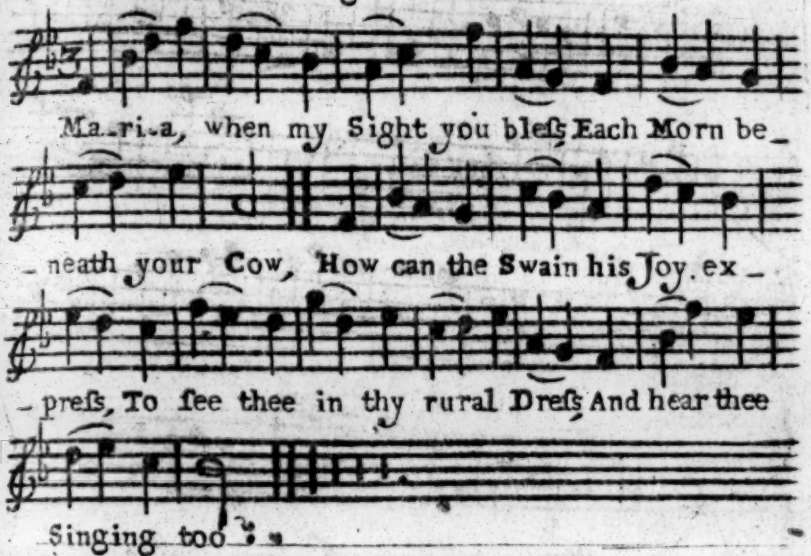

The FOLLY of LOVE. Set by Mr. MONROE.
:S: :S:
Love's a trifling fil-ly Paſſion. Often teiſing Sel-dom
pleaſing: If we're conſtant if we're conſtant ſure to cloy:
Love's a trifling fil-ly Paſſion Often teizing Sel-dom
pleaſing: If we're conſtant ſure to cloy
If we're conſtant
ſure to cloy. Let us follow Inclination. Always
ranging, Ever changing, Brings a freſh Supply of
Joy
Brings a freſh Supply of Joy.

FLUTE.



The MILK MAID. by Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD.

To the Tune of Bright AURELIA.



Thy milk-white Waiſtcoat, free from Stain,
Denotes thy purer Thought,
As clear from Falſhood as Diſdain;
And in thy ſoft and chearful Strain
My Cares are all forgot.

Thy Breath excels the Breath of Morn,
More fragrant than the Hay;
Or Flow'rs tho' in thy Boſom worn;
Or Clover Graſs; or green ear'd Corn;
Or Cows, more ſweet than they.

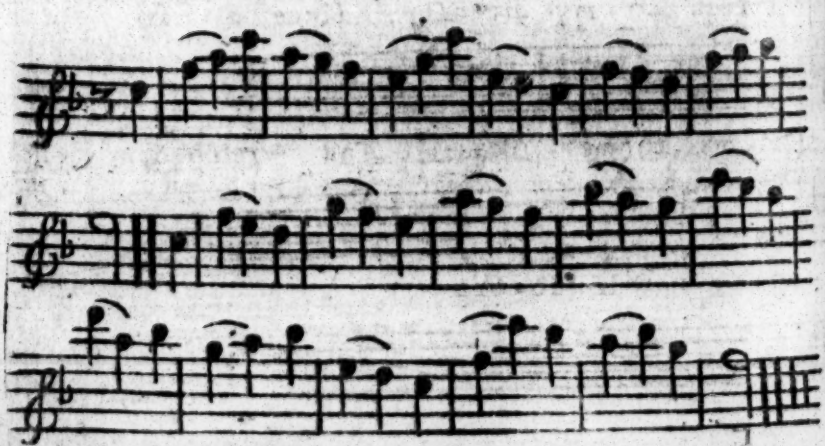
Thy modeſt Cheeks out bluſh the Roſe,
Whilſt I thy Charms recite;
Thy Lips are Cherries, Eyes are Sloes;
And thy engaging Smiles diſcloſe
Two Rows of Iv'ry white.

But Oh, the Burden of my Song!
Thoſe Charms may fall a Prey,
And be commanded right or wrong,
By ſome dull Clown whoſe vulgar Tongue,
Can neither Sing nor Say.

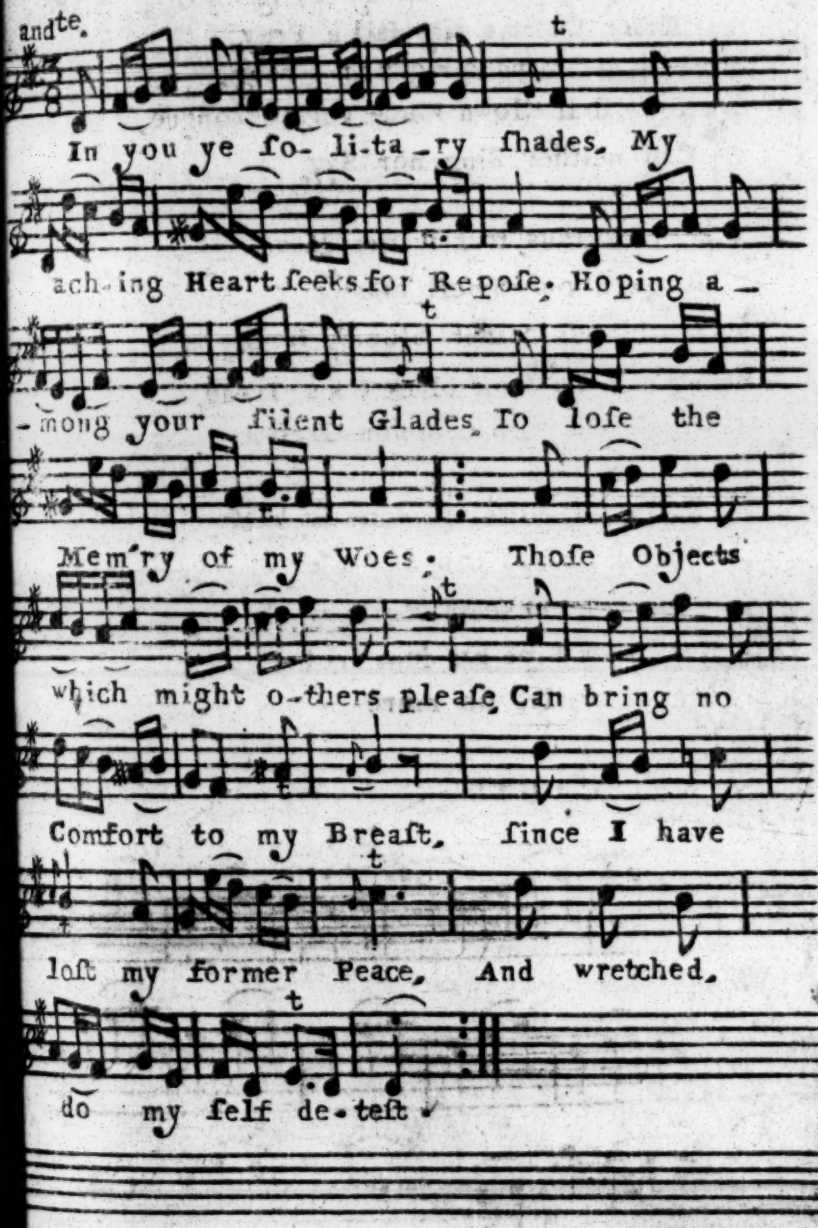
The Vi'let thus, that in the Mead
Regal'd our Smell, alas!
No more muſt rear its bloomy Head,
Stamp'd in by ſome black Ox's Tread,
Or chew'd with common Graſs.

The chearful Mornings once ſo bleſt,
Soft Ev'nings too, are o'er:
Ye Cows, whoſe Teats Maria preſt,
Farewel, my Pipe has done its beſt,
Maria ſmiles no more.

FLUTE.



The DECEIV'D SHEPHERD.

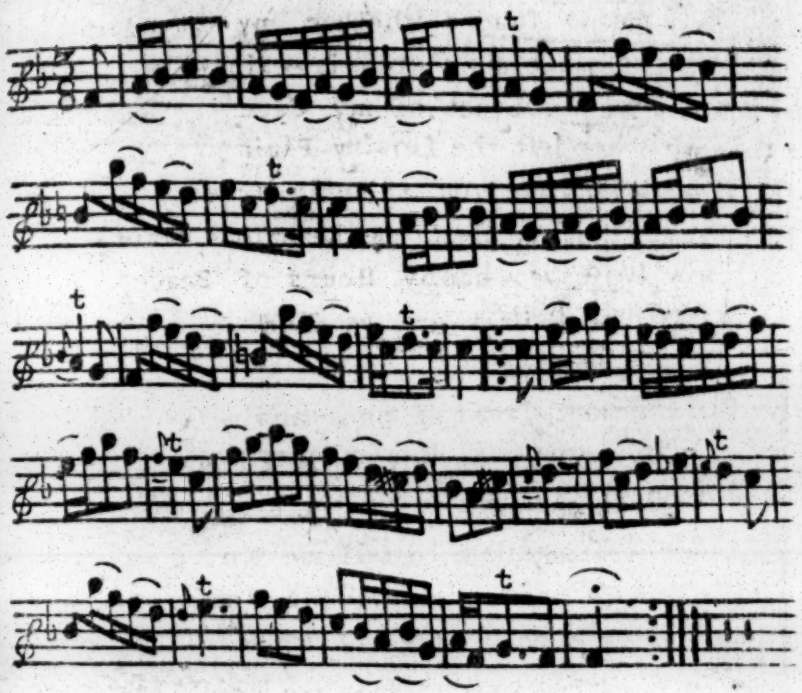


Tell me ye ſhades whether my Fair
Is here, alaſs my ſearch is vain;
The lovely Object of my Care,
Phillis has left the flow'ry Plain:
How often have you friendly Trees
Shelter'd from Heat the beautious Maid;
How ſwift you happy Hours of Peace!
Alaſs how ſwiftly are ye fled.

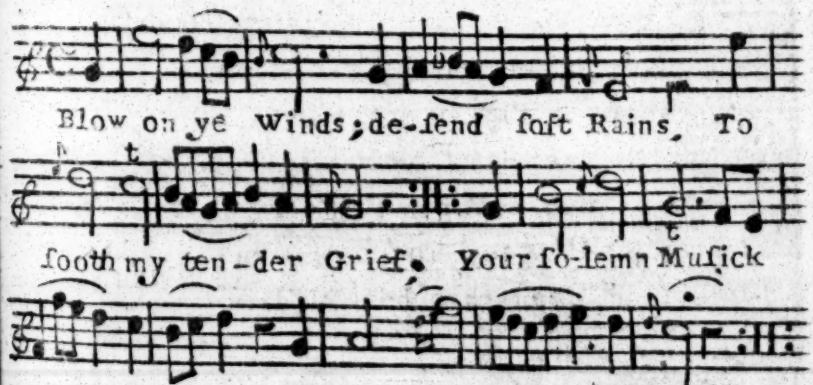
Say verdant Trees if once again,
I of her ſight the Joy ſhall know;
The Eccho anſwers to my Pain,
And ſeems methinks to tell me No:
Yet hark, I hear a murm'ring Noiſe,
Perhaps the Voice of her I Love;
Who ſays: ſhe will reſtore my Joys,
And with her Preſence bleſs the Grove.

Ah no, it is the bubling Flood,
Which thro' the Rocks in Windings flows;
Nor does it murmur by the Wood,
And weeps in Pity to my Woes:
If Phillis does not ſoon return,
Her Pity then will come in vain;
Vainly ſhe'll Weep upon my Urn;
When I am dead thro' her Diſdain.

FLUTE.



The SOLITARY LOVER.

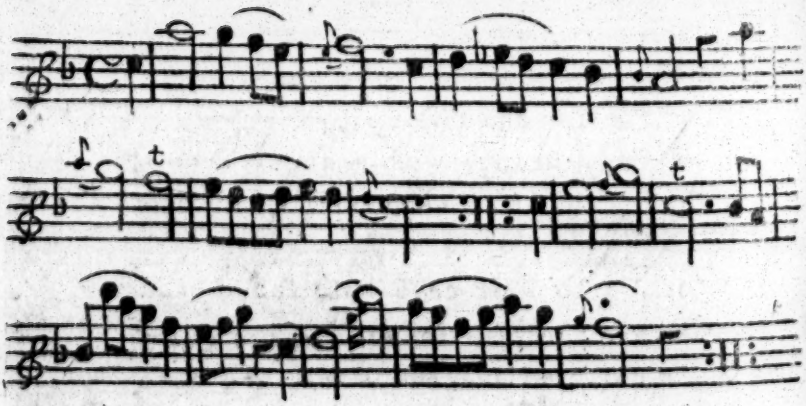


In ſome lone Corner would I ſit,
Retir'd from human kind;
Since Mirth, nor ſhow, nor ſparkling Wit,
Can pleaſe my anxious Mind.

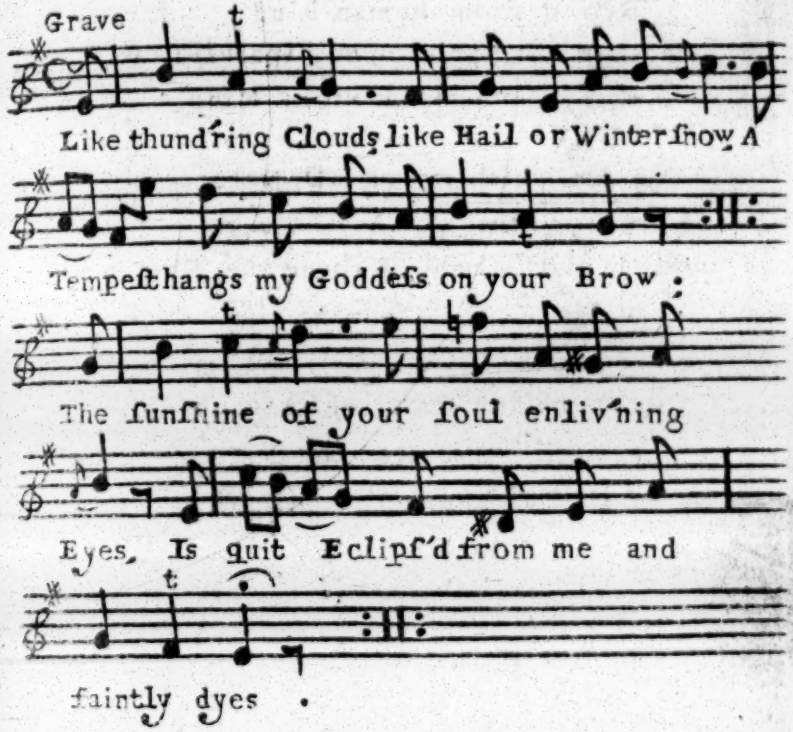
The ſun which makes all Nature gay,
Torments my weary Eyes;
And in dark ſhades I ſpend the Day,
Where Eccho ſleeping lies.

The ſparkling ſtars which gayly ſhine,
And glitt'ring deck the Night;
Are all ſuch cruel Foes of mine,
I ſicken at their ſight.

FLUTE.



The DISAPPOINTMENT.



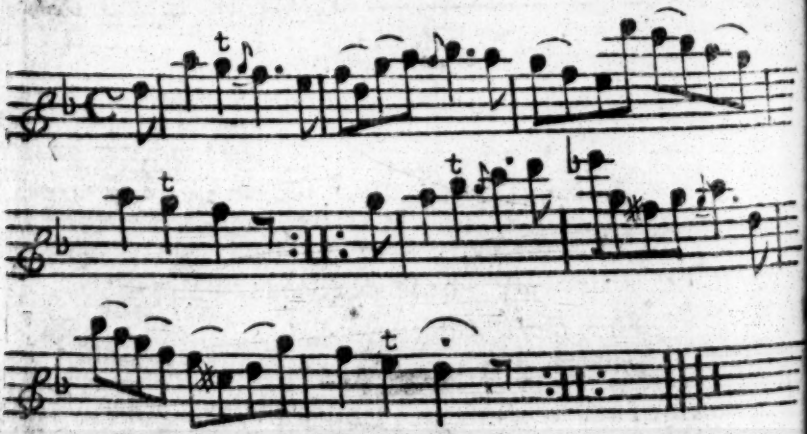
Like Icarus my daring ſoul would try,
To Soyn the ſun and riſe up to the ſky;
But Heav'nly Beauty with a cruel Frown,
Has thrown me twice unmercifully down.

I lie on Earth half dead with ſad Deſpair,
And fill with doleful ſounds the open air;
Oft do I curſe my ſelf, the World and Fate,
That tender Love ſhould be return'd with Hate.

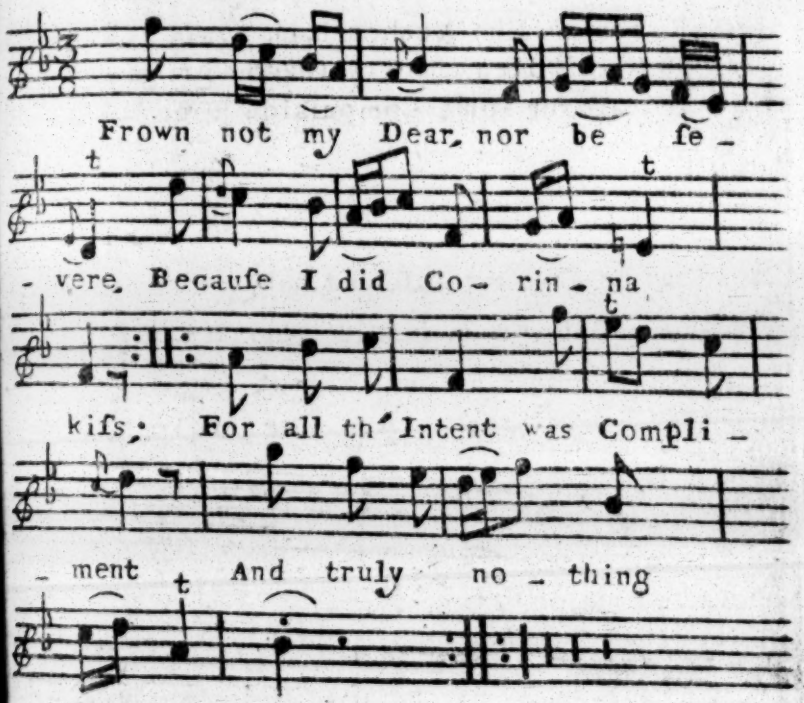
That deepeſt ſighs and humbleſt Pray'rs are vain,
And come to me like Ecchos back again;
As ſhipwreck'd Men at e'ry ſhadow grope,
So I at leaſt for ſome Compaſsion hope.

And that to ſave my Life and eaſe my ſmart,
Relenting Pity would inſpire your Heart:
But 'tis too late I die and cannot live,
Since you will neither pity nor forgive.

Flute.



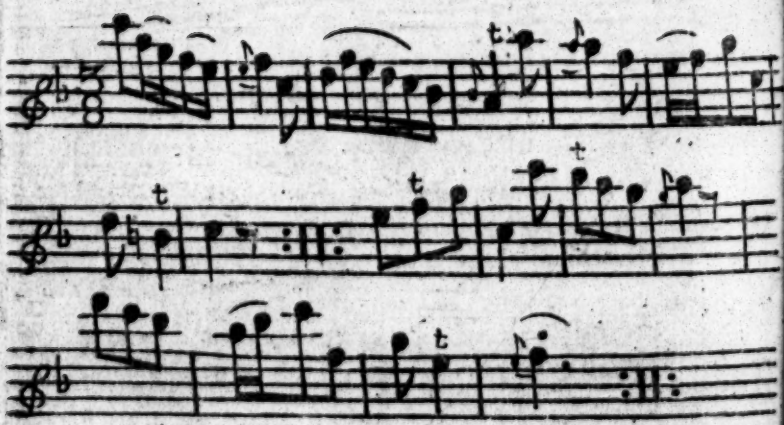
The APOLOGY.



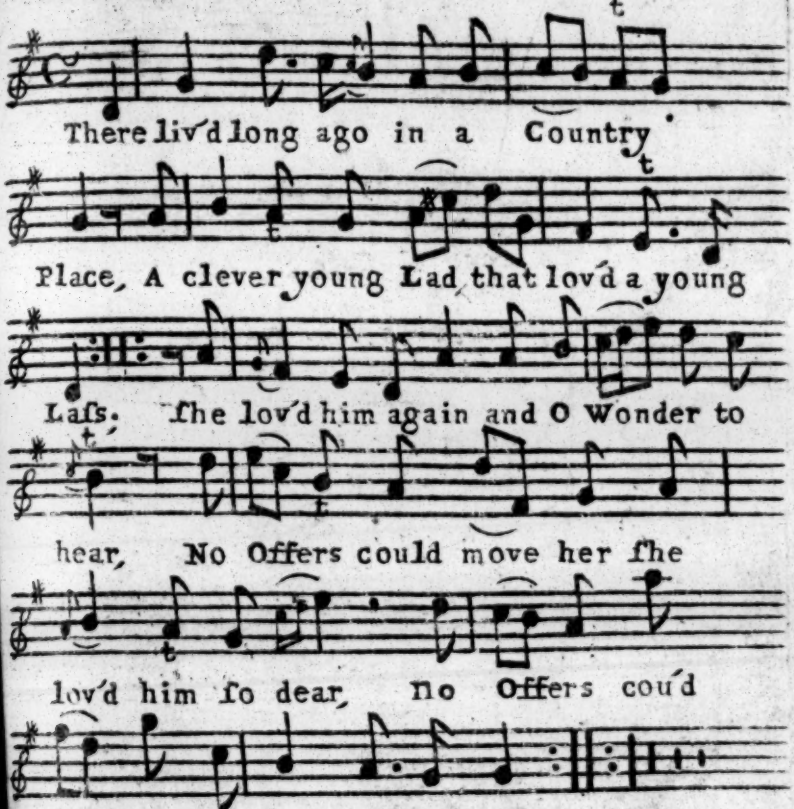
No ſingle Charm,
Of hers can warm,
Like yours my whole devoted Heart:
She can't ſubdue,
My ſoul like you,
Nor ſuch Cæleſtial Joy impart.

Call me not baſe,
In ſuch a Caſe,
Nor miſinterpret my Deſign:
For I averr,
I love not her,
But am with Reſignation thine.

Flute.



The PERFECTIONS of True LOVE.



The Lord of the Village took it in his Head,
To tempt her to leave him and come to his Bed;
He offer'd her Jewells and Baubles and Rings,
But she slighted his Love & refus'd his gay Things.

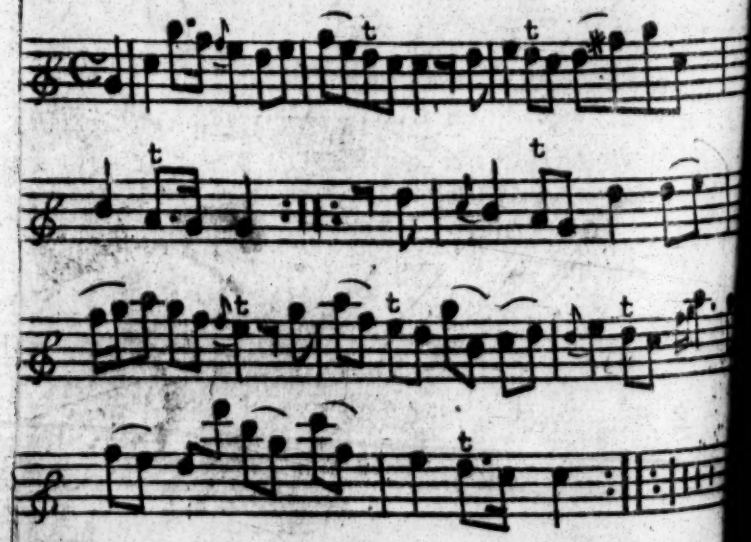
He told her he'd make her as fine as a Queen,
Her Gown shoud be silk & her Cap Colberteen,
But she said Linsey Woolsey & Bone Lace d serve,
And rather than please him she'd venture to starve.

He told her he'd give her a Pad to ride out,
Or a Coach if ſhe lik'd it to viſit about;
She thank'd him but ſaid ſhe could very well walk,
And ſhou'd ſhe have a Coach how ye Neigbours wou'd talk.

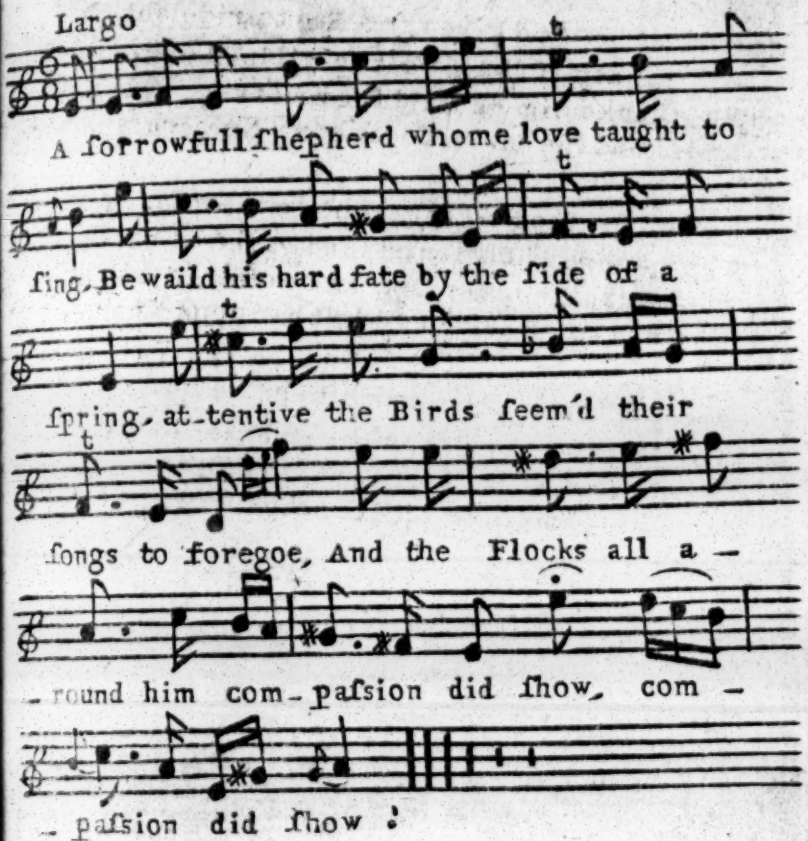
He ſaid for the Neighbours he'd make it his Care
That not even ye Parſon on ſundays ſhou'd dare;
To find fault with her Conduct or offer to blame
Her manner of living or blaſt her good Name.

She told him in ſhort he muſt e'en be content,
For Jewels or Gold ſhou'd ne'er bribe her conſent;
Her Heart was anothers and ſo ſhould remain
And ſhe ſcorn'd to be falſe for the lucre of Gain.

FLUTE.



The SHEPHERDS COMPLAINT.



Ye Groves cry'd he ſighing reſound my ſad Lay.
Oh bear my Complaints, ye ſofts Zephirs away;
But to whom ſhall I bear them or where can I run,
I've truſted a Bankrupt, and I am undone.

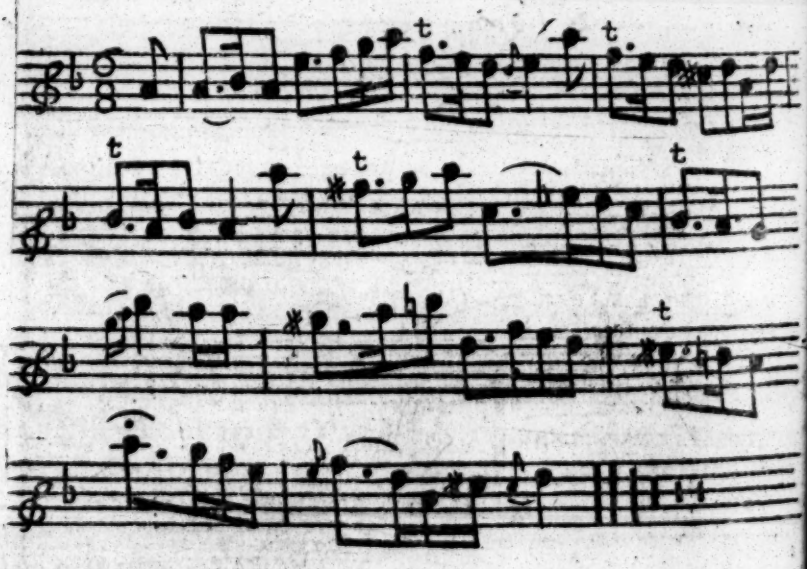
The ſeaſons fair changes can give no delight,
Their Beautys no more can chear my faded ſight;
Fair Cynthia, and Phœbus, your Light I deplore,
For Chloe diſdains me, and Beauty's no more.

The ſwains from their Reaping quit the teeming Feild,
Their loves and their Labours bleſt grateſull thanks yeild.
The Feilds, Woods and Gardens their lib'ral Gifts pour,
To me Love's a Miſer and Bounty's no more.

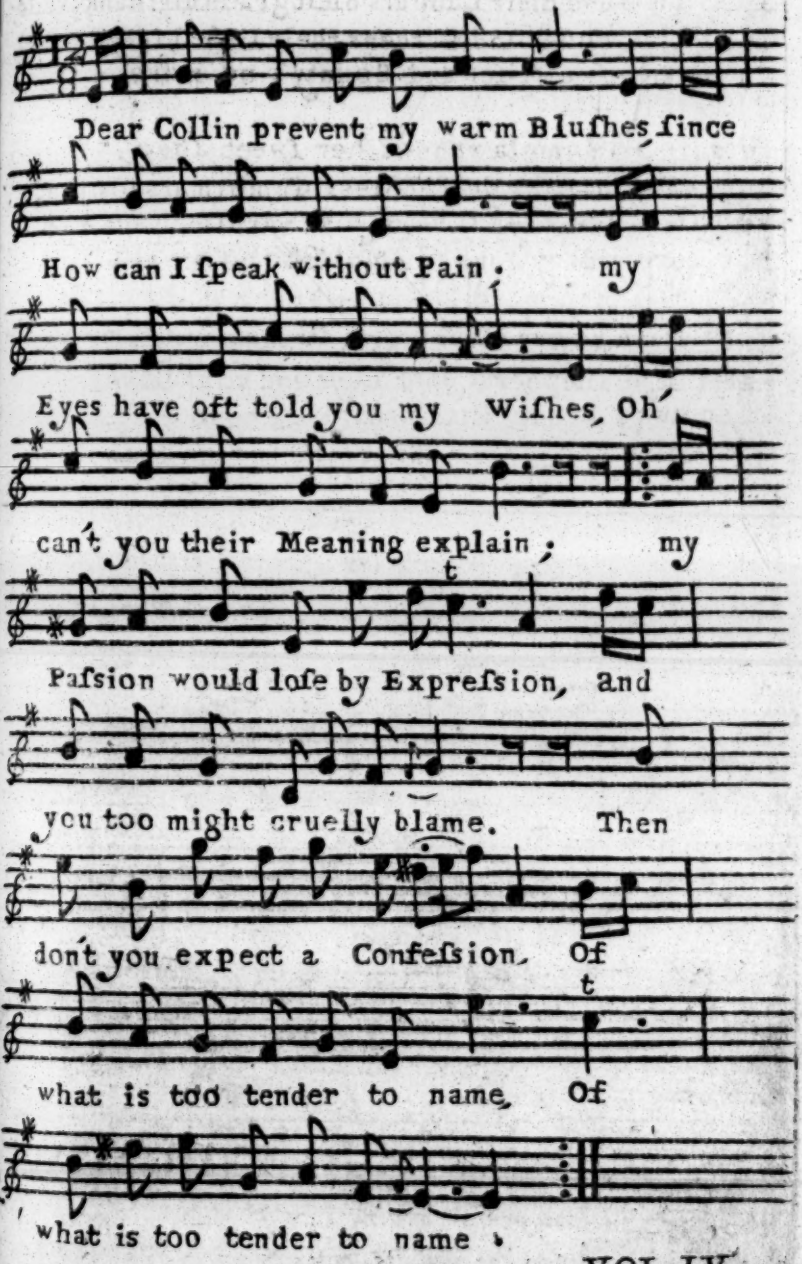
In vain Philomela renews her ſweet ſong,
Or the ſtreams o'er the Pebbles ſoft murmurs prolong,
Ye Black-Birds and Linnets your warbling give o'er
For Love is deny'd me and Muſick's no more.

Then adieu ye gay Meadows, ye ſtreams, and ye Groves,
Adieu all ye ſhepherds your Lays and your Loves;
Adieu ev'ry Beauty that Nature e'er wore.
With Chloe you fly me and Pleaſure's no more.

Flute.

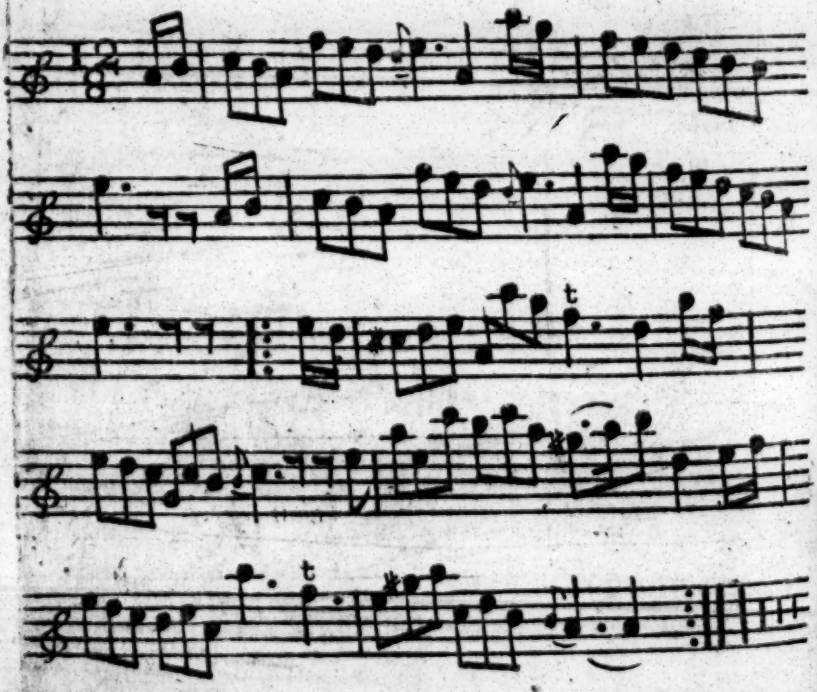


The MODEST CONCEALMENT.

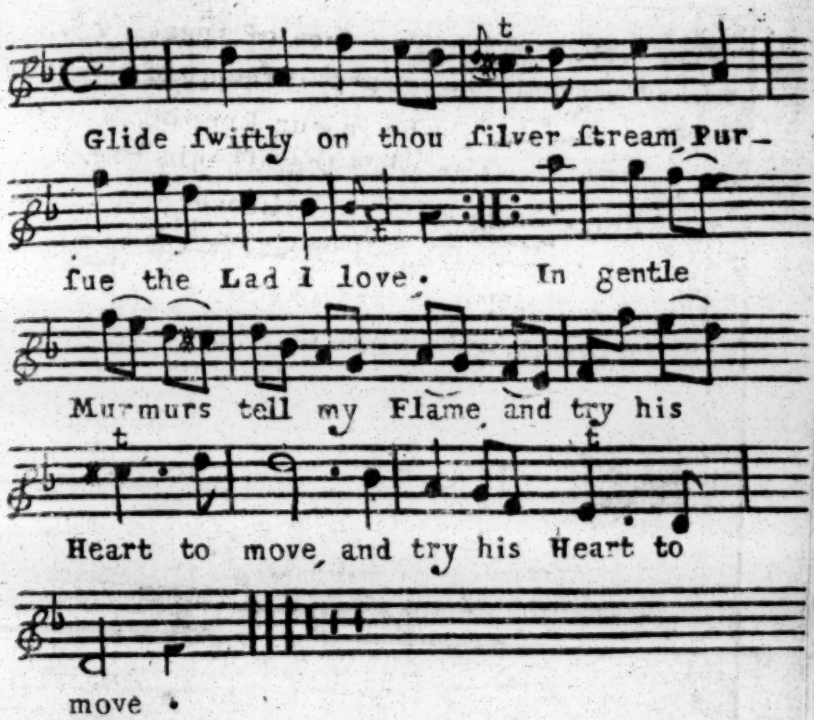


Since yours is the Province of ſpeaking,
Why ſhould you expect it from me;
Our Wiſhes ſhould be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they ſhould be;
Then quickly why don't you diſcover,
Did your Heart feel ſuch Tortures as mine;
I need not tell over and over,
What I in my Boſom confine.

Flute.



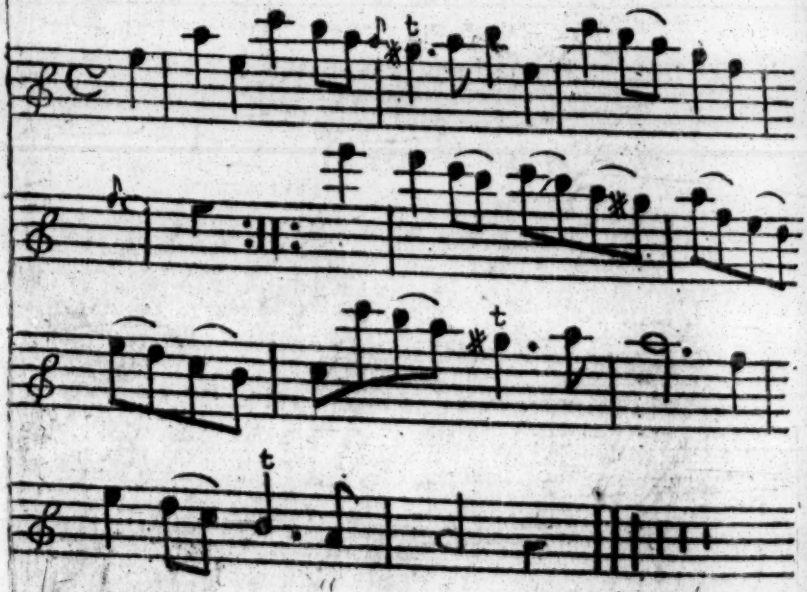
The MAIDS REQUEST.



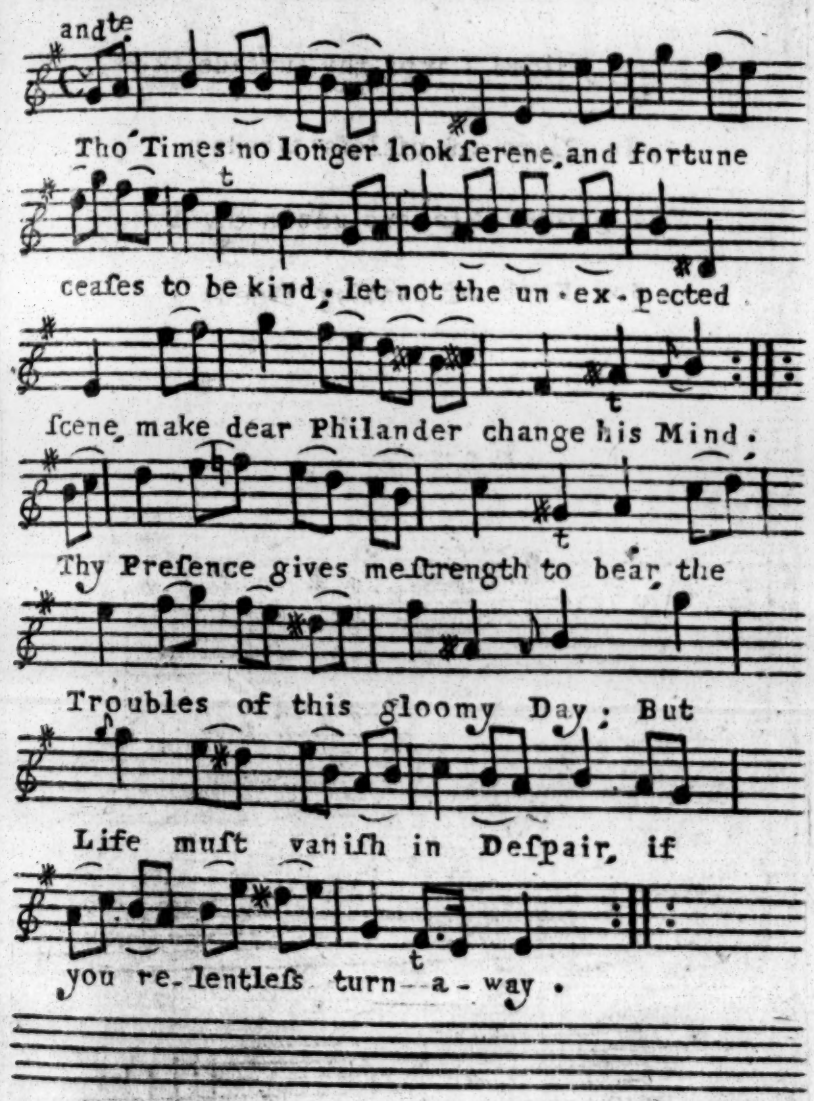
So may thy Banks be always Green,
Thy Channel never Dry:
If e'er thy ſpring be failing ſeen,
My Tears ſhall that ſupply.

May guilded Carps thy ſurface ſkim,
In Place of uſeleſs Weeds;
May painted Flowers adorn thy Brim,
And Knots of bending Reeds.

FLUTE.



The UNHAPPY LADYS PETITION.



O think (nor of the Thought repent)
Of prior meetings in yon Grove;
Where we the fleeting Minutes ſpent
In ſoft alternate Vows of Love:
If this can Pity now create,
And ſtill engage you to be true;
I ſlight the moſt Oppreſsive Fate,
That wretched Mortals ever knew.

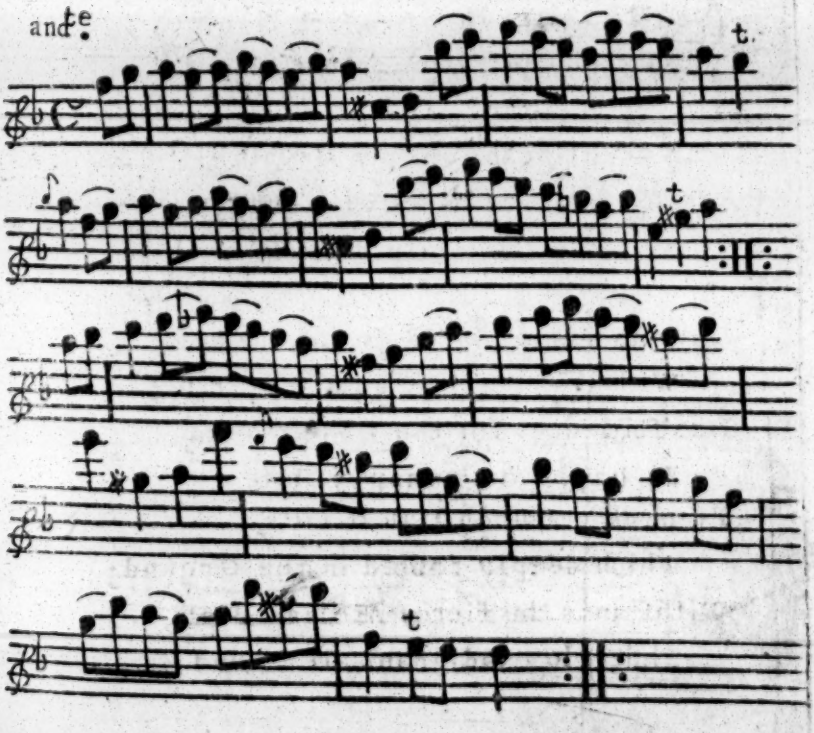
The ANSWER.

Let not ſuch dubious Thoughts my Dear,
Increaſe the Meaſure of your Grief;
You ſtill ſhall own my Heart ſincere,
And ready to diſpenſe Relief:
The Flame of long contracted Love,
Is unextinguiſh'd in my Breaſt;
And Mountains may as well remove,
As I deſert the fair diſtreſt.

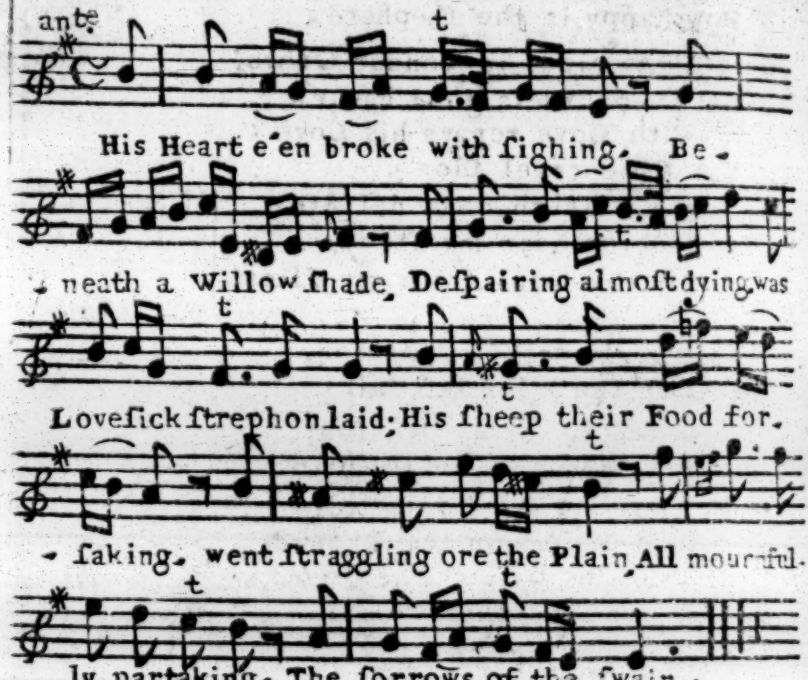
Love undiſsembled does not turn,
With ev'ry various change of Fate;
But ſtill does for the Object burn,
In happy or unhappy ſtate:
Firm as a ſturdy Oak it laſts,
Which deeply rooted in the Ground;
Withſtands the fierce Æolian Blaſt,
That blow indignant all around.

So ſhall my conſtant Heart cement,
To thee its principal Delight;
Nor ſhall the ſudden ill event,
Our mutual Paſſion diſunite;
Let this convince my Charmer now,
Philander only ſighs for you;
And that I don't recant my Vow,
But ſtill more ſtrongly it renew.

FLUTE.



The UNFORTUNATE SHEPHERD.



All down his Cheeks faſt flowing.
His Tears the Graſs bedew;
A woeful Object ſhewing
What luckleſs Love can do;
Tow'rd Cloes Habitation,
A wiſhful glance he ſent;
And full of Lamentation
Began his ſad Complaint.

O Cloe moſt inhuman!
O moſt unhappy me;
But ſoon o cruel Woman,
Kind Death will ſet me free;
Tho' you with Frowns receive me,
And treat me with Diſdain;
He kindly will releive me,
And end my raging Pain.

How happy is the ſhepherd.
  Thats pipes in yonder Grove;
His ſhepherdeſs good natur'd,
  With Love repays his Love;
But Cloe cruel Cloe;
  My Paſsion does deſpiſe;
Will never hear my ſtory,
  But ſcornful from me flies.

Full gayly paſt each ſeaſon,
  E're ſhe relentleſs fair;
Bereav'd me of my Reaſon,
  And doom'd me to Deſpair;
But now my Reed rejected,
  Lies uſeleſs on the Ground;
My once lov'd Flocks neglected,
  At random wander round.

O Cloe from thy Lover,
  Turn not thine Eyes away;
When him thou ſhalt diſcover
  A lifeleſs lump of Clay;

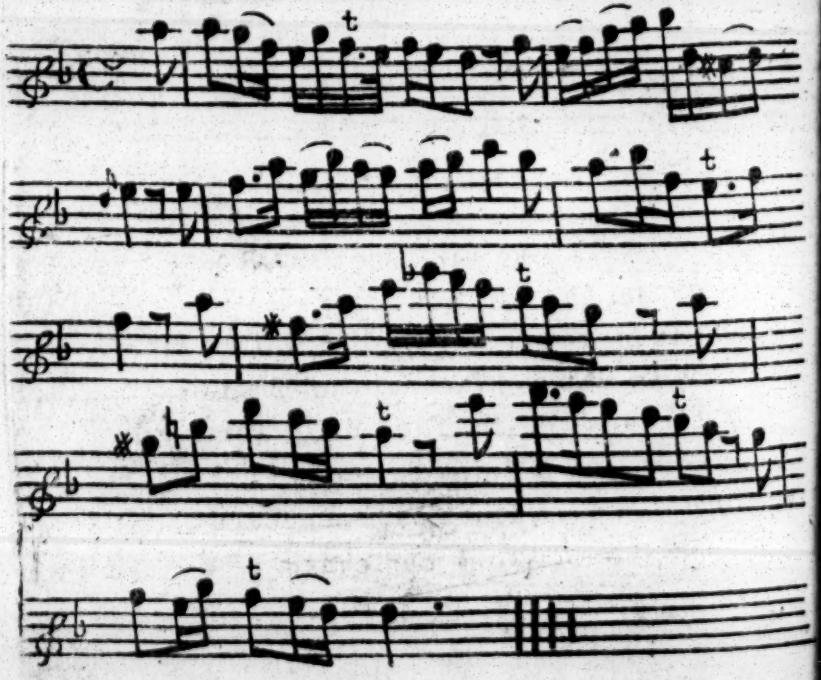
But grant my laſt Petition,
  The Boon I dying crave,
To pity my Condition,
  And follow to my Grave.

Where Cloes ſheep are feeding,
  He turns his ſtreaming Eyes;
And ſees Amyntas ſpeeding,
  To where the fair one lies;

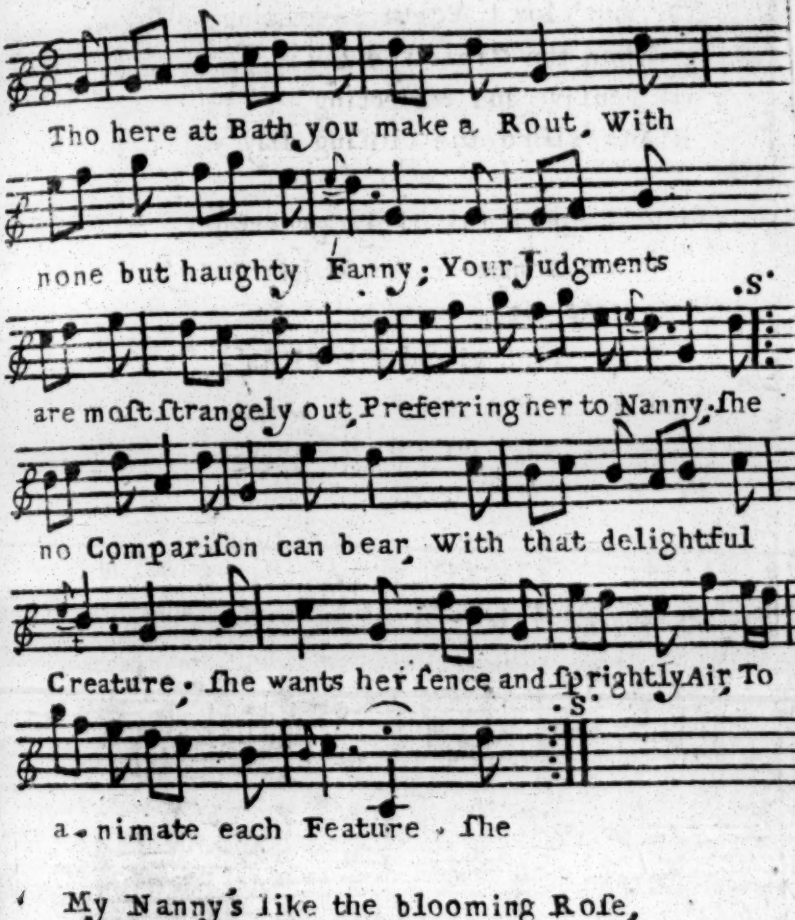
The much lov'd Youth expecting,
Upon the Graſs ſhe lay;
All penſive and reflecting,
And wiſh'd the cloſing Day.

Poor ſtrephon ſaw their greeting,
What Tongue can tell his Pain;
Embraces oft repeating,
They tript along the Plain;
Sunk down with Grief and Wonder,
Adieu vain World he cry'd;
His Heart ſtrings burſt aſunder,
And groaning thrice he dy'd.

FLUTE.



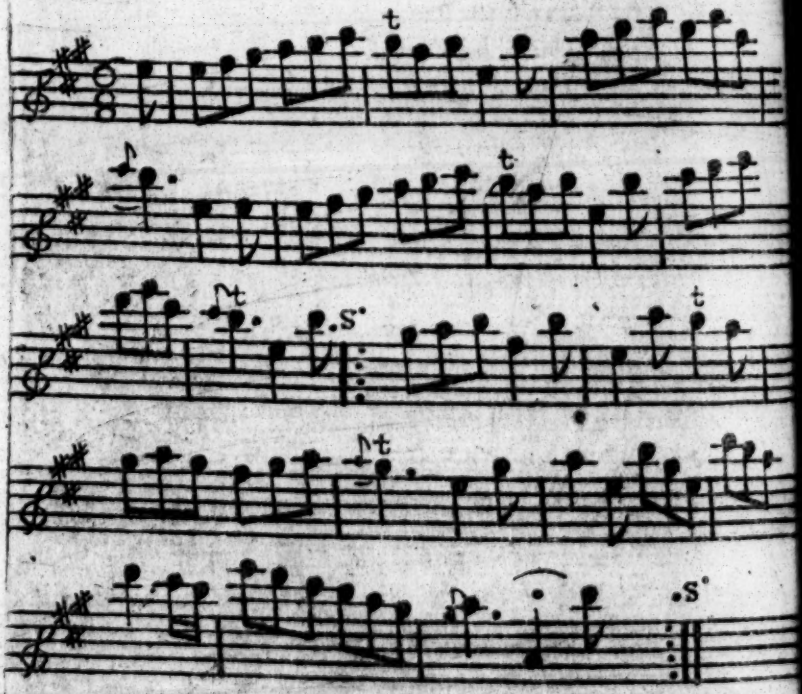
WIT PREFERABLE to BEAUTY.



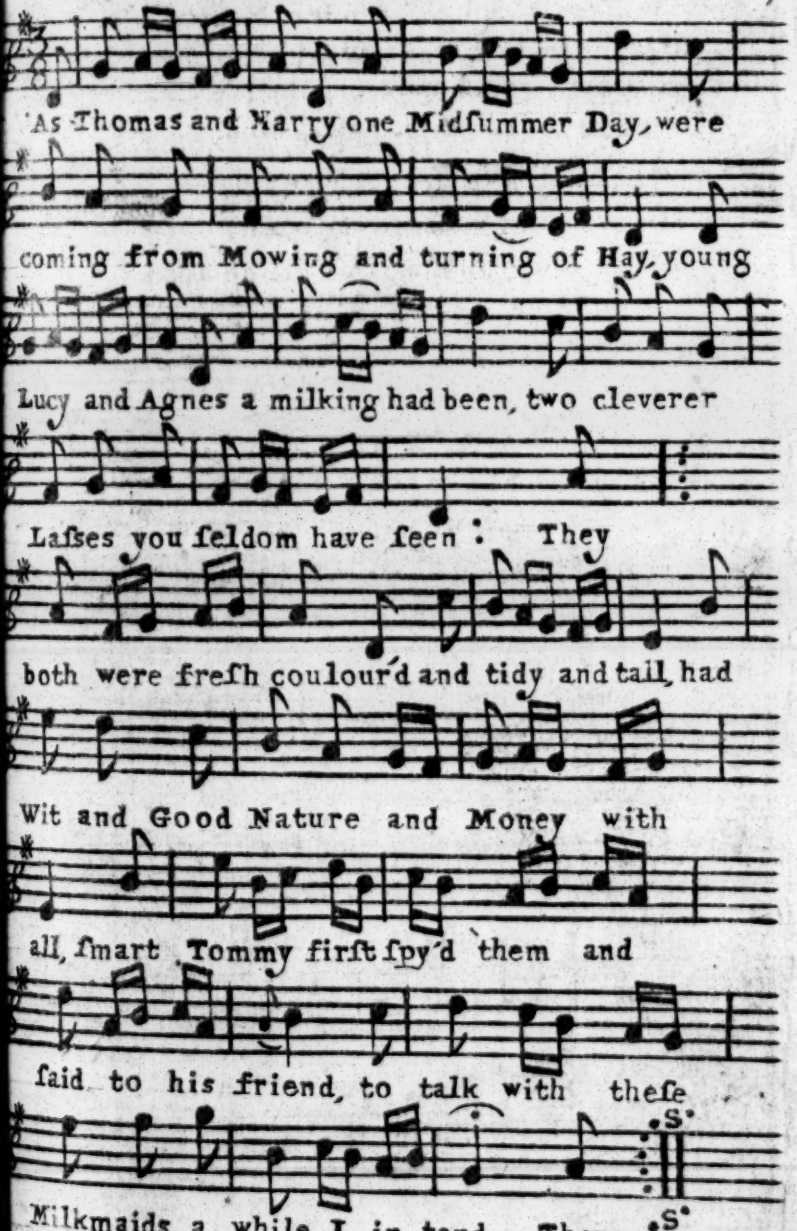
My Nanny's like the blooming Roſe,
In the gay ſummer ſeaſon,
Whilſt from her Lips good Nature flows
With Wit and ſtrength of Reaſon;
But Fanny like the ſnow-drop Fair
Has not a Look to warm ye,
Unleſs a Face, fine ſhape and Hair
Without a ſoul can charm ye.

If ſo take Heed ye tender Hearts,
Nor near the Wax-Work venture,
Leſt you to ſhew your Wit and Parts,
Should make a handſome Joynture,
On Old King Arthurs fav'rite Queen,
Or Anthony's fam'd Minion,
And then your Judgment will be ſeen
As good in my Opinion.

FLUTE.



THOMAS and HARRY or the BATCHELORS ADVANTAGE.



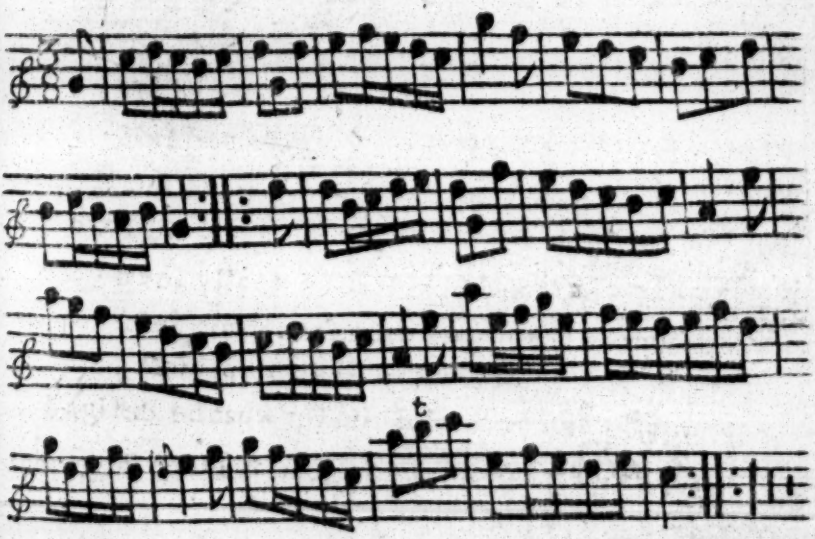
Poor Harry was marry'd yet nevertheleſs
No diſlike he'd to Tommy's propoſal expreſs;
But walk'd with ſpruce Lucy for more than a Mile
And lent her his Hand to get over the ſtile:
While Lucy quite charm'd with his Perſon and Talk
Ne'er felt her full Milk Pail nor tir'd with the Walk.
But Tommy grew ſpightfull and bid him forbear
Since who for a Man that was Married woud care.

Says Agnes why prethee now let him alone
What need you diſpute when you each may have one
There's Lucy who ne'er had a Pleaſure as yet
In ought but meere Beauty, I dote upon Wit.
Which you've in abundance but as for your Form
Tis ſuch as can ne'er have for Lucy a Charm.
His Height and Complection his Feature and Hair
Were made juſt on purpoſe her Heart to enſnare.

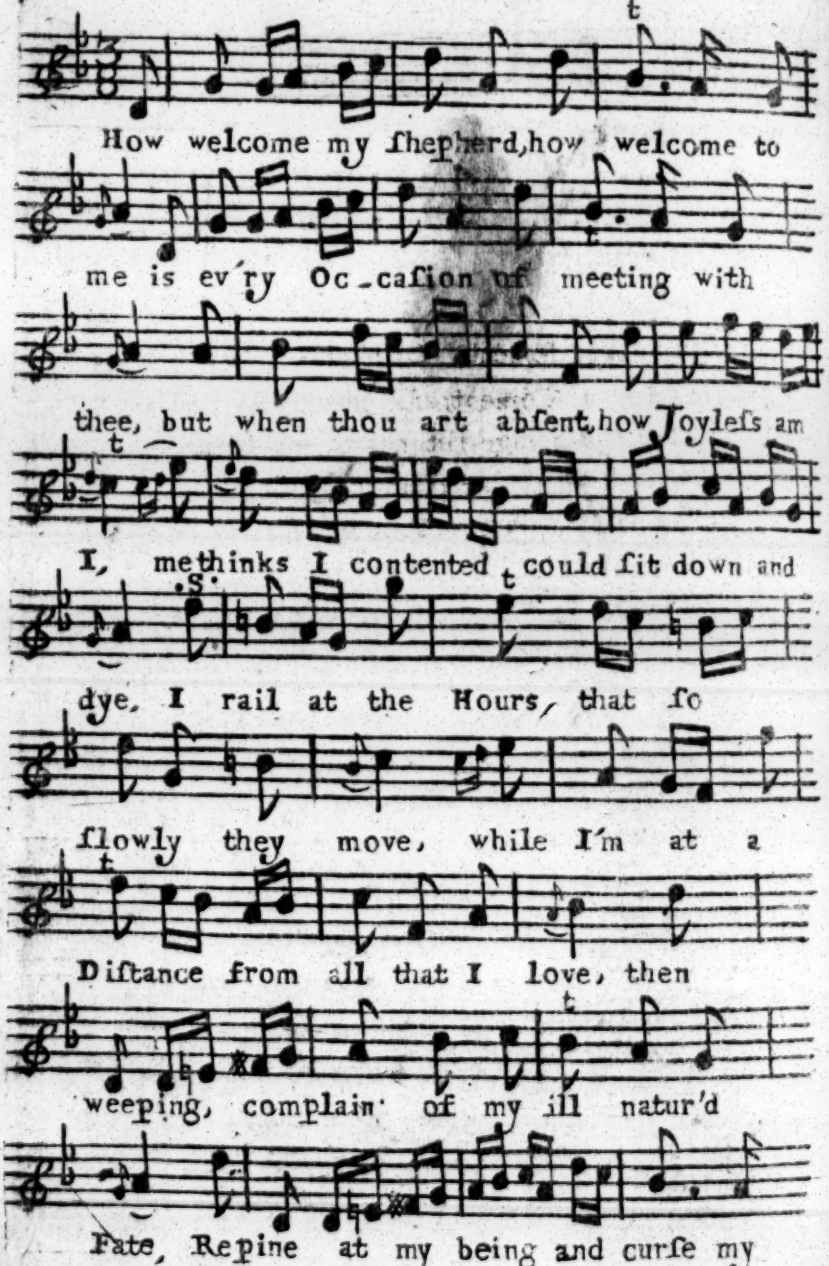
A Moment he paus'd on what Agnes had ſaid
And found there was Reaſon and ſenſe in the Maid
Then told her if Wedlock was what ſhe approv'd
She quickly ſhou'd find that he really lov'd.
Tho before he for ever had made it his jeſt
He now was in Earneſt in what he profeſt
She anſwer'd ſhe thank'd him for what he deſign'd
And woud ſee a Month hence if he held the ſame mind

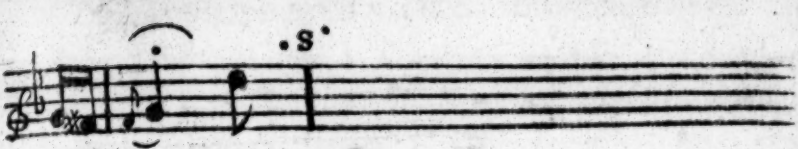
But Harry the while with ſuch Conduct and Art,
Had wound himſelf into poor Lucys ſoft Heart;
That ſhe cry'd to go from him and ſaid that again,
She ne'er ſhoud be free from Affliction and Pain:
And that ſhe had loſt all the Joy of her Life,
From the Moment ſhe heard he was ty'd to a Wife,
While Thomas with Agnes walk'd chearfully on,
And whiſper'd that her Friend and his were undone.

FLUTE.



The FOND SHEPHERDESS.





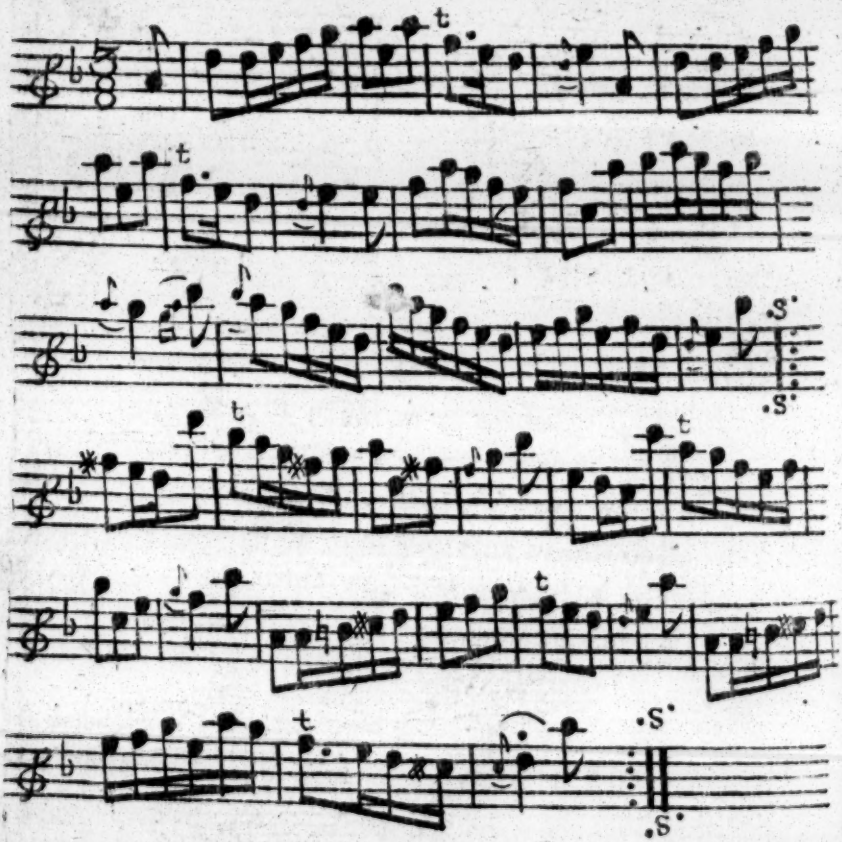
ſad ſtate. I

With trifling Amuſements I ſometimes beguile,
My Cares for a Moment, and chearfully ſmile;
But quickly thy Image returns to my ſoul,
And in my ſad Boſom new Hurricanes roll;
No Joy can be laſting when thou art not here,
Thy Preſence alone can thy ſhepherdeſs cheer;
Thy Looks like the ſun chaſe all Vapours away,
And bleſt with thy ſight I could always be Gay.

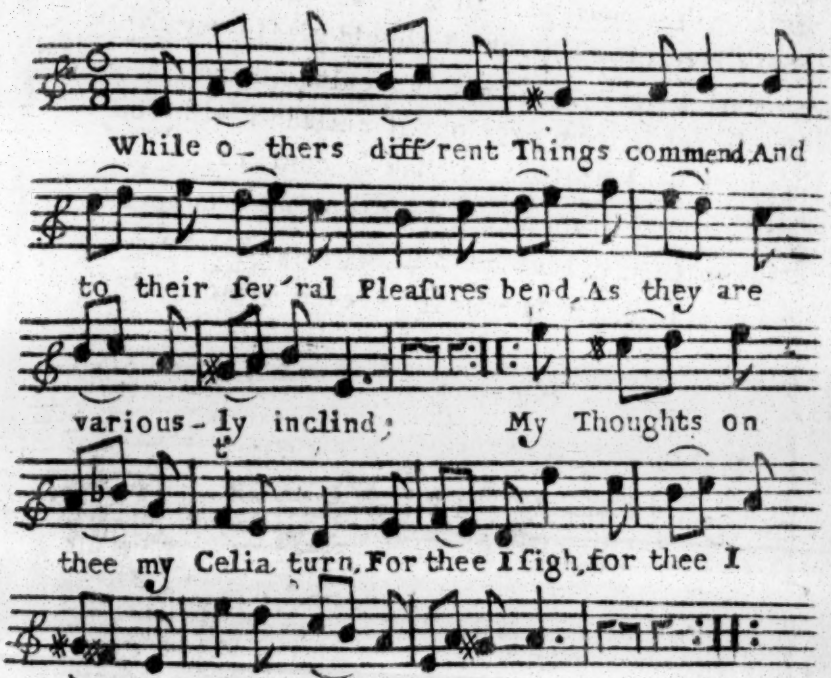
How happy am I while upon thee I gaze,
How pleaſ'd with the Beauty that ſhines in thy Face,
What Charms do I find in thy Perſon and Air,
And if you converſe I for ever could hear;
The oftner I ſee you the more I approve,
The Choice I have made and am fix'd in my Love;
For Merit like yours ſtill brighter is ſhewn,
And more muſt be valu'd the more it is known.

To live in a Cottage with thee I would chuſe,
And Crowns for thy ſake I ſhould gladly refuſe;
Not all the vaſt Treaſures of wealthy Peru
To me would ſeem precious if ballanc'd with you;
For all my Ambition to thee is confin'd,
And nothing could pleaſe me if thou wert unkind;
Then faithfully love me and happier I'll be,
Than plac'd on a Throne if to reign without Thee.

FLUTE.



The FAIR COMFORTER.

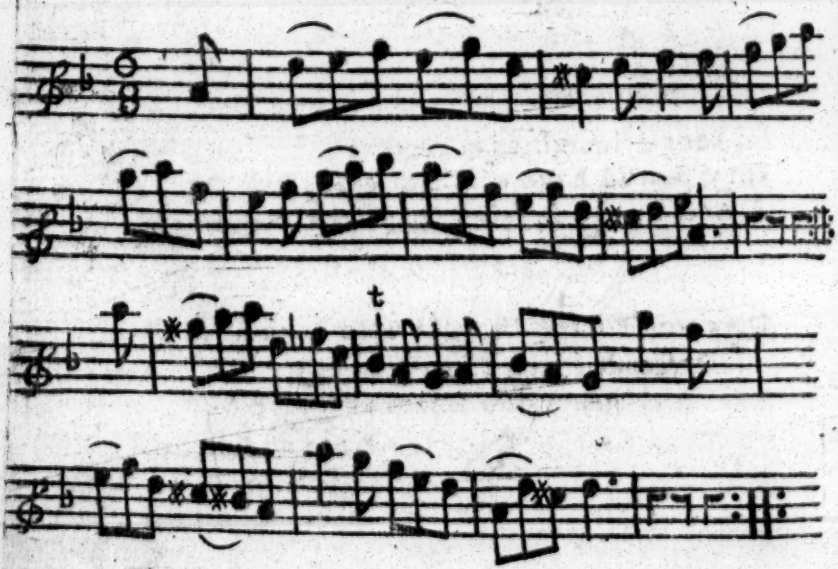


Thy Pleaſure is my ſole Delight,
Thy Council can conduct me right,
Altho' involv'd in deep Deſpair,
Thou only doſt my ſoul maintain,
For Life without thee turns to Pain,
And is no longer worth my Care.

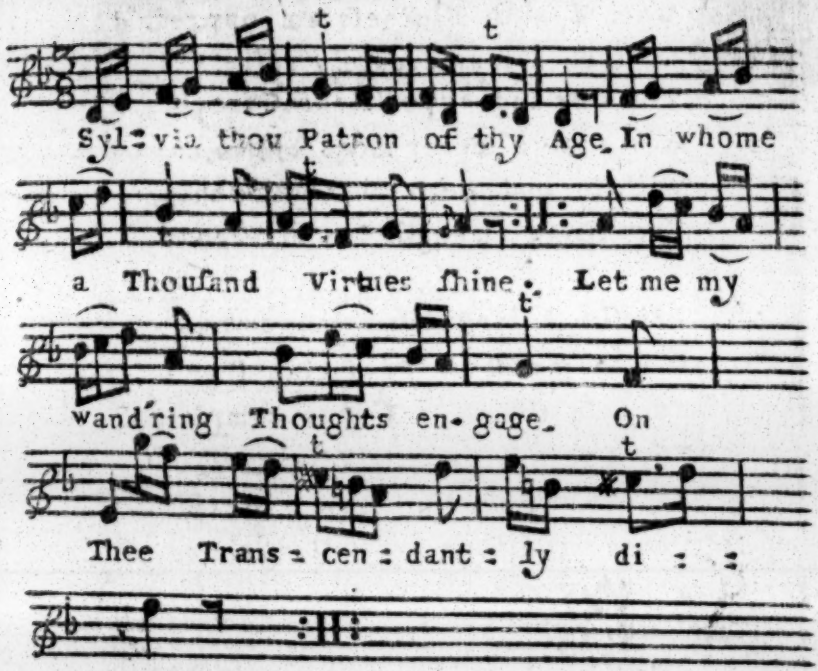
When I with Sickneſs am oppreſs'd,
On thee I may ſecurely reſt,
For ſafe and expeditious Cure,
Ev'n now a Fever does begin,
With fervent Heat to rage within,
Surpaſsing ſtrength for to endure.

Behold I languiſh, faint away,
O ſtay my Dear Phyſician ſtay!
To eaſe me while I thus complain,
Thy Lap exceeds the ſofteſt Bed
Let me repoſe thereon my Head,
And I ſhall ſoon be well again.

FLUTE.



The HUMBLE ADMIRER.



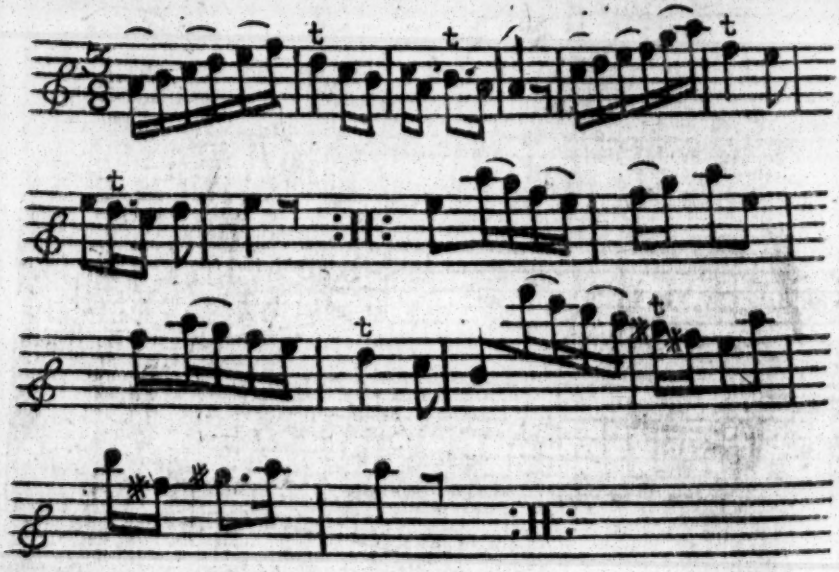
Hadſt thou adorn'd the Age when Men,
Ador'd imaginary Powers:
They would have call'd thee Goddeſs then,
And in thy ſervice ſpent their Hours.

They would have thought thee beautious Maid,
Deſcended only from above:
And unto thee more Honours pay'd,
Than to the Cyprian Queen of Love.

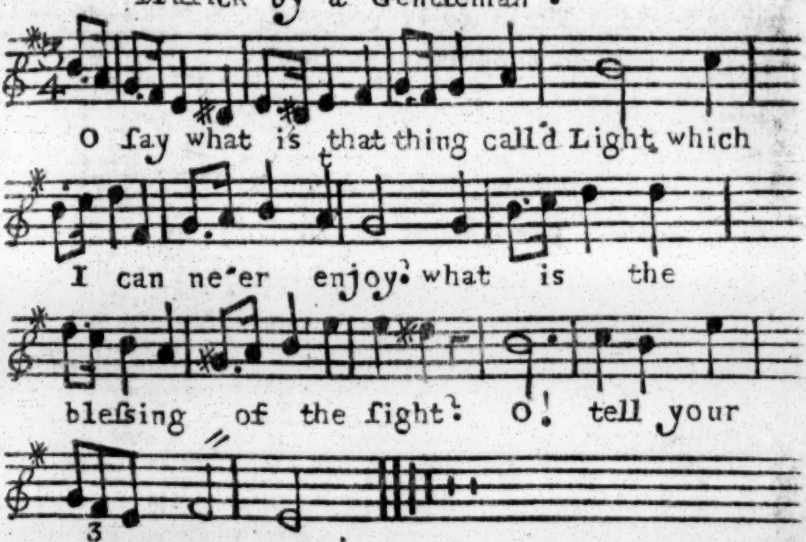
How bleſt, how infinitely bleſt,
Muſt he in all reſpects appear.
Who of a Treaſure is poſſeſs'd,
That's ſo ſuperlatively Dear.

Hard is my Fate I muſt confeſs,
All thy Perfections to admire;
And ne'er to hope the Happineſs,
Which humble ſouls muſt not deſire.

Flute.



The BLIND BOY. The words by Mr. CIBBER Poet Laureat to their Majesties, set to Musick by a Gentleman.



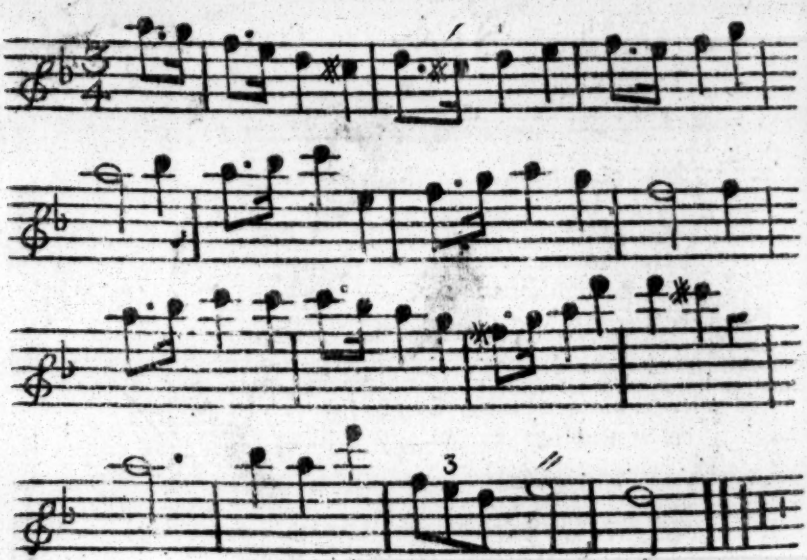
You talk of wond'rous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright:
I feel him warm, but how can he
Then make it day or night?

My day or night my self I make,
When e'er I wake or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
It would be always day.

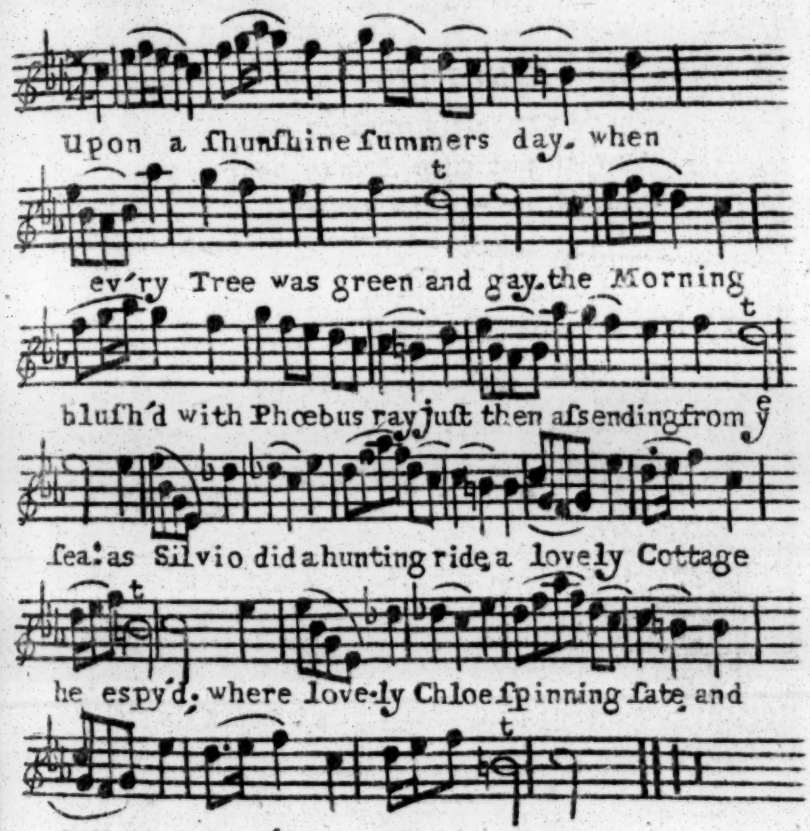
With heavy ſighs I often hear,
You mourn my hopeleſs woe:
But ſure with patience I may bear
A loſs I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have,
My cheer of mind deſtroy:
Whilſt thus I ſing, I am a King,
Altho' a poor blind boy!

FLUTE.



The SPINNING WHEEL.



Her face a thouſand graces crown,
Her curling hair was lovely brown.
Her rowling eyes all hearts did win,
And white as down of Swan her ſkin.
So taking her plain dreſs appears,
Her age not paſsing 16 years:
The ſwain lay ſighing at her foot,
Yet ſtill ſhe turn'd her Wheel about.

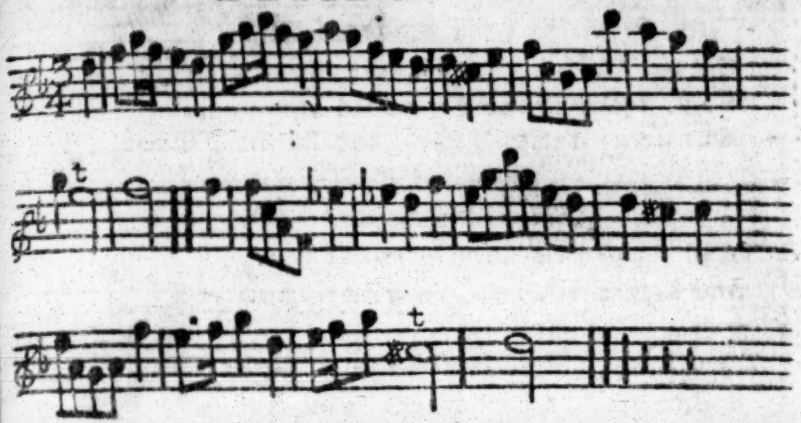
Thou ſweeteſt of thy tender kind;
Cries he this ne'er can ſuit thy mind:
Such grace attracting noble loves,
Was ne'er deſign'd for woods nor groves.
Come, come with me to Court my dear,
Partake my love and honours there;
And leave this fordid rural rout,
And turn thy Wheel no more about.

At this, with ſome few modeſt ſighs,
She turns to him her charming eyes:
Ah! tempt me, Sr. no more ſhe cries,
Nor ſeek my weakneſs to ſurprize:
I know your Arts to be believ'd:
And know how Virgins are deceiv'd:
Then let me thus my life wear out,
And turn my harmleſs Wheel about.

By that dear panting breaſt cries he,
And yet unſeen divinity:
Nay, by my ſoul, that reſts in thee
I ſwear that muſt not cannot be.
Ah! cauſe not my eternal woe,
Nor kill the man that loves thee ſo;
But go with me, and eaſe my doubt,
And turn no more thy Wheel about.

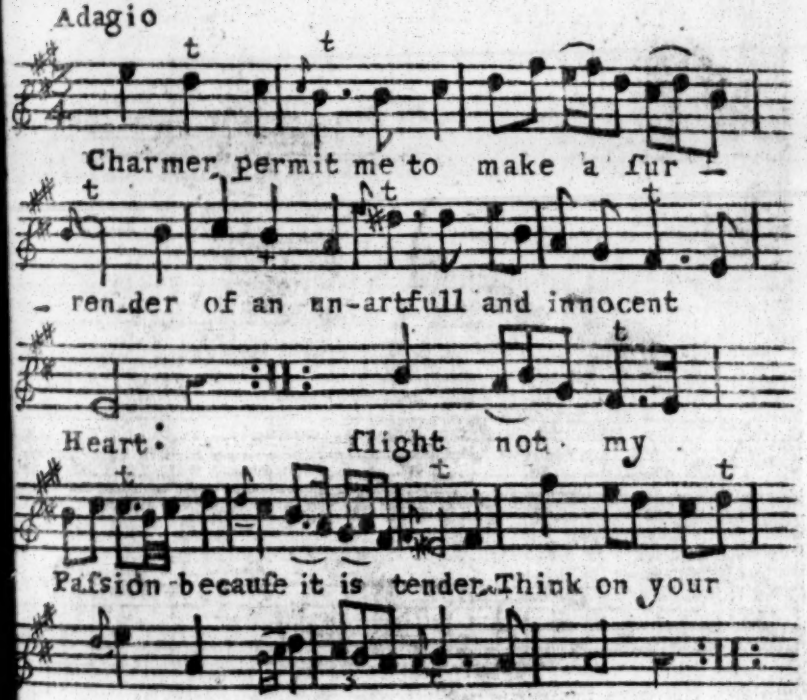
His cunning tongue ſo plaid its part,
He gain'd admiſſion to her heart,
And now ſhe thinks it is no ſin,
To take loves fatal poiſon in:
But ah! too late ſhe found her fault,
For he her Charms had ſoon forgot;
And left her ere the year was out,
In tears to turn her Wheel about.

FLUTE.



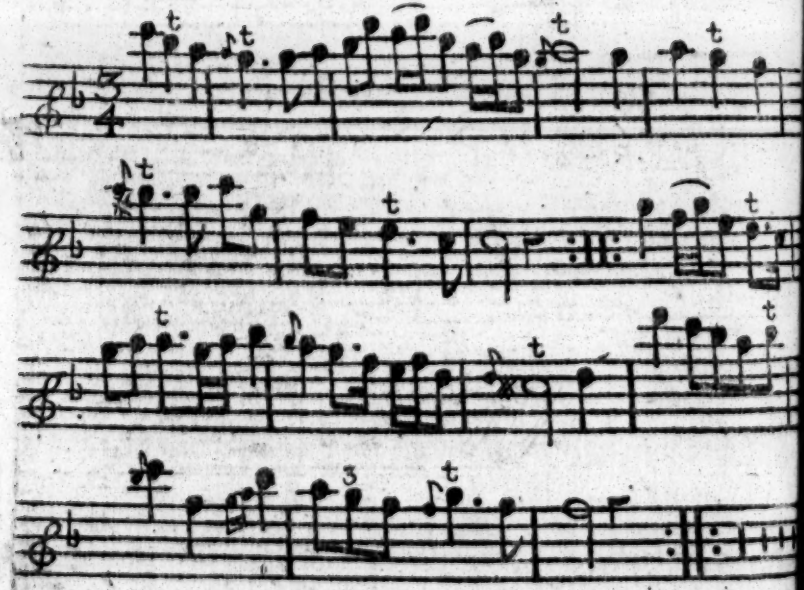
The YOUNG LOVERS first ADDRESS.

Adagio

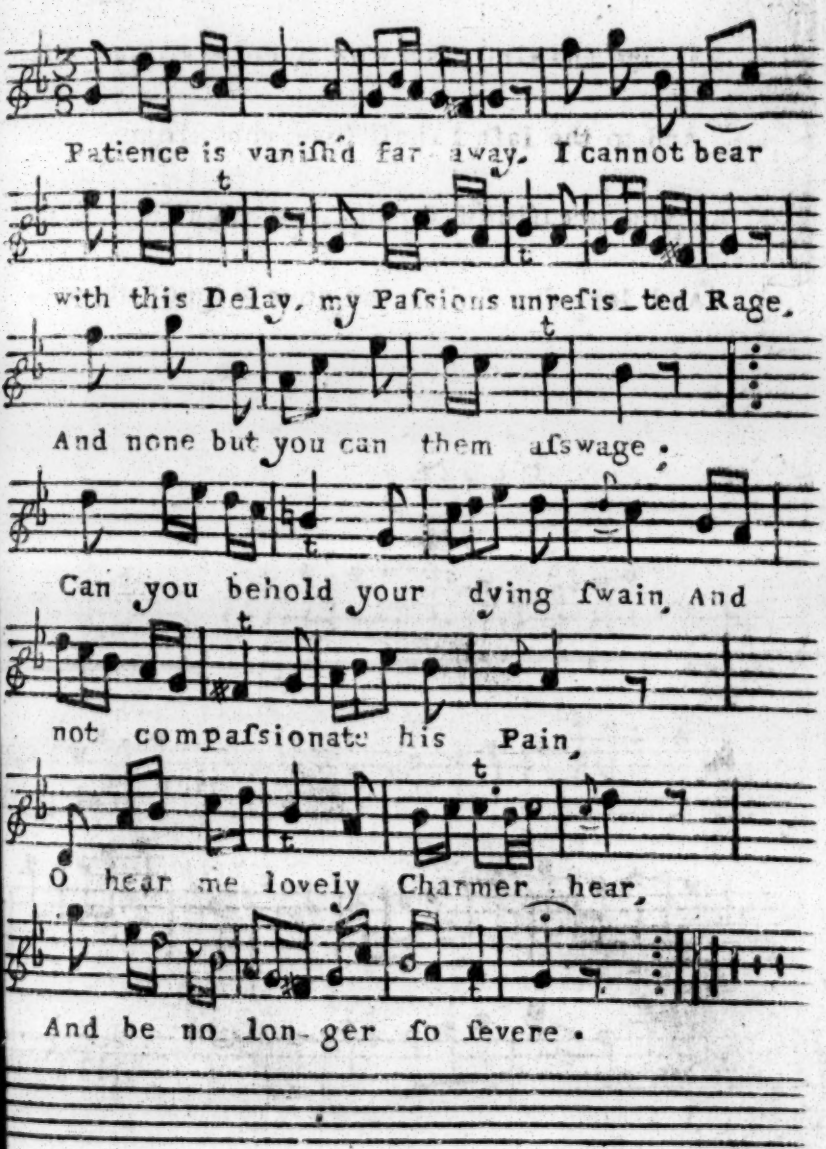


You are the firſt that e'er made me to Languiſh,
And to the laſt I ſhall love you alone.
As you occaſion'd O pity my Anguiſh,
And let your ſmiles for your Rigour attone.

FLUTE.



The IMPORTUNATE SWAIN.

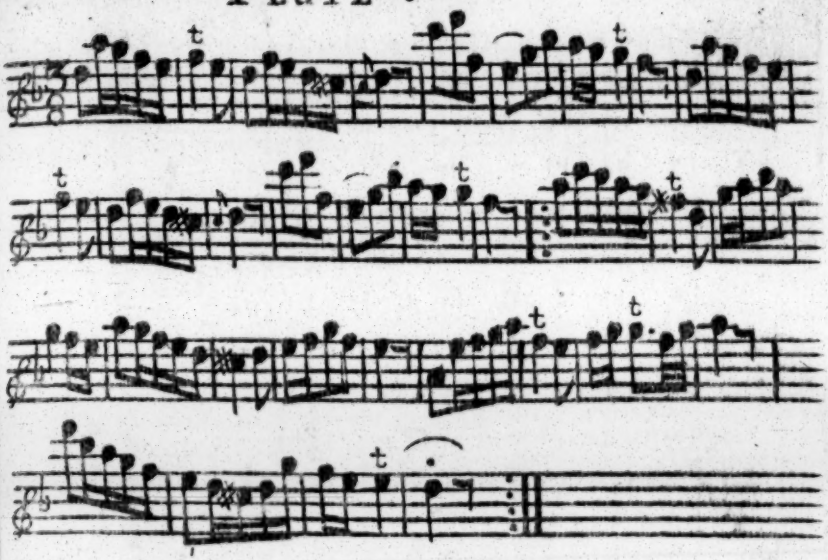


Conſider Heav'n did not beſtow
Such Bleſſings to be hoarded ſo;
But gave them that you might impart
Their Charms to e'ery bleeding Heart:
Then why ſhould you reject th'addreſs
Of him that loves to ſuch Exceſs,
Since what I aſk the Gods approve,
And ſhould your kind Compliance move.

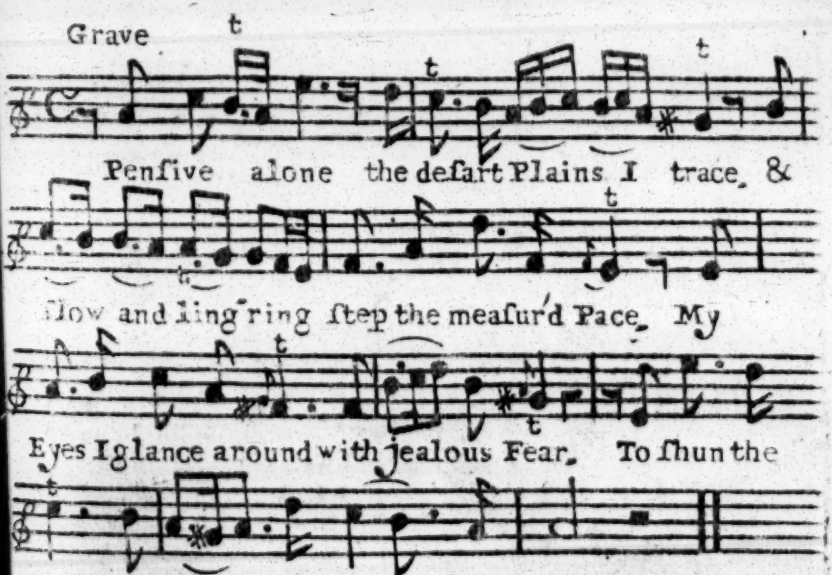
Can you ſo ſtrenuouſly ſlight
That Joy, that raviſhing Delight;
Which from extatick Love does flow
And ev'ry one is glad to know:
Oh be not ſo relentleſs ſtill,
Nor me with ſtrong Denyals kill;
For on you only muſt depend
My future Life or inſtant End.

You are the happy Port my Dear!
To which I only hope to ſteer;
And if I fail of coming there
I'm loſt for ever in Deſpair:
Do not o'erwhelm me then with Grief,
When you ſo ſoon may give Relief,
But condeſcend to my Requeſt
And I ſhall be for ever Bleſt.

FLUTE.



LOVE is not to be CONCEALD.

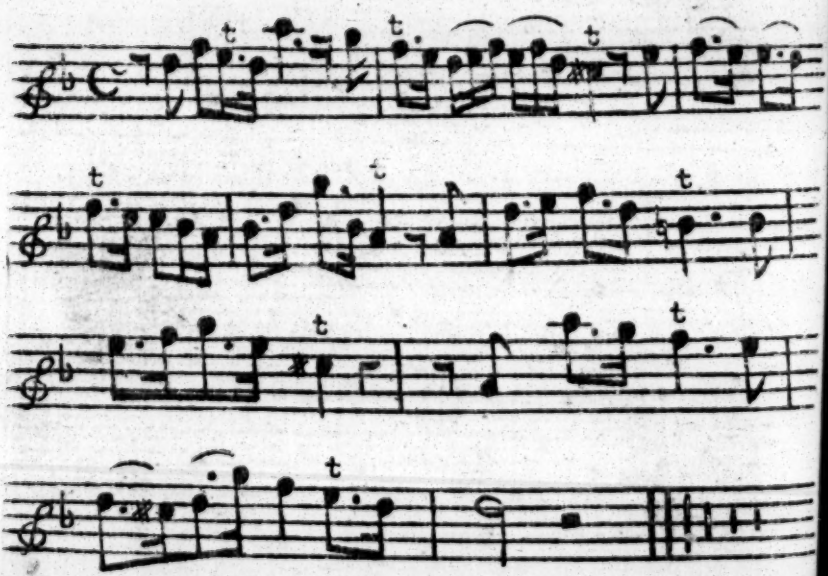


In vain I ſtrive in Coverts to conceal,
And hide from Man the Anguiſh that I feel.
Becauſe my lifeleſs Form and careleſs Mein,
Betray the Flames which ſmother'd burn within.

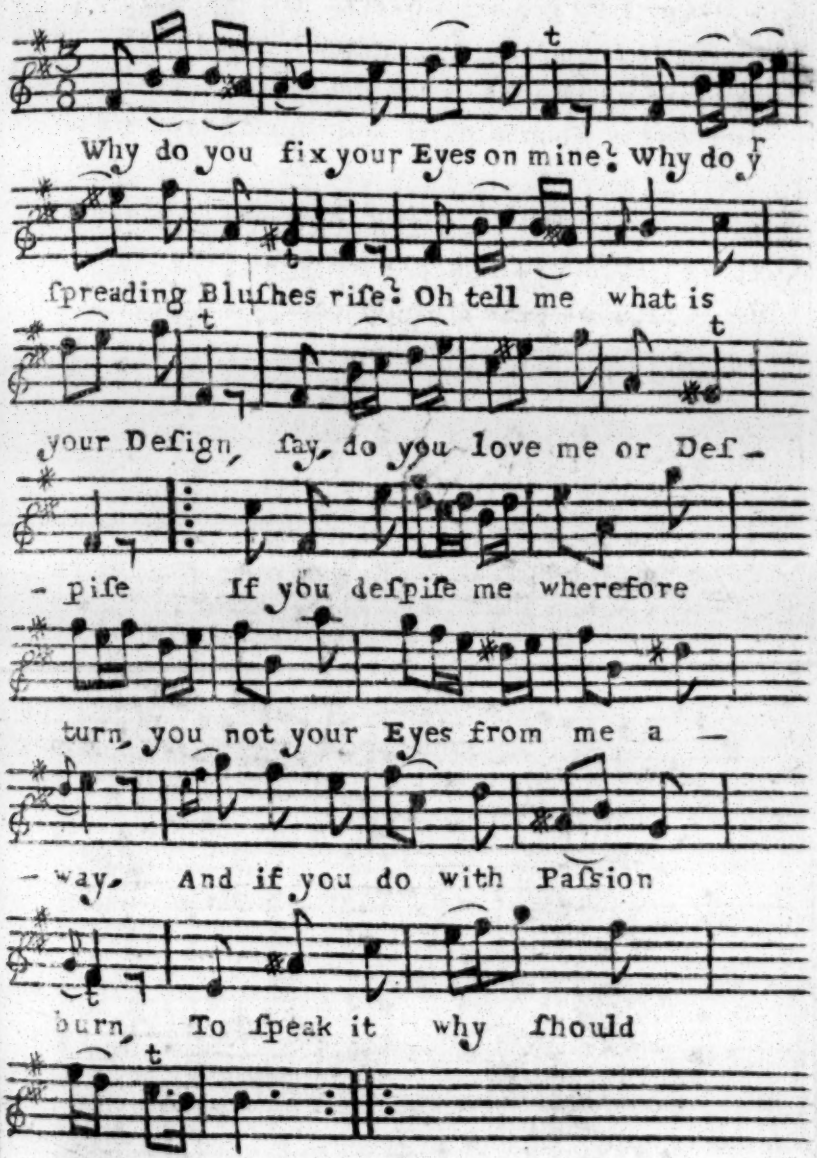
Ye Rocks! ye Hills! ye ſtreams that weeping flow!
Ye Groves and Valleys! ah too well ye know.
What with my Life I would a ſecret hold,
In vain for ſuch a Paſſion muſt be told.

Long have I try'd but ſhould I always ſtray,
In Worlds remote through ev'ry pathleſs way:
From all Mankind o'er Hill or Dale or Grove,
I cannot fly from the purſuit of Love.

FLUTE.

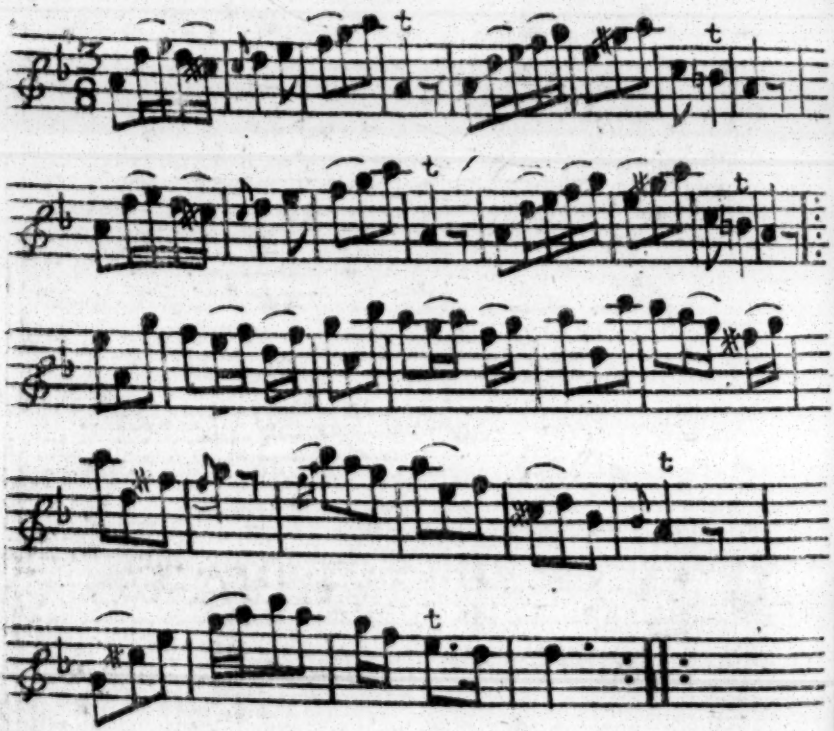


The PLAIN DEALER.

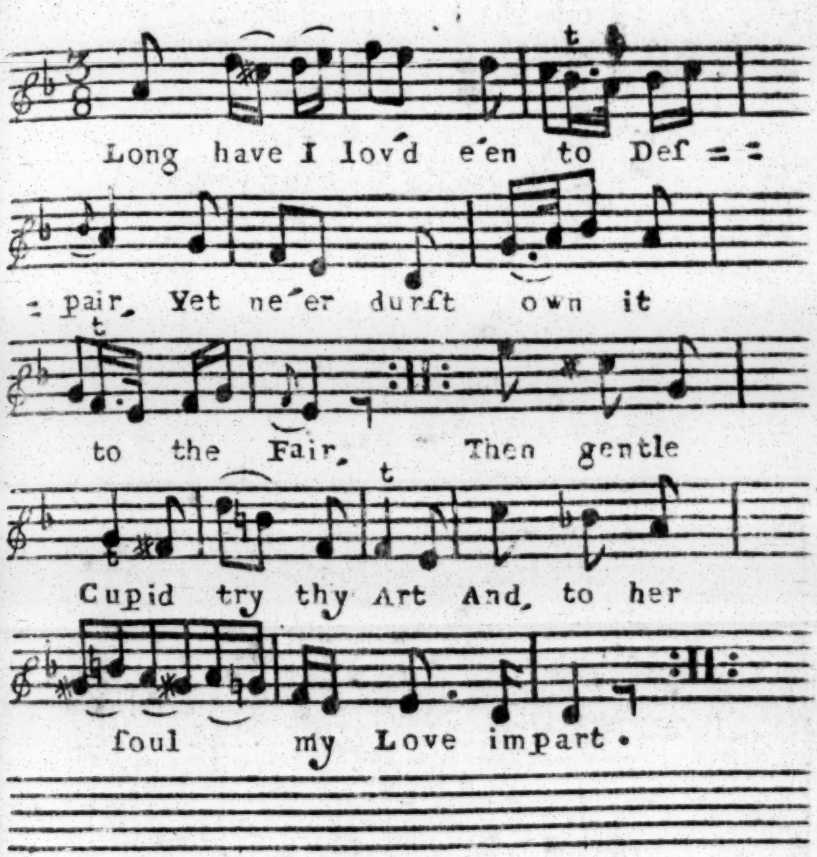


Do not my Looks declare my Heart,
To pity thee too much inclin'd;
But ſhould you ſcorn me, uſe no Art,
To hear my Fate I ſtand reſign'd:
My Love as yet a lambent Fire,
By Kindneſs fann'd may ſoon increaſe;
Or damp'd with Coldneſs will expire,
And leave both you and me at eaſe.

FLUTE.



The BASHFULL SWAIN.

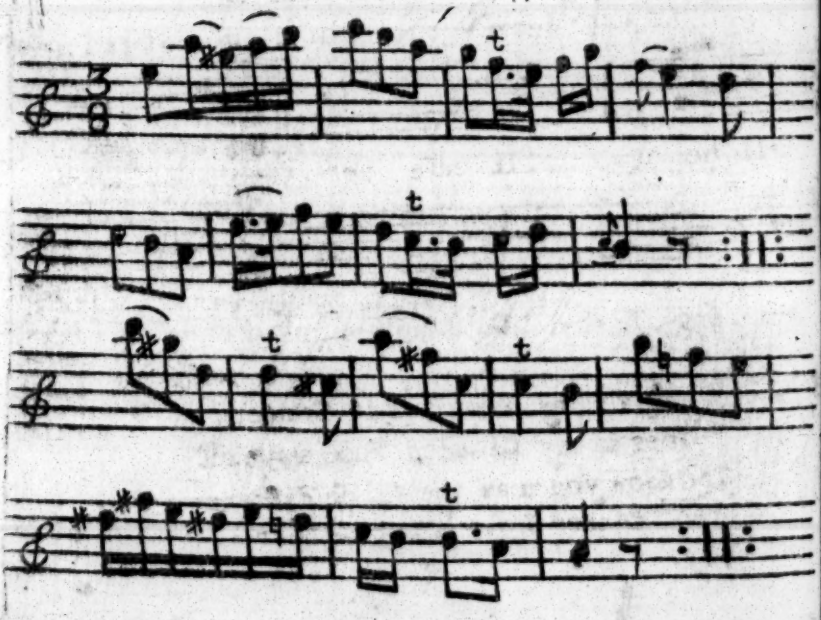


Watch her when ſhe is laid to Reſt,
Then ſoftly ſteal into her Breaſt;
Change all her Coldneſs into Flame,
And kindly whiſper her my Name.

Tell her the Pains which I endure,
Which ſhe and only ſhe can cure:
Do her but once to Pity move,
That ſhe at laſt may Crown my Love.

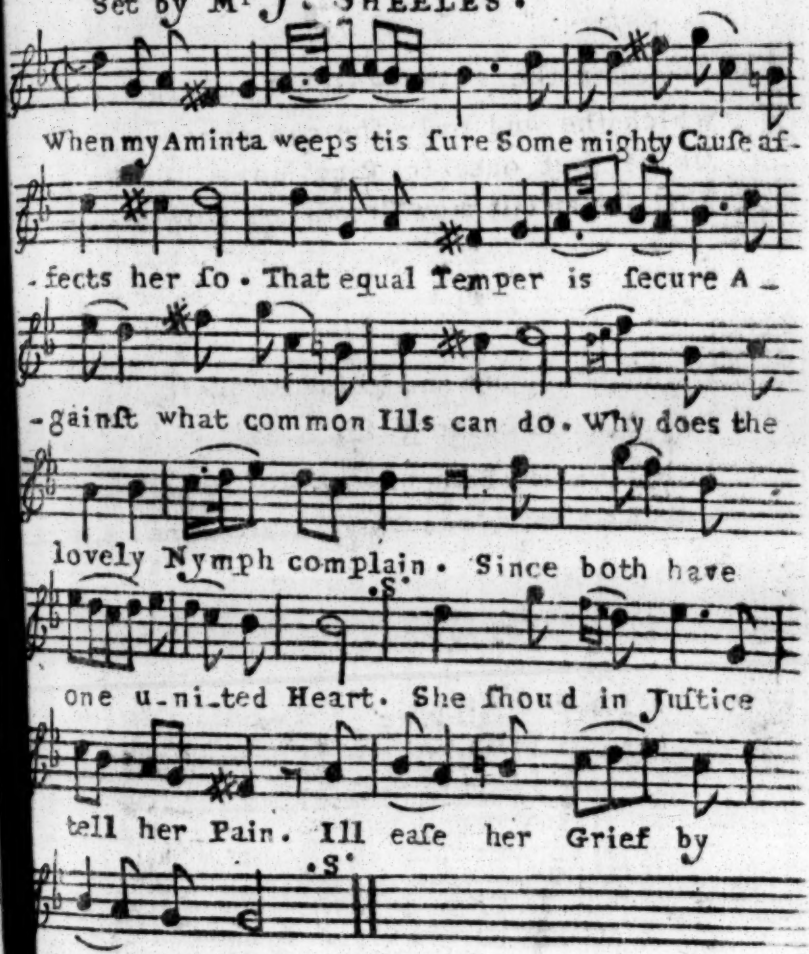
Oh do but grant me this Requeſt,
And I ſhall be ſo fully bleſt:
That all what Fate has elſe in ſtore,
Who will may take I'll aſk no more.

FLUTE.



Happy Solitude A Dialogue.

Set by Mr J. Sheeles.



She. Forgive my weakneſs if Concern
Does in my Clouded Face appear:
Too ſoon you may the Cauſe diſcern;
For tender Love is apt to fear.

When to the faithleſs Court you go,
And thouſand dazzling Beauties ſee,
Charm'd with the artificial ſhow,
You'll ſoon forget your Vows and Me.

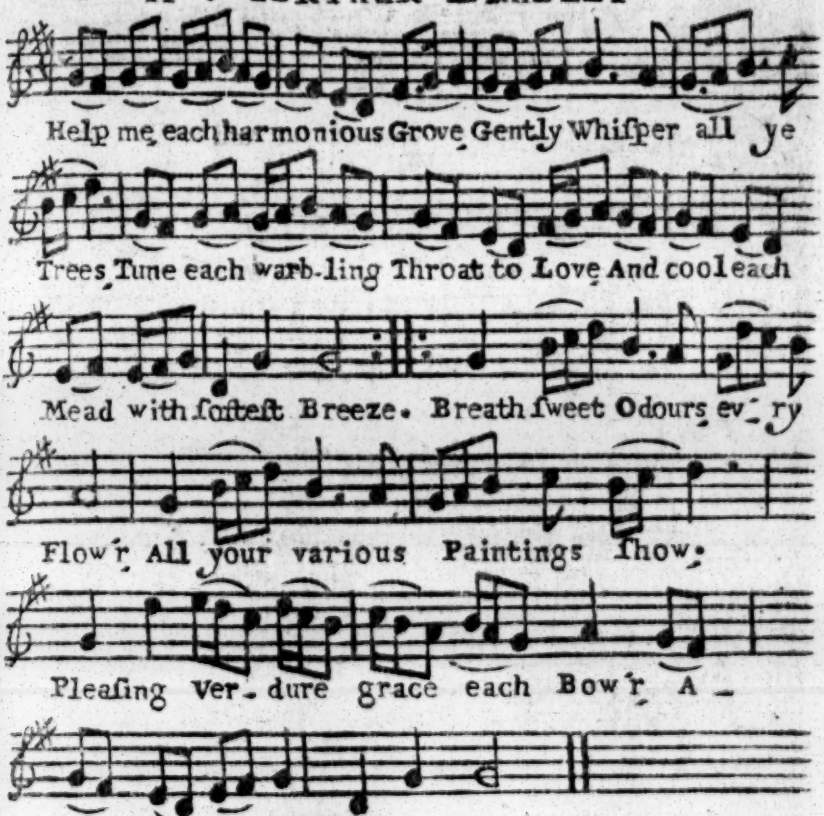
He. Bleſt Innocence! my Souls Delight!
For you, unmov'd I'd Courts deſpiſe:
Th'alluring Proſpects not ſo bright,
Nor yields a Luſtre like your Eyes.
May the great Gods confirm my Vow,
And I their utmoſt Vengeance feel,
When at another Shrine I bow,
Or with unhallowed Incenſe kneel!

She. Then from the Hurry let's retire,
And quit Ambition for the Grove,
Honour's at beſt a painted Fire,
There is no ſolid Joy but Love.
Pan will approve of our Retreat:
On the ſoft Graſs ſupinely laid,
We'll pity thoſe that dare be Great,
And make a Palace of the Shade.

Chorus of Both.

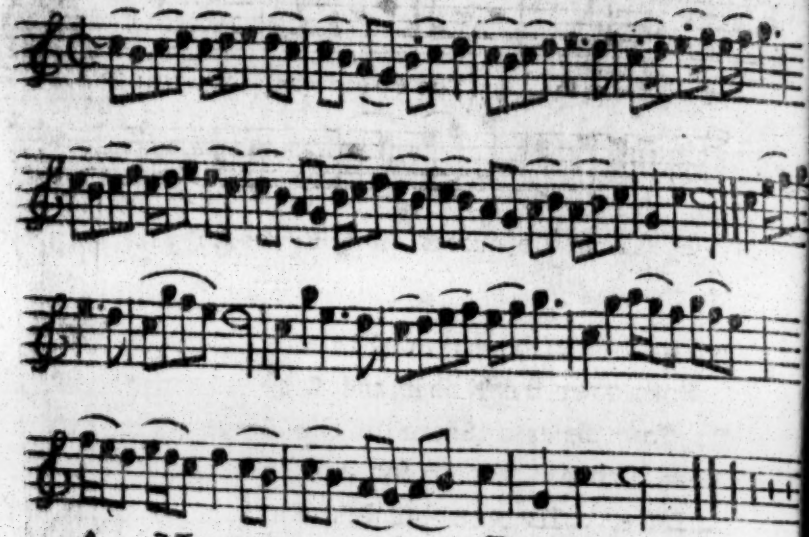
Far from the Hurry we'll retire, &c.

COLIN'S REQUEST. The Words by Mr. ARTHUR BRADLEY



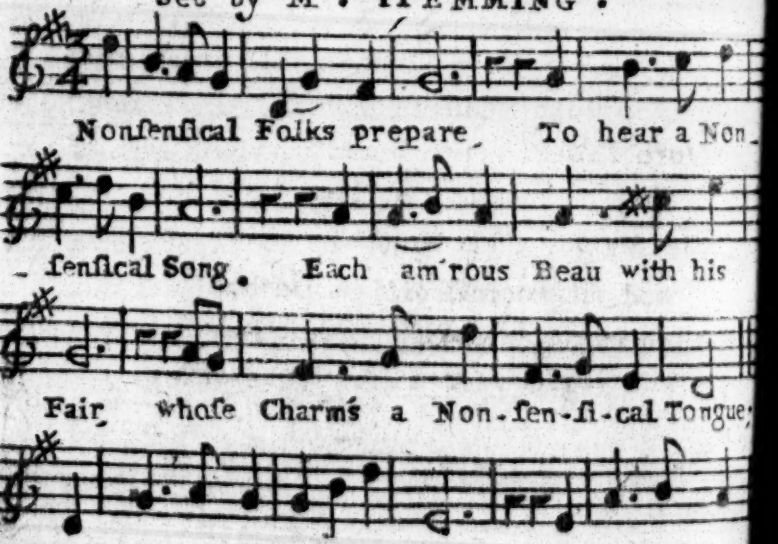
Glide, ye lympid Brooks, along;
Phœbus, glance thy mildeſt Ray;
Murm'ring Floods, repeat my Song,
And tell what Colin dare not ſay.
Celia comes! whoſe charming Air
Fires with Love the rural Swains;
Tell, ah! tell the blooming Fair,
That Colin dies, if ſhe diſdains.

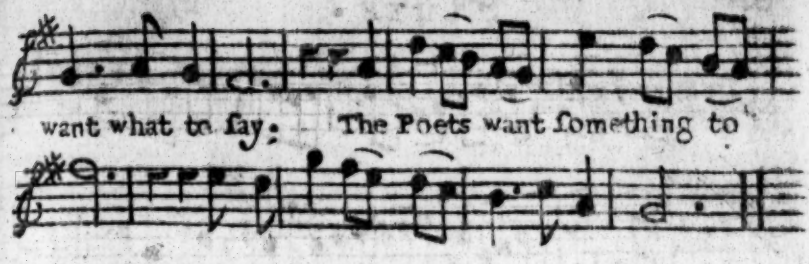
FLUTE.



A NONSENSICAL SONG: Or the CHARMS of NONSENSE.

Set by Mr. HEMMING.



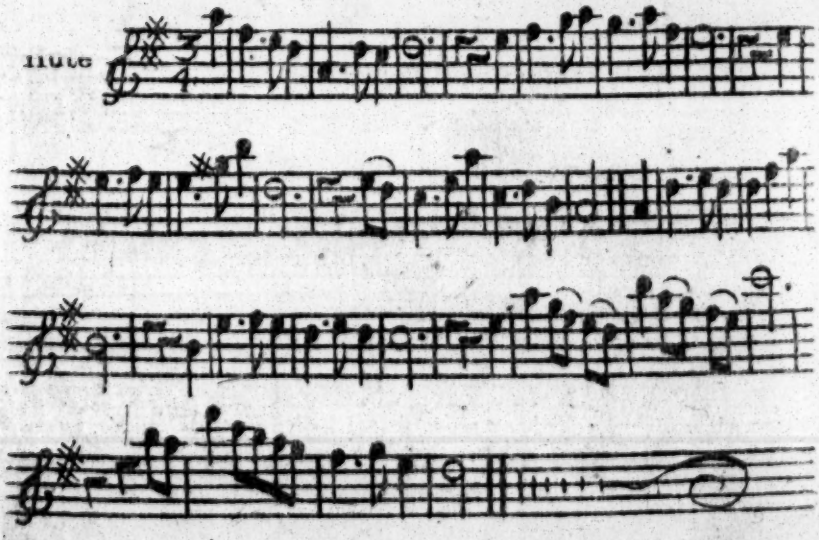


Nonſenſe ſo reigns in this Age,
Both over the Noble and Cit,
The Town ſends a Share on the Stage,
And each Aſs ſets up for a Wit.
The Lover calls Nonſenſe his Muſe,
When ſmit by the amorous Boy,
Always gaining with that the firſt Uſe
Of the Lady's Nonſenſical Toy.

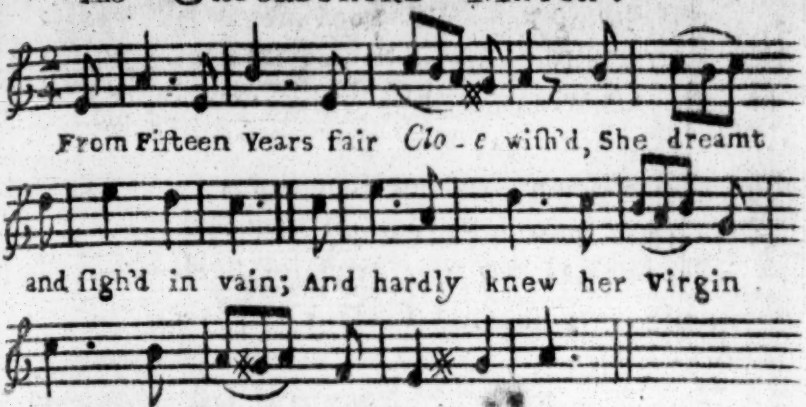
The Parſons their Nonſenſe will preach,
To pious Nonſenſical Fools;
Worn Ladies choice Secrets will teach,
To Nonſenſical bungling Tools.
The Vulgar their Nonſenſe will prate,
And let their Opinions be had,
In matters concerning the State,
And neglect for a Party their Trade.

A Scribling Poet with Nonſenſe,
For a Dinner, will Nobles aſperſe,
Tho' his Wit is as thin as his Conſcience,
Or rather, as bare as his Purſe.
A Parliament Member ſometimes
May make a Nonſenſical Speech;
The Whiggs may the Tories of Crimes,
For Nonſenſical Reaſons, Impeach.

Debates full of Nonſenſe will riſe,
Upon a Nonſenſical Theme,
ſongſt thoſe that pretend to be wiſe,
And do their own Nonſenſe eſteem.
ince Nonſenſe is grown ſuch a Charm,
With the Ladies, the Beaux, and the Poet,
et each one his Reaſon alarm,
And he that has Wit let him ſhow it.



The OXFORDSHIRE MATCH.



'Twas long before the harmleſs Maid
Gueſs'd whence her Paſſion grew;
But when ſhe had her ſelf ſurvey'd,
The ſecret Cauſe ſhe knew:

To *Jove* ſhe thus her ſelf addreſs'd,
And humbly begg'd his Aid;
He kindly lent a liſt'ning Ear,
While thus the Proſtrate ſaid:

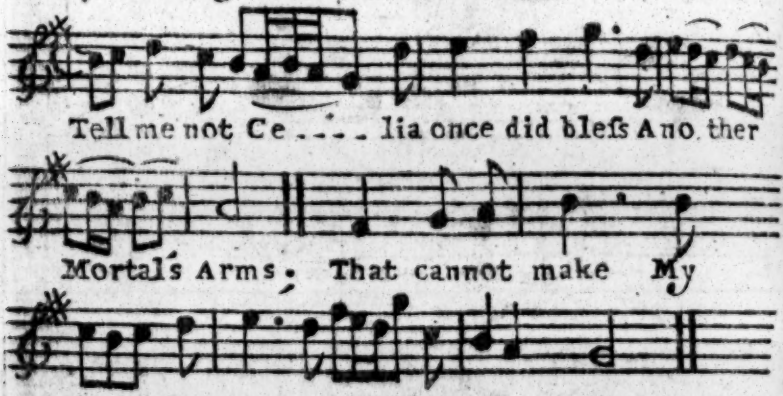
"Grant me, great *Jove*, a Huſband Rich,
"Gay, Vigorous, Kind, and Young,
"A Churchman hot, a Tory true,
"And to his Party ſtrong.

No Grudge the God bore to the Maid,
He therefore thus did grant,
"Be match'd, for Life, to an old Whigg,
"Of Merit, and of Want.

Enrag'd the Nymph to *Venus* fled
Who eas'd the Devotee
And Yoak'd her to a jolly Swain
From Want and Party free

An APOLOGY for Loving a WIDOW.

Set by Mr. SHEELES.

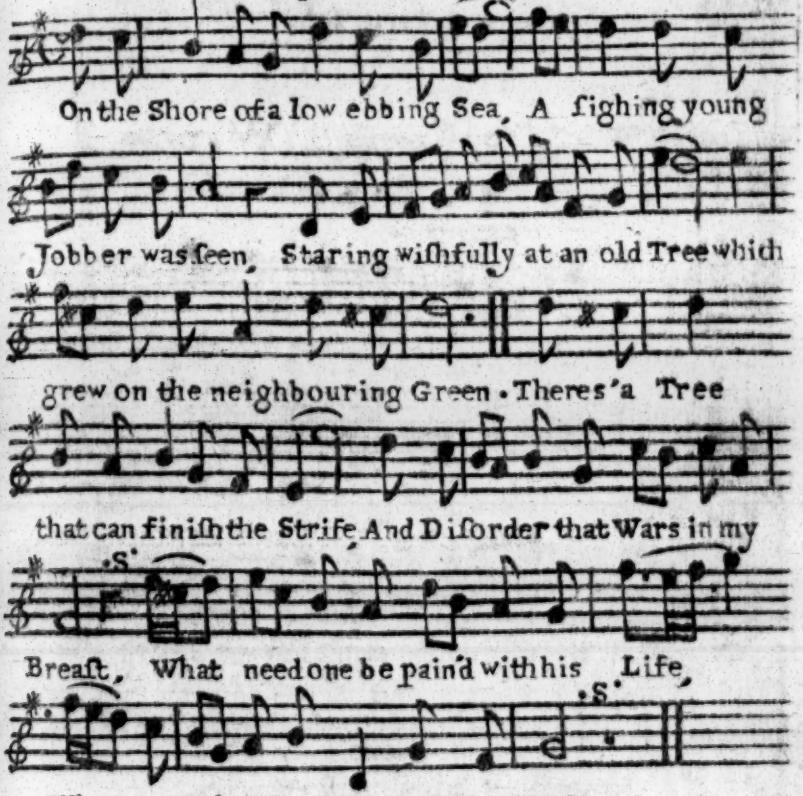


Shall I refuſe to quench my Thirſt,
Depending Life to ſave,
Becauſe ſome droughty Shepherd firſt
Has kiſs'd the ſmiling Wave!

No, no; methinks 'tis wondrous Great,
And ſuits a Noble Blood,
To have in Love, as well as State,
A Taſter to our Food.

The SATYRS ADVICE to a STOCK-JOBBER.

The Muſick by Mr. HANDEL.



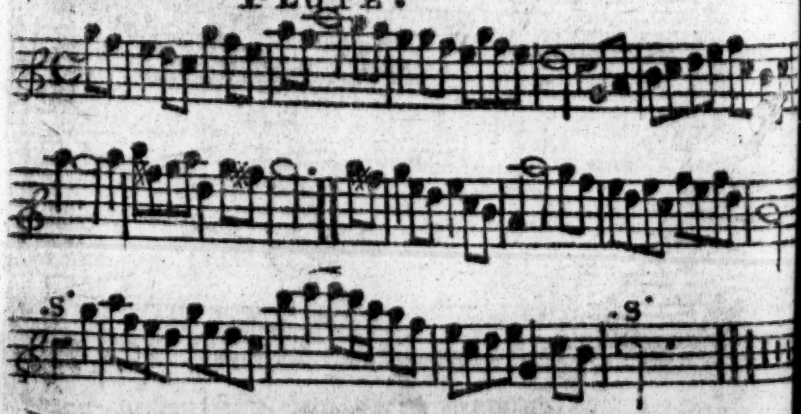
Sometimes he would ſtamp, and look Wild,
Then roar out a terrible Curſe
On Bubbles that had him beguil'd,
And left ne'er a Doit in his Purſe.
A Satyr that wander'd along
With a Laugh to his Raving reply'd:
The Savage maliciouſly ſung,
And jok'd while the Stock-Jobber cry'd.

To Mountains and Rocks he complaind,
His Cravat was bath'd with his Tears;
The Satyr drew near like a Friend,
And bid him abandon his Fears.
Said he, Have you been at the Sea,
And met with a contrary Wind,
That you rail at fair Fortune ſo free!
Don't blame the poor Goddeſs ſhe's blind

Come hold up thy Head, fooliſh Wight,
I'll teach thee thy Loſs to retrieve;
Obſerve me this Project aright,
And think not of Hanging, but live.
Hecatiſſa, conceited and old,
Affects in her Airs to ſeem young,
Her Jointure yields plenty of Gold,
And plenty of Nonſenſe her Tongue.

Lay Siege to her for a ſhort Space,
Ne'er mind that ſhe's wrinkled or gray;
Extol her for Beauty and Grace,
And doubt not of gaining the Day.
In Wedlock ye fairly may join,
And when of her Wealth you are ſure,
Make free of the old Woman's Coin

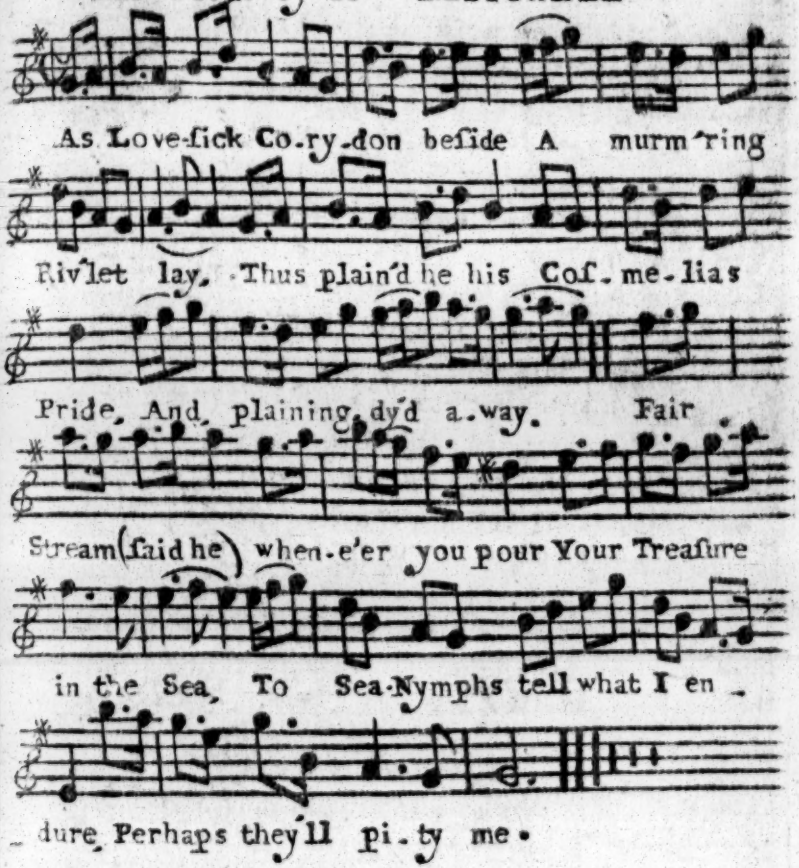
FLUTE.



CORYDONS COMPLAINT.

Tune Pinkie House. By DAVID RIZZIO.

The Words by Mr MITCHELL.

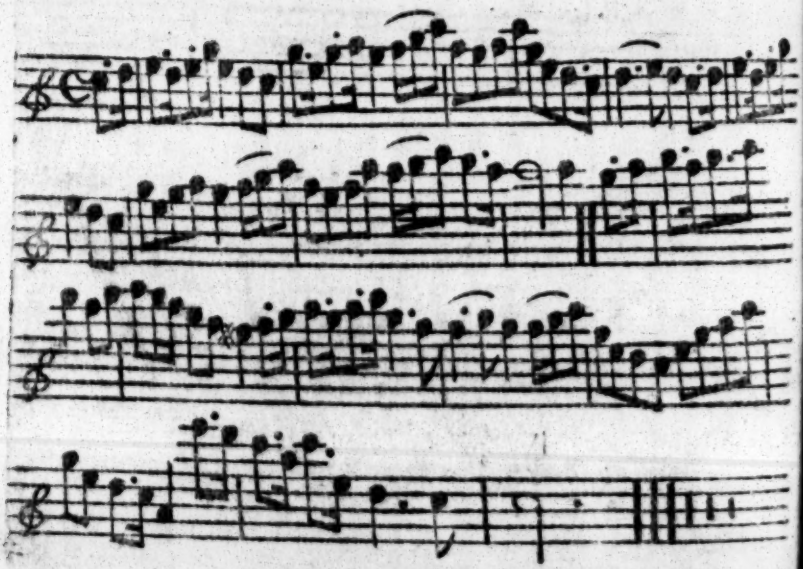


And sitting on the cliffy Rocks,
In melting Songs, expres's,
(While as they comb their golden Locks)
To Travllers my Distres's.
Say, Corydon, an honest Swain!
The fair Cosmelia lov'd
While she, with undeserv'd Disdain,
His constant Torture prov'd.

Ne'er Shepherd lov'd a Shepherdeſs,
More faithfully than He:
Ne'er Shepherd yet regarded
Of Shepherdeſs cou'd be.
How oft to Vallies, and to Hills,
Did He, alas! complain!
How oft re-echo'd they his Ills
And ſeem'd to ſhare his Pain!

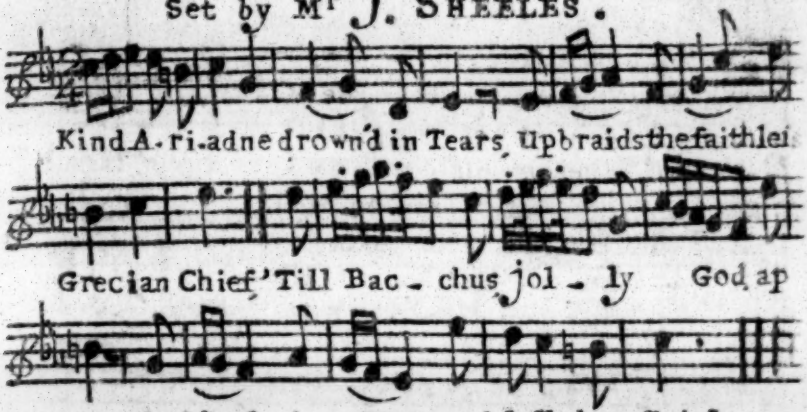
How oft, on Banks of ſtately Trees,
And on the tufted Greens,
Ingrav'd he Tales of his Diſeaſe,
And what his Soul ſuſtains!
Yet fruitleſs all his Sorrows prov'd,
And fruitleſs all his Art!
She ſcorn'd the more the, more he lov'd,
And broke, at laſt his Heart.

FLUTE.



The Story of BACCHUS and ARIADNE apply'd

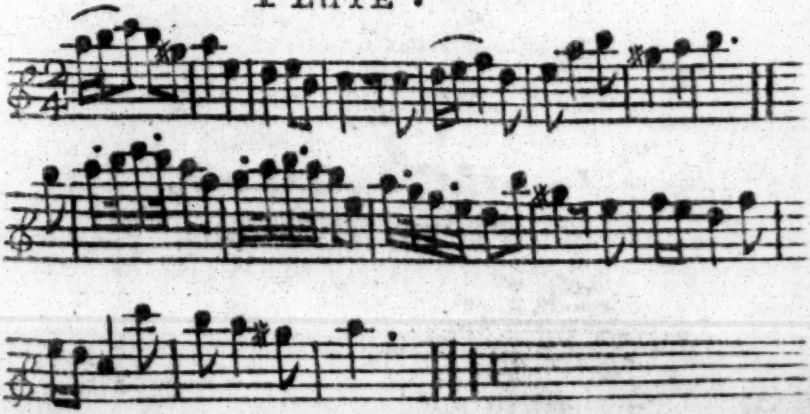
Set by Mr J. SHEELES.



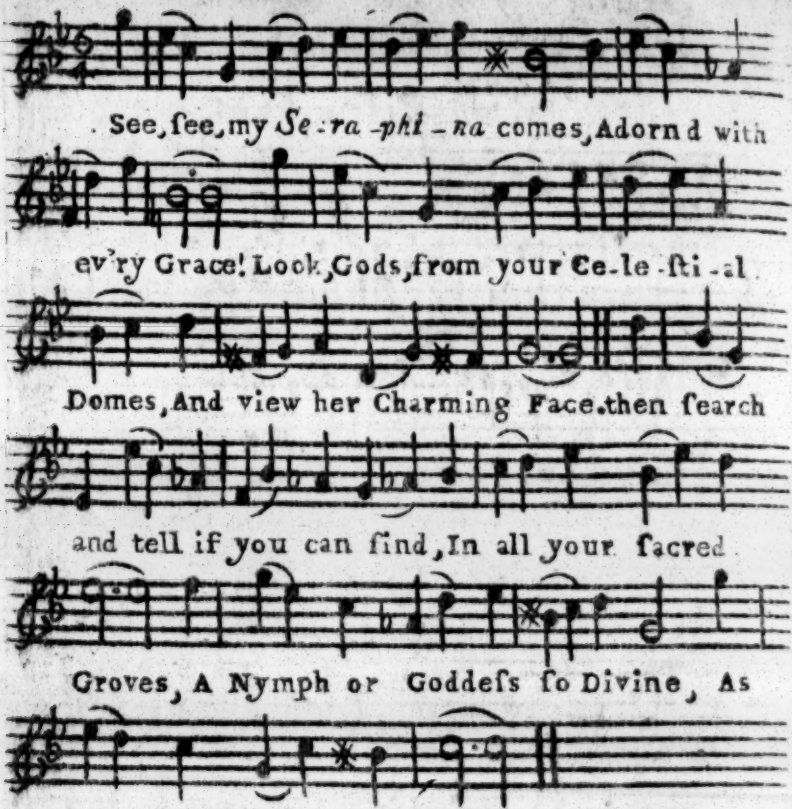
The Moral of this Tale implies,
When Woman yields her Virgin Store,
Away the fated Lover flies
New Mines of Pleasure to explore.

A while she tries each Female Snare,
The loud Reproach, the sullen Grief;
But tired at length with fruitless Care,
Flies to the Bottle for Relief.

FLUTE.

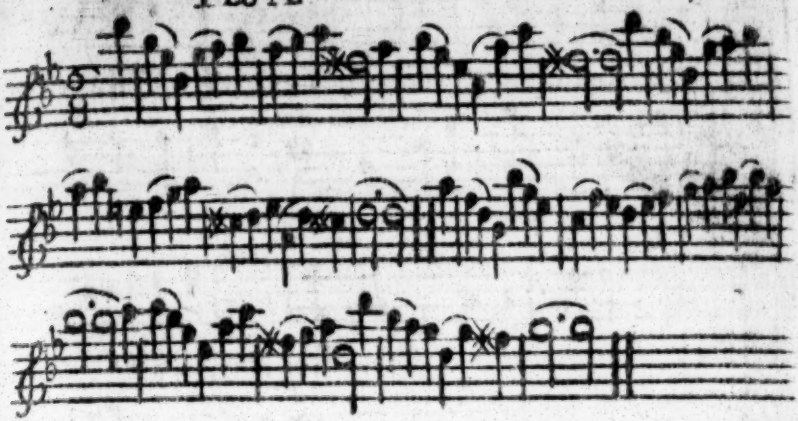


SERAPHINA.

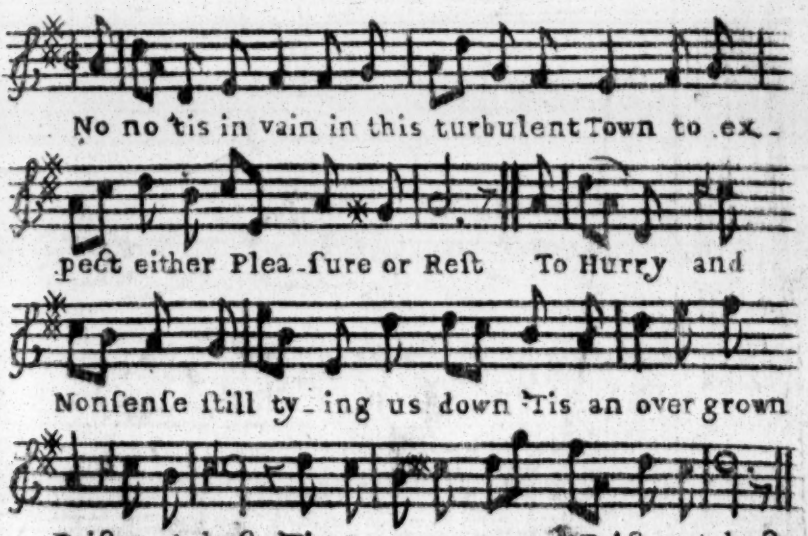


See! ſee! like *Venus* ſhe appears,
With all her Heav'n of Charms;
Her ſpotleſs form, her blooming Years,
Enchant me to her Arms.
Were I to chuſe my fav'rite Joy,
Or Love, or Kingly Sway
Her Smiles ſhou'd all my Hours employ
And ſport the World away

FLUTE



An Ode. *Set by* Mr ABIEL WHICHELLO.



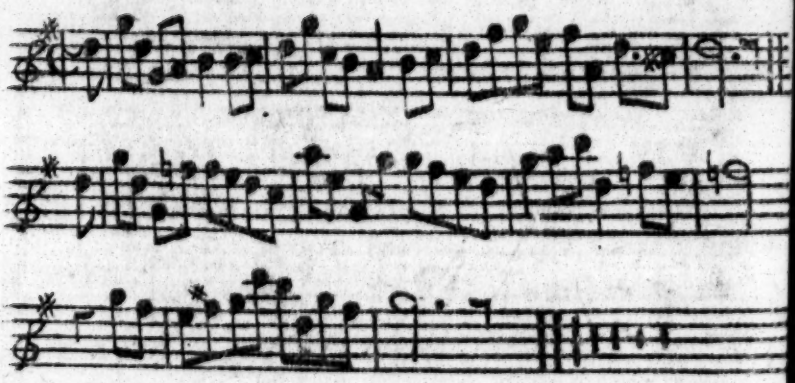
From hence to the Country eſcaping away
Leave the Crowd and the Buſtle behind
And then you'll ſee liberal Nature diſplay
A thouſand Delights to Mankind

The Change of the Seaſons, the Sports of the Fields,
The ſweetly diverſify'd Scene;
The Groves, and the Gardens! and every thing yields
A Chearfulneſs ever ſerene.

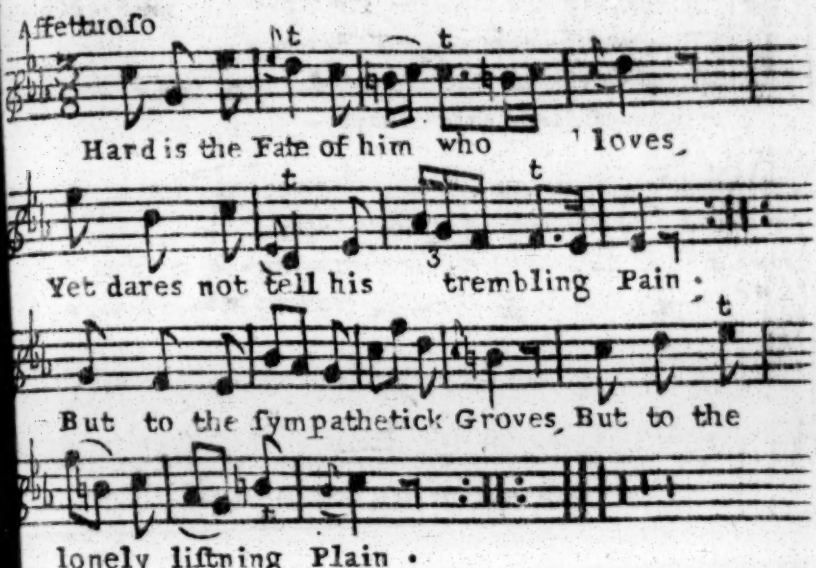
Here, here, from Ambition and Avarice free,
My Days may I quietly ſpend!
Whilſt the Cits and the Courtiers unenvy'd for me,
May gather up Wealth without end.

No, I thank 'em, I would not, to add to my Store,
My Peace and my Freedom reſign:
For who, for the ſake of poſſeſſing the Ore,
Would be ſentenc'd to dig in the Mine!

FLUTE.



The SUBLIME PASSION.



Ah when ſhe bleſſes next your ſhade,
Oh when her Footſteps next are ſeen;
In flow'ry Tracts along the Mead,
In freſher Mazes o'er the Green.

Some gentle ſpirit of the Vale,
To whome the weeping Lovers dear,
From dying Lillies waft a Gale
And ſigh my ſorrows in her Ear.

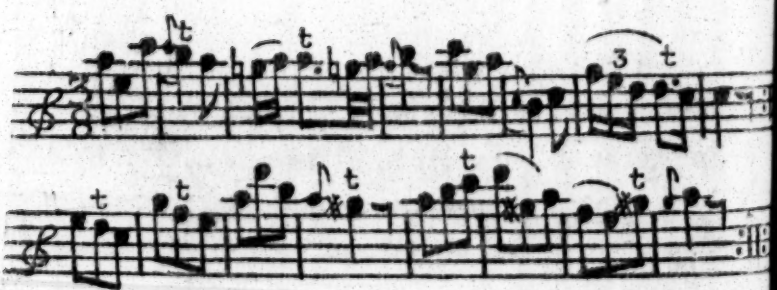
Ah tell her what ſhe cannot blame,
Tho' Fear my Tongue muſt ever blind.
Ah tell her that my Heav'nly Flame
Is as her ſacred ſoul refin'd.

Not her own Guardian Angel Eyes,
With chaſter extaſy his Caſe;
Not purer her own Wiſhes riſe,
Not holyer her own ſighs in Prayer.

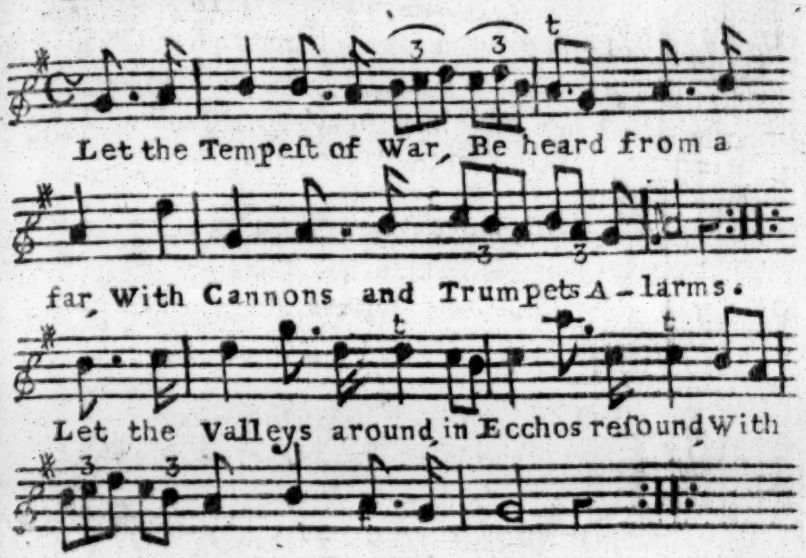
Let Heav'n and her but this beſtow,
Can ought that's tender this deny;
Oft, oft to hear her Goodneſs flow,
And drink the Virtues from her Eye.

For Angels warble when ſhe ſpeaks,
And where her Eyes ſweet beaming ſhine,
Heav'n on th'extatick Gazer breaks,
Inſpiring ſomething all Divine.

FLUTE.



CONTENT Prefer'd to GLORY



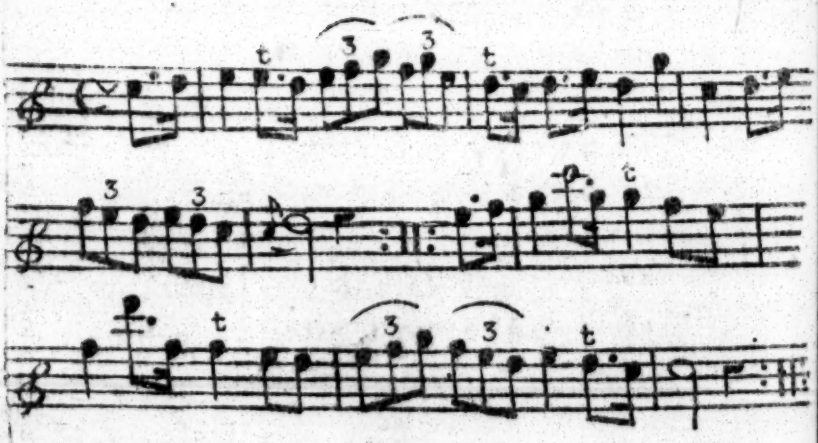
Let Rivers of Blood,
Run down in a Flood;
While Mortals are gaping for Breath,
Let the Brave if they will
By Valour and ſkill
Seek Honour in Conqueſt or Death.

To live ſole and retire,
Is what I admire,
Of Flocks and my Cloe poſſeſs'd.
From them I Obtain
True Peace without Pain,
And laſting Enjoyment of Reſt.

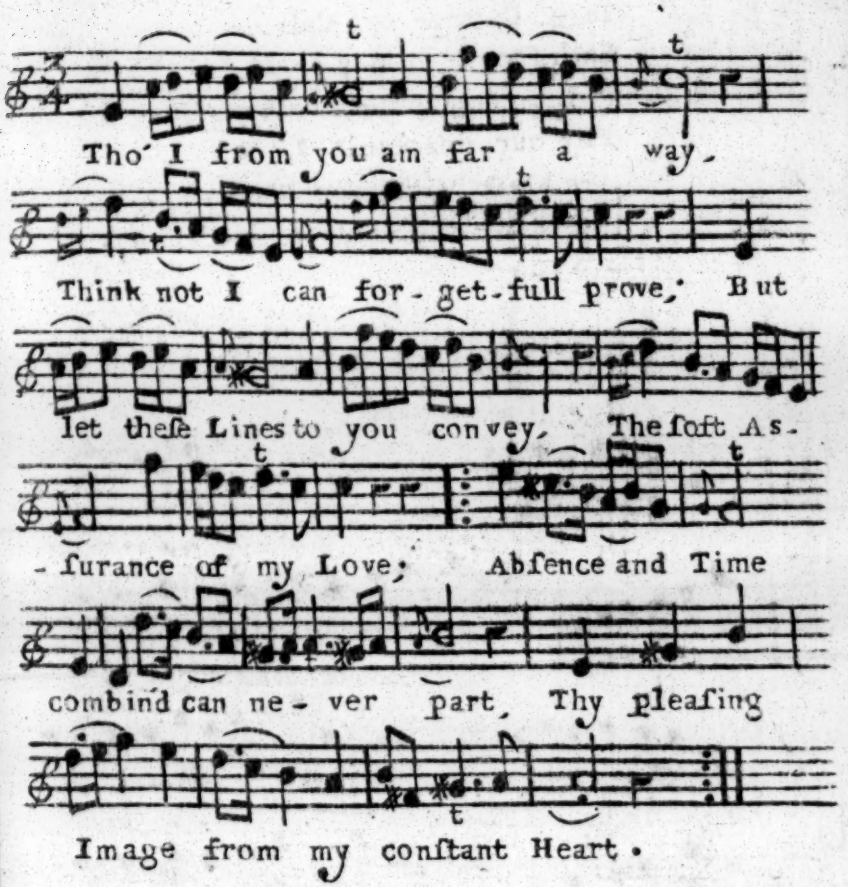
In a Cottage or Cell,
Each ſhepherd may dwell,
Without Interruption at Eaſe;
For our peaceable Lives
Are bleſt with good Wives
That ſtudy their Huſbands to pleaſe.

What a Bleſſing below,
Can Heaven beſtow,
Excelling ſuch Quiet as this,
No Afflictions come here,
Or Griefs interfere,
To leſſen our Meaſure of Bliſs.

FLUTE.



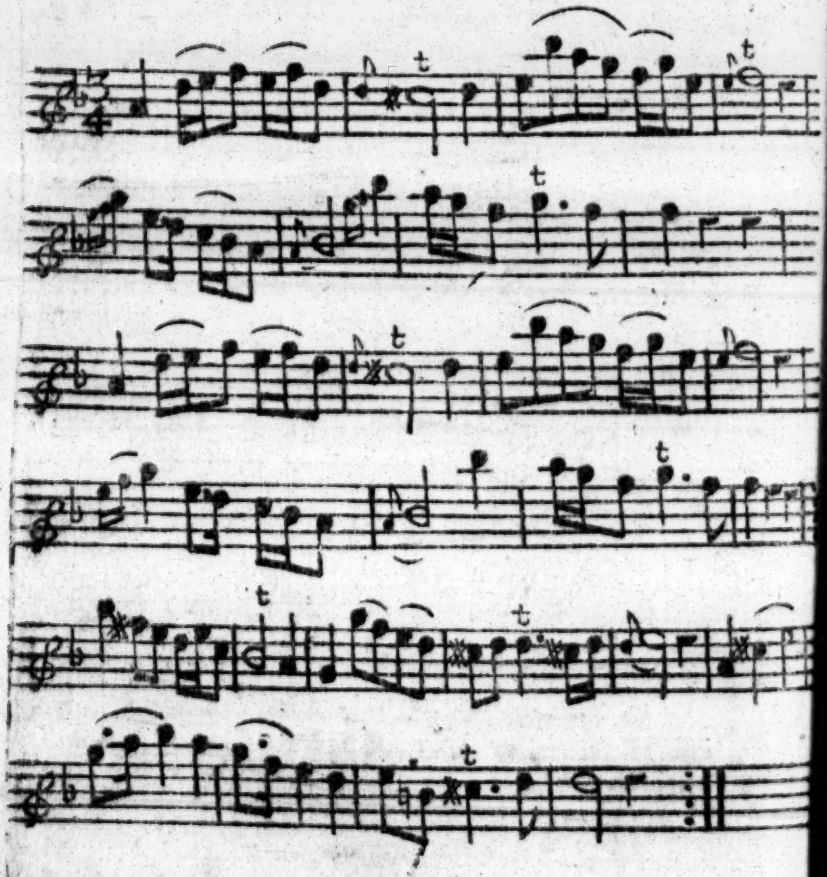
LOVE in ABSENCE.



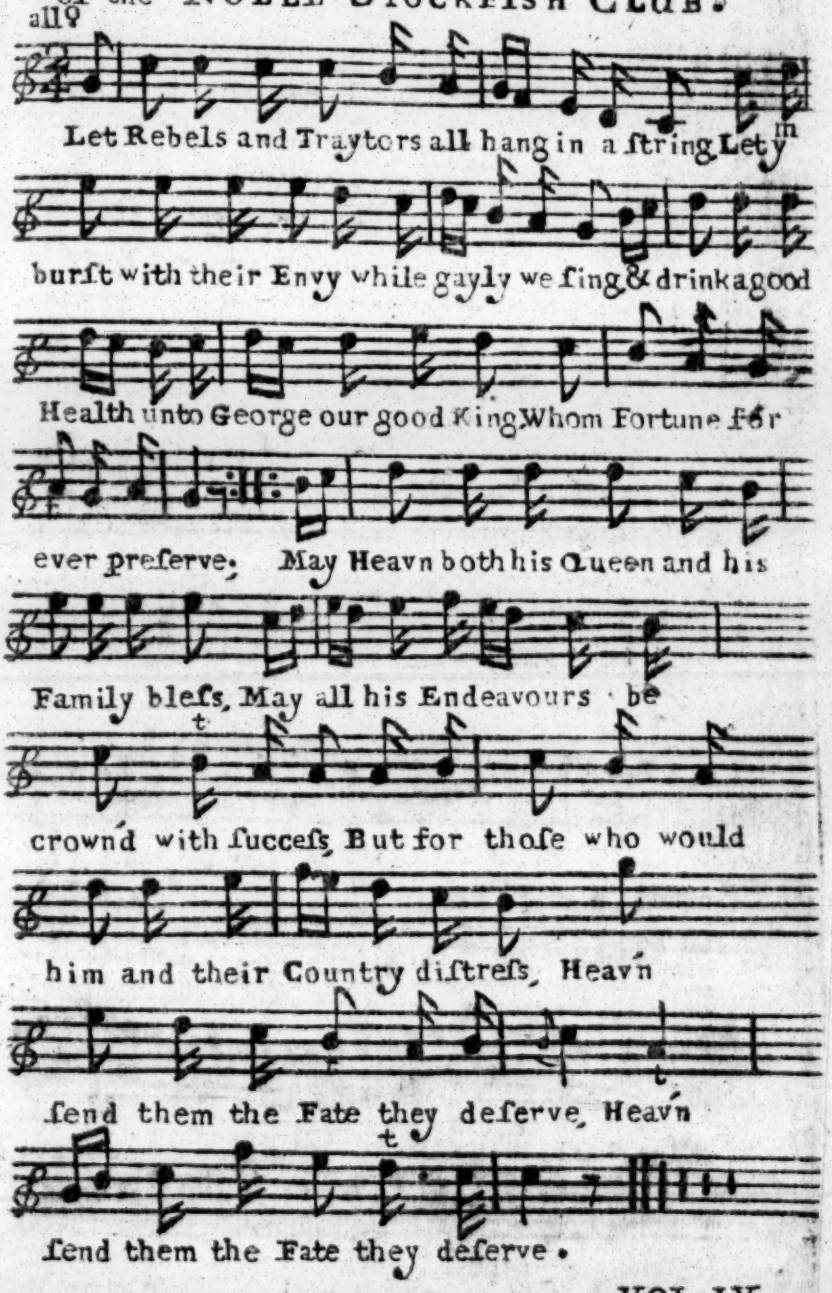
As I with Mary chanc'd to ſit,
Beneath a Hedge (whoſe ſpreading Leaves;
Shelter'd me from the Noon Day Heat)
And ſaw the Reapers bind the ſheaves;
Sighing, I ſaid; if leaſing after him,
The ſultry Toil to me would Pleaſure ſeem.

As I oft in ſome Evening clear
Wander acroſs the dewey Green;
Muſing I think if thou wert here
How charming is the rural ſcene,
Plainly before me beautious Proſpects riſe;
Thou art away and nothing charms my Eyes.

FLUTE.



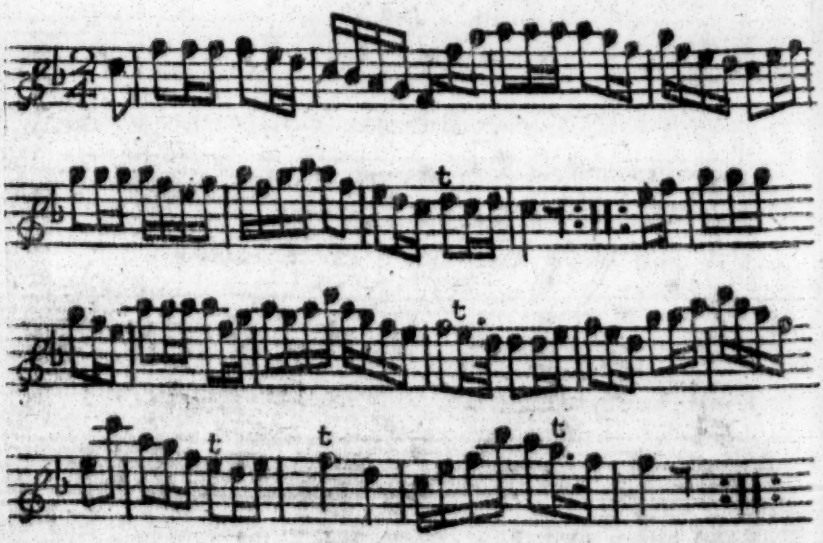
The CONSTITUTION SONG of the NOBLE STOCKFISH CLUB.



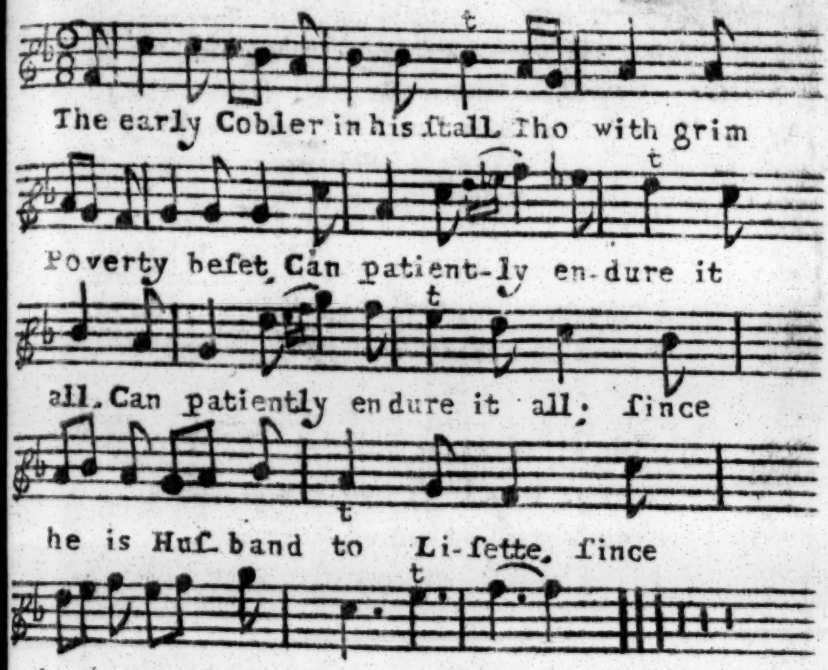
Tis our Duty, our Intreſt, our Pleaſure, our Boaſt,
To crown the bright Glaſs with ſo Godlike a Toaſt;
For as ſubjects and ſervants we vallue Him moſt,
From whom all our Bleſsings proceed:
In double Engagement our Hearts he does bind,
For ſearch the World round I defy you to find;
A Monarch ſo glorious, a Maſter ſo kind,
A Friend and a Father indeed.

With Vigour and Health may his Perſon be bleſt,
May his Reign be victorious and juſtly confeſt;
To Ages ſucceeding the happieſt and beſt,
That ever in Britain was known:
May his Foes be confounded, his Friends be ſincere,
May the Nations around him all tremble in Fear;
May his Name be Immortal and always held dear,
And God keep him long on the Throne.

FLUTE.



The COBLERS PRETTY WIFE.



Tho' hard he labours all the Day,
He never thinks the Toil too great;
Amidſt his Work Love makes him gay,
Since all he earns is for Liſette.

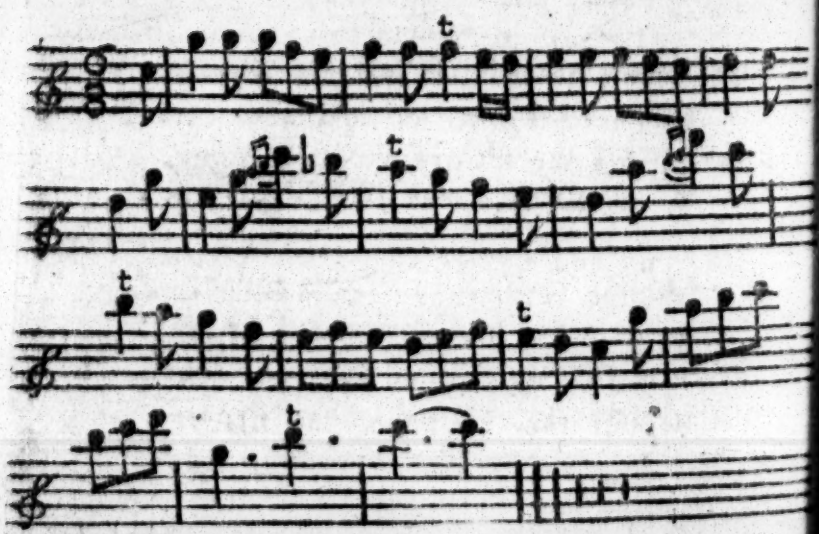
His Cloaths tho' all in Pieces torne,
Ne'er makes him ſorrowful or fret;
Since tho' ill dreſs'd no Mark of ſcorn,
He e'er receiv'd from kind Liſette.

His little Cottage ſeems to him,
Spacious nor would he have it great;
Can any Place too narrow ſeem,
Which holds him and his dear Liſette.

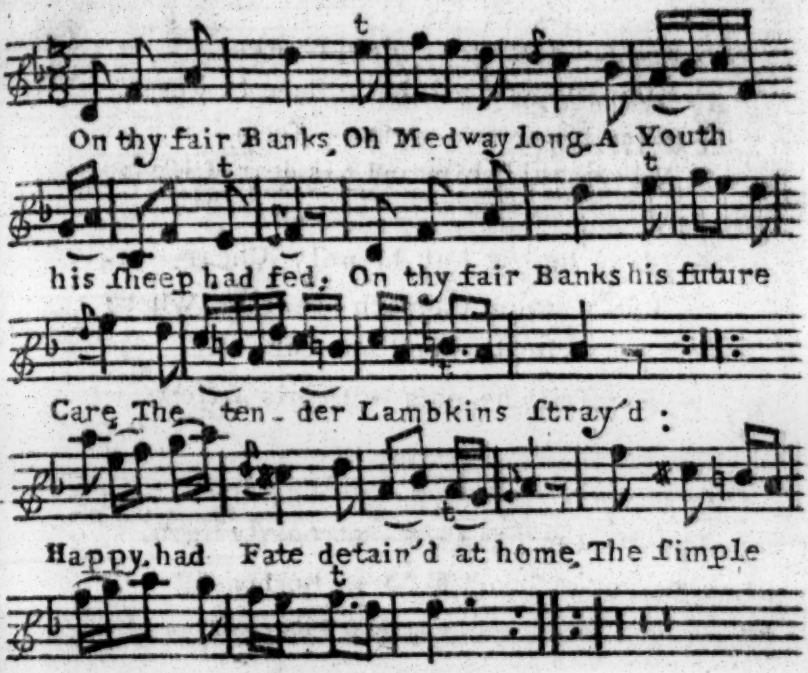
'Tis true he has but homely Chear,
But a good ſtomach needs no Whet;
For Rarities he need not care,
For ſtill he eats with his Liſette.

Altho' his ſheets are ſeldom clean,
To him they look extreamly neat;
Nor can a Truckle-Bed be mean,
In which one ſleeps with fair Liſette.

FLUTE.



The too CURIOUS SWAIN.



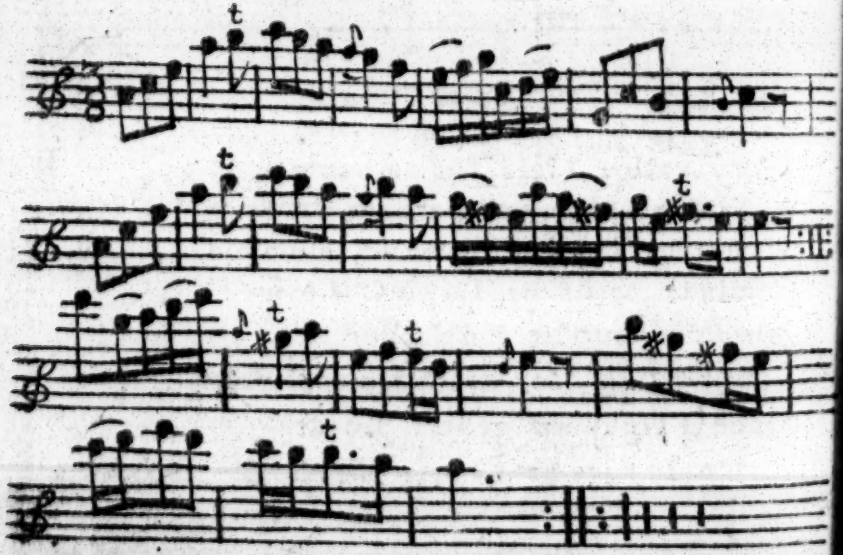
Happy alaſs till curious late,
He liſten'd to the Tale;
Near Tunbridge ſalutary ſprings,
What Beautys grace the Vale.
Beautys that make the barren ſoil,
And craggy Rocks of Tunbridge ſmile.

He came, and Celias dangerous Charms,
Beheld with eager Gaze;
So round a Torches glimering Light,
Th'admiring Inſect plays:
Like that he gaz'd and in his turn,
He ſaw it ſhine and felt it burn.

Th'unhappy Youth by Love undone,
By late Experience found:
That Celias ſcorn deny'd the Cure,
Whoſe Eyes had giv'n the Wound.
Helpleſs and Hopeleſs pin'd away,
In Tears by Night and ſighs by Day.

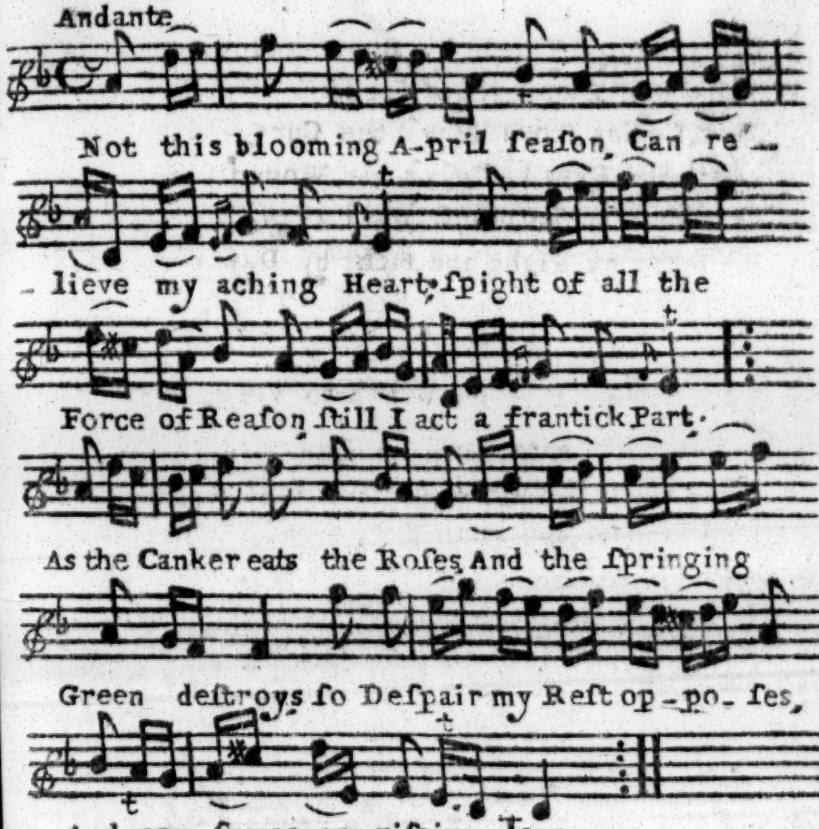
By Collin's Fate be warn'd to view,
The fair with cautious Eyes:
This Place is Cupids Empire ſeat,
And who can ſhun ſurprize:
Since few can hope and all muſt fear,
Where Kingſley, Mead, and Byer appear.

FLUTE.



The FORSAKEN LADY.

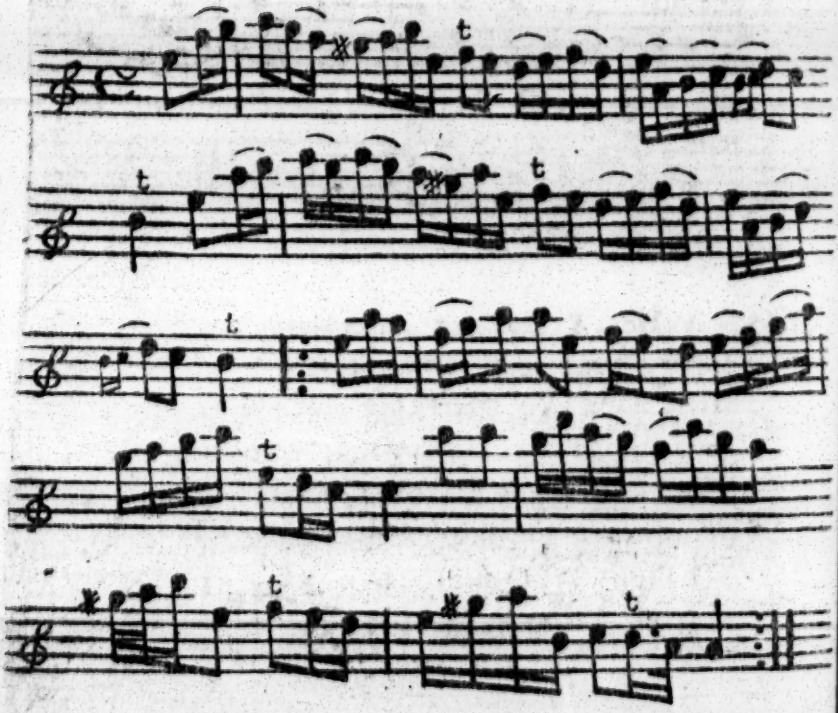
Andante



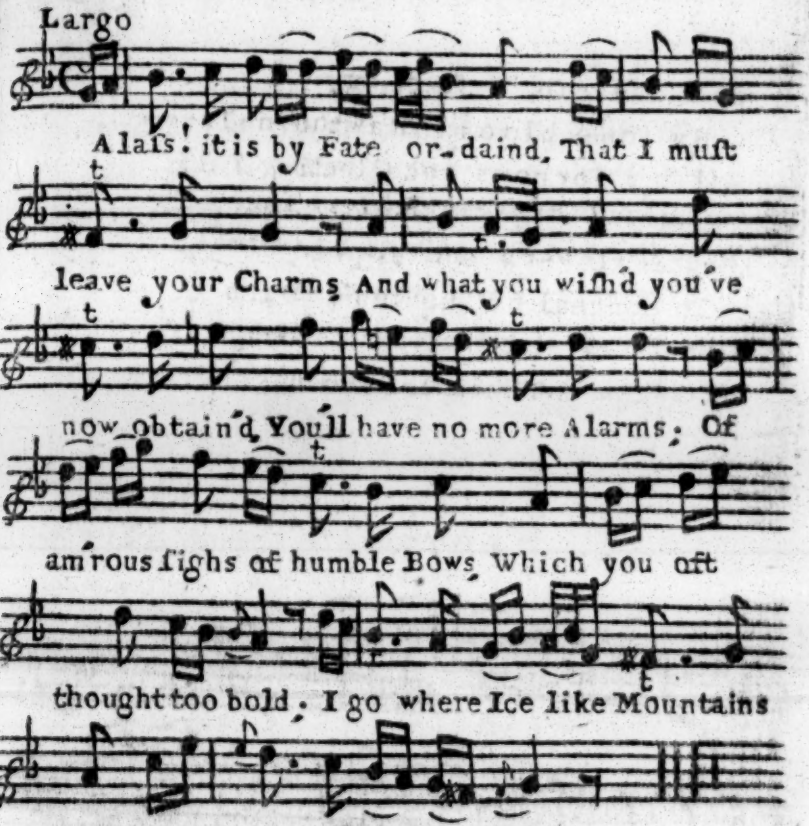
E'ery Valley, Field and Mountain,
Flow'ry Plain and verdant Grove;
Warbling Bird and ſparkling Fountain,
Minds me of my luckleſs Love.
When the Cowſlip I diſcover,
Springing o'er the Primroſe fair;
Thee (I ſigh) my gentle Lover!
Would have cropt to deck my Hair.

If I ſadly ſit reflecting,
By ſome bloomy Hawthorn Tree;
All my ſorrows recollecting,
Love I cry reſembles Thee:
He all flowery can appear,
To conceal his poyſon'd Dart
But the Wretch that truſts him near,
Graſps a Thorn, and wounds the Heart.

FLUTE.



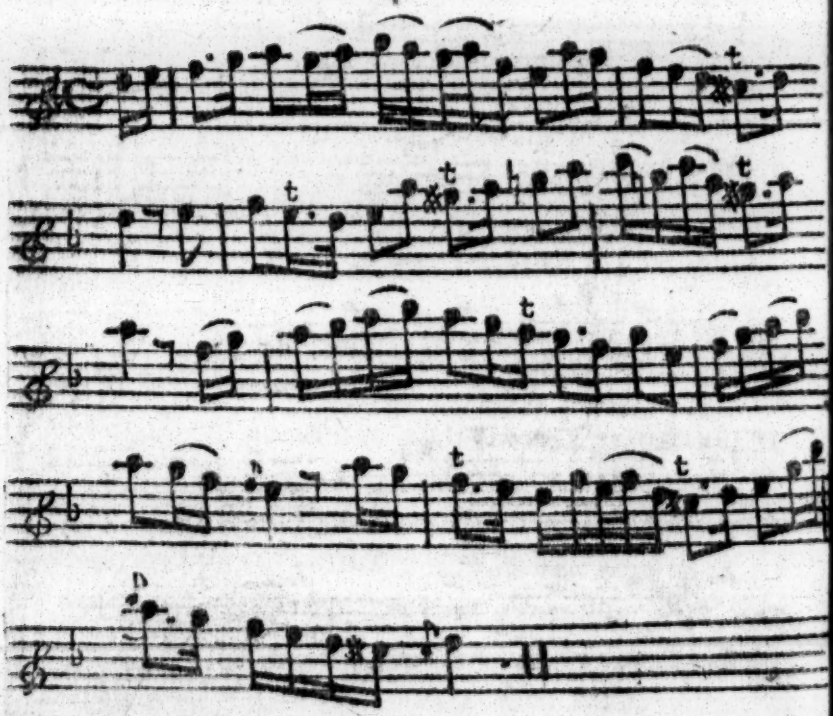
The faithfull LOVERS FAREWELL.



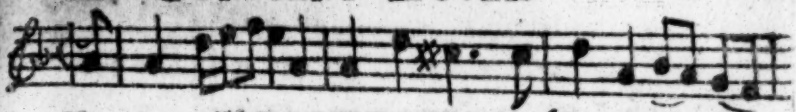
Yet as your cold Diſdain exceeds,
The hardeſt Winters Froſts;
If my Heart freezes then or bleeds
No matter where I'm loſt.
You mind not my deſpairing Cries,
And care not for my Reſt;
The Fire you carry in your Eyes,
Does warm another's Breaſt.

But no I will no more complain,
Of what your ſcorn has done;
Since abſence cannot cure my Pain,
Therefore when I am gone:
Pray think that none will be ſo true,
Or realy loves you more;
And take this for my laſt Adieu,
I part, but ſtill adore.

Flute.



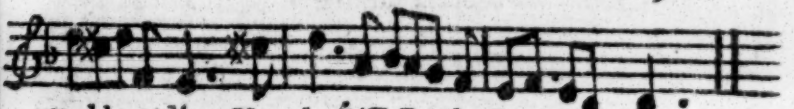
The CONSTANT LOVER.



No more will I my Paſſion hide, Tho' too preſuming

it appear; When long Deſpair a Heart has try'd What

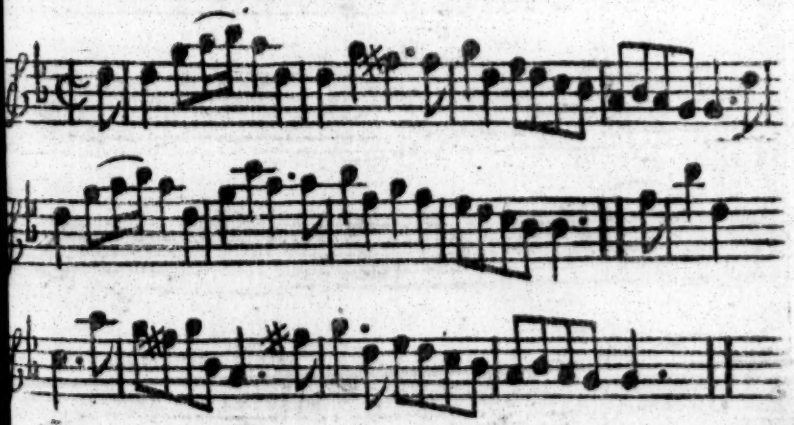
other Torments can it fear? Unlov'd of her, I



would not live, Nor dye till ſhe the Sentence give.

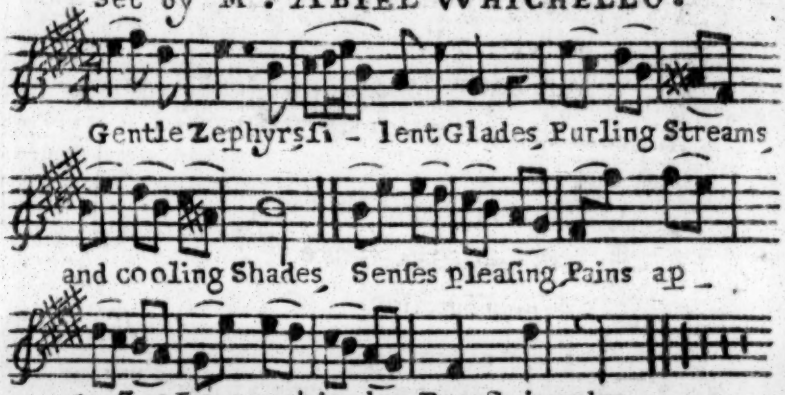
Why ſhould the Fair offended be,
If Virtue charm in Beauty's Dreſs;
If where ſo much Divine I ſee,
My open Vows the Saint confeſs?
Awak'd by Wonders in her Eyes,
My former Idols I deſpiſe.

FLUTE.



A Pastoral Courtship.

Set by Mr. Abiel Whichello.



Here the Graces Beauties bring,
Here the warbling Choiriſts ſing,
Love inſpiring,
All deſiring,
To adorn the Infant Spring.

Here behold the am'rous Swains,
Free from Anguiſh, free from Pains,
Nymphs complying,
Cares defying
Venus ſmiling glads the Plains.

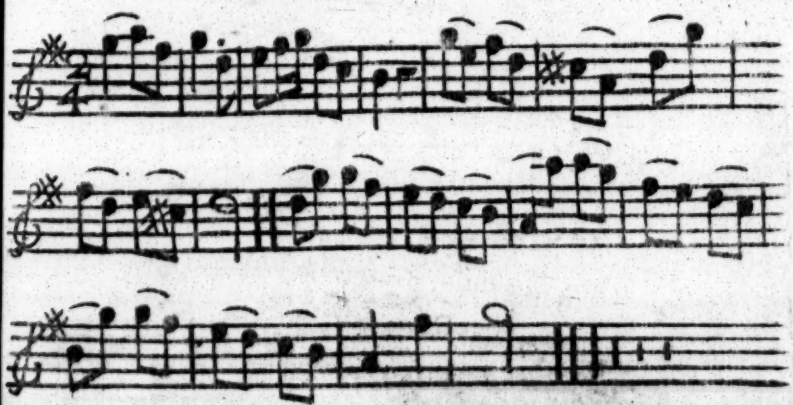
Let not us, too charming Fair,
Be the only hapleſs Pair:
O relieve me;
Ceaſe to grieve me;
Eaſe your anxious Lover's Care.

Kindly here indulge my Love;
'Tis my Dear no tattling Grove;
Not revealing,
But concealing:
All to Love propitious prove.

In thy Air and charming Face,
Dwells an irresistless Grace:
Ever charming,
Love alarming,
To pursue the blissful Chace.

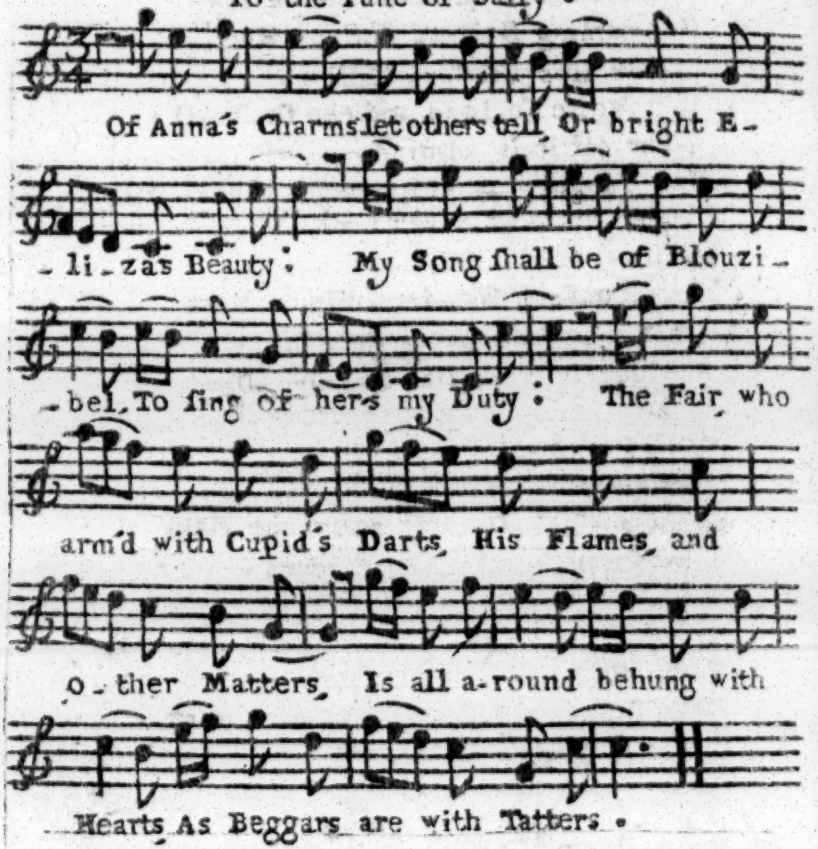
Let me touch this panting Breast,
Here for ever let me rest:
Bliss enjoying,
Never cloying,
Ever loving ever blest.

FLUTE.



BLOUZIBEL. By Mr. BAKER.

To the Tune of Sally.

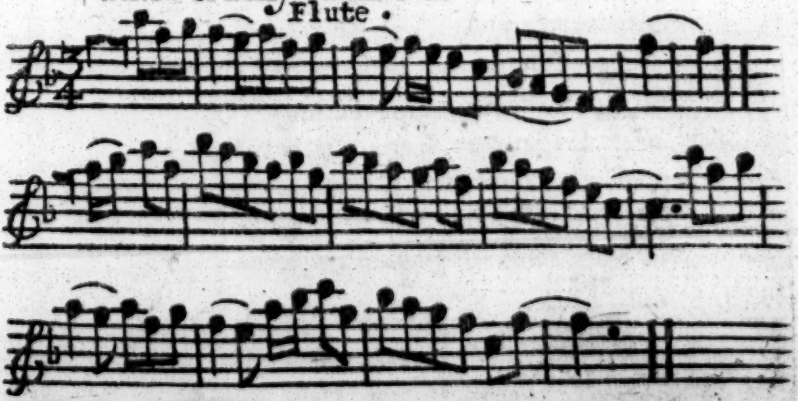


To laviſh Nature much ſhe owes,
And much to Education:
The Girls and Boys, and Belles and Beaux,
Are ſtruck with Admiration;
For, blended in her Cheek, there lies
The Carrot and the Turnep,
And who beholds her blazing Eyes
His very Heart they burn up.

Her dainty Hands are red and blue!
Her Teeth all black and yellow!
Her curling Hair of Saffron Hue!
Her lips like any Tallow!
Her Voice ſo loud, and eke ſo ſhrill;
Far off it is admir'd!
Her Tongue!— which never yet lay ſtill,
And yet was never tir'd!

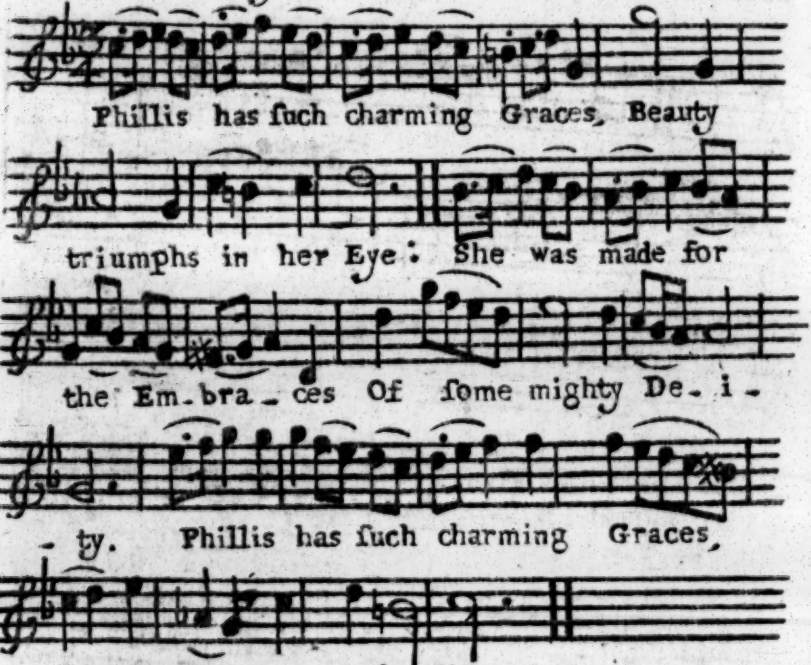
Ten thouſand Wonders riſe to view
All o'er the lovely Creature!
The pearly Sweat, like Morning-Dew,
Gilds ev'ry ſhining Feature!
As Iſaac of his Eſau ſaid,
She like a Foreſt favors;
Thrice happy Man for whom the Maid
Reſerves her hidden Favours.

O Blouzibel! for Thee we pant,
To Thee our Hopes aſpire;
For Thou haſt all which Lovers want
To quench their raging Fire.
Then kindly take us to thine Arms,
And in Compaſſion ſave us
From Anna's and Eliza's Charms,
Which cruelly enſlave us.



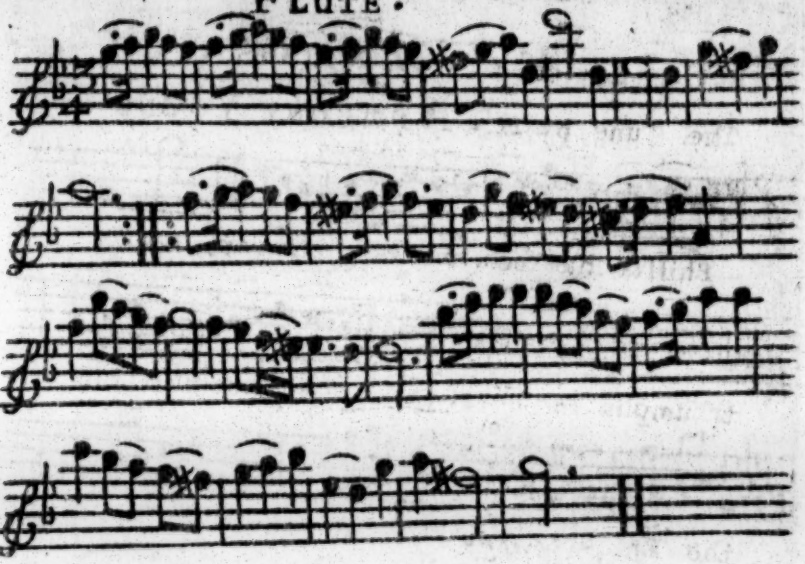
Advice to PHILLIS.

The Tune by Mr. ANTHONY YOUNG.

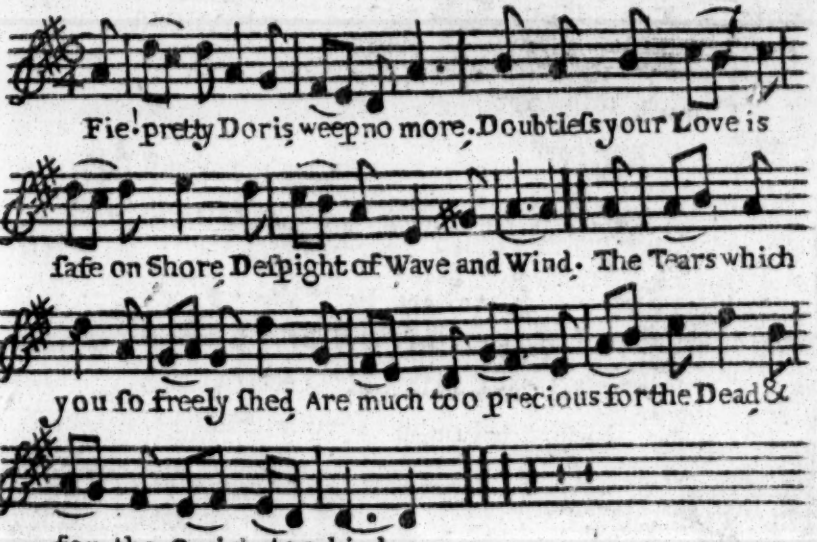


Have a care, celeſtial Creature,
Coyneſs may your Beauty pall;
You an Angel are by Nature;
Angels by their Pride loſt all;
Have a Care, celeſtial Creature,
Leſt I triumph in your Fall.

FLUTE.



To the Diſconſolate DORIS.

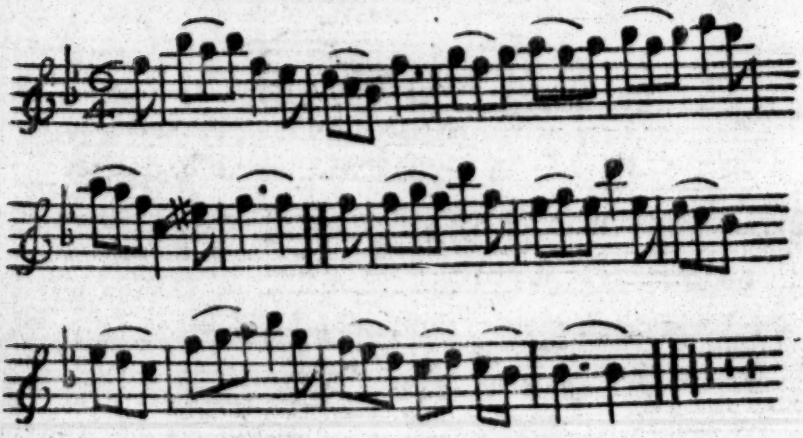


Fie! pretty Doris, ſigh no more;
The Gods your Damon will reſtore
From Rocks and Quick-ſands free;
Your Wiſhes will ſecure his Way,
And doubtleſs He, for whome you pray,
May laugh at Deſtiny.

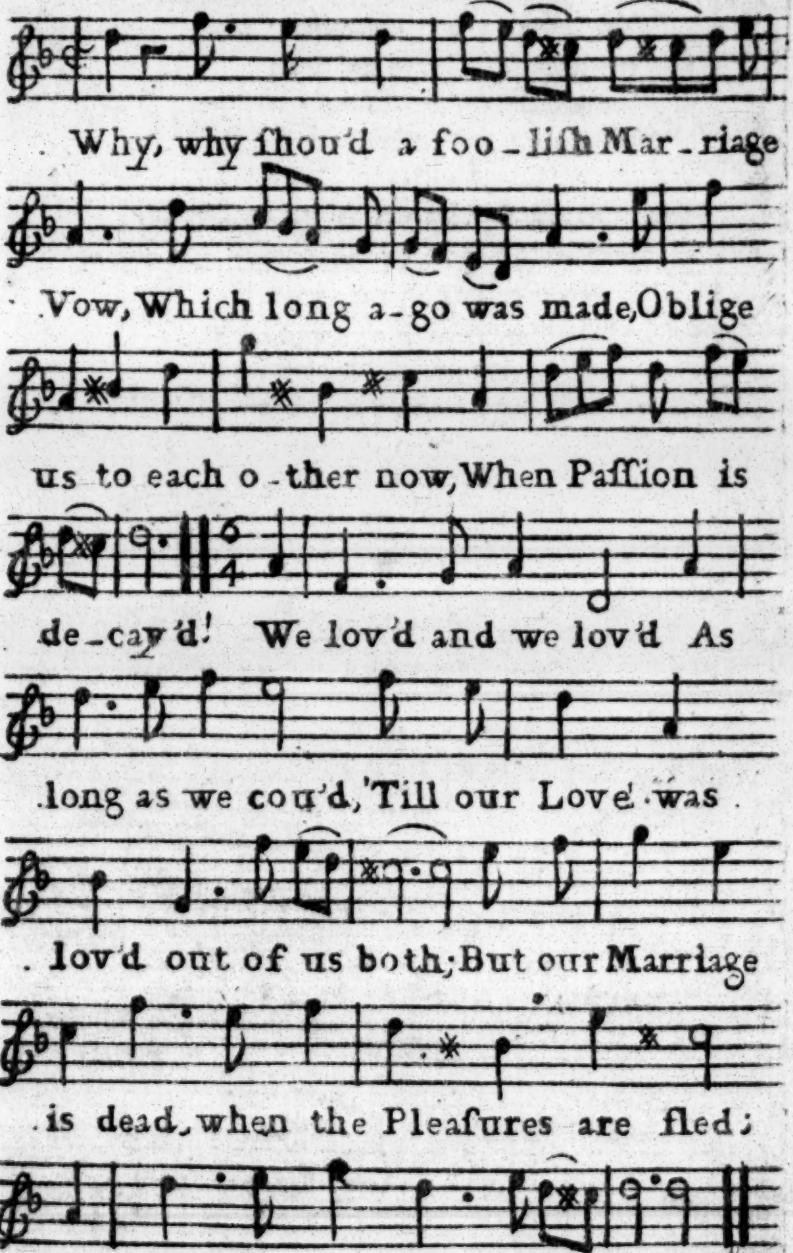
Still then thoſe Tempeſts of your Breaſt,
And ſet that pretty Heart at reſt;
The Man will ſoon return:
Thoſe Sighs for Heav'n are only fit,
Arabian Gums are not ſo ſweet,
Nor Off'rings when they burn.

On him you laviſh Grief in vain,
Can't be lamented, nor complain,
Whilſt you continue true:
That Man Diſaſter is above,
And needs no pity, that does love,
And is belov'd by you.

FLUTE.

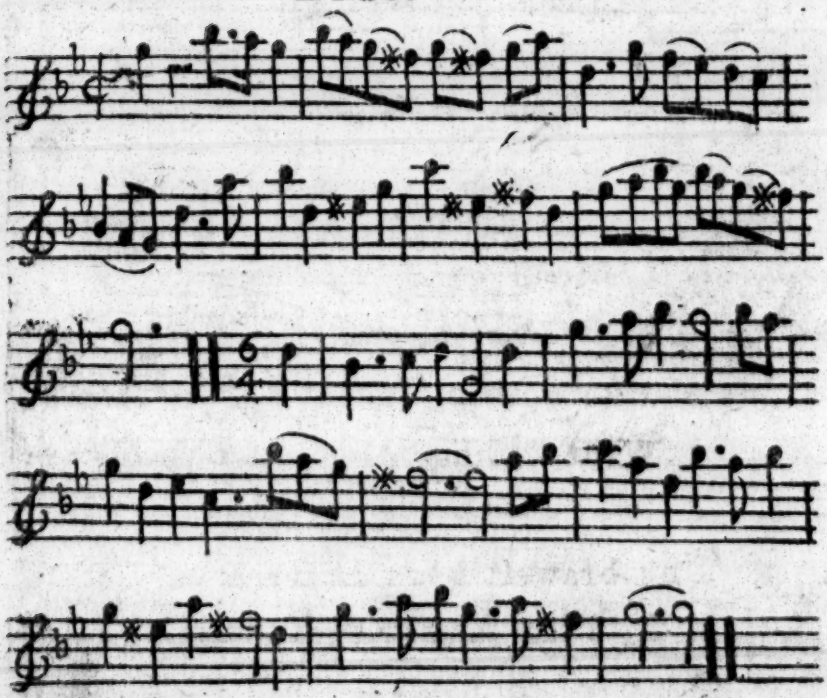


Song from Mr Dryden's Marriage A-la-mode

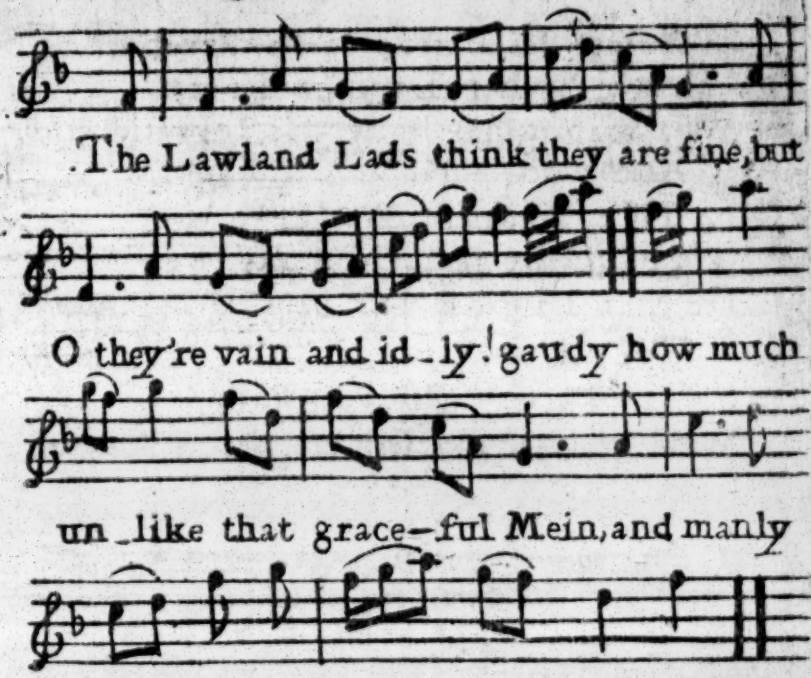


If I have Pleaſures for a Friend,
And farther Love in ſtore,
What wrong has he, whoſe Ioys did end,
And who cou'd give no more?
Tis a Madneſs that he
Shou'd be jealous of me,
Or that I ſhou'd bar him of another;
For all we can gain,
Is to give ourſelves Pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

Flute.



The Highland Laddie.



If I were free at will to chuſe
To be the wealthieſt Lawland Lady,
I'd take young *Donald* without Trews,
With Bonnet blue, and belted Plaidy.

The braweſt Beau in Borrows Town,
In à his Airs with Art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown;
He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy.

O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,
And Leave my Lawland-Kin & Dady;
Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summer's Sun,
He'll Screen me with his Highland Plaidy.

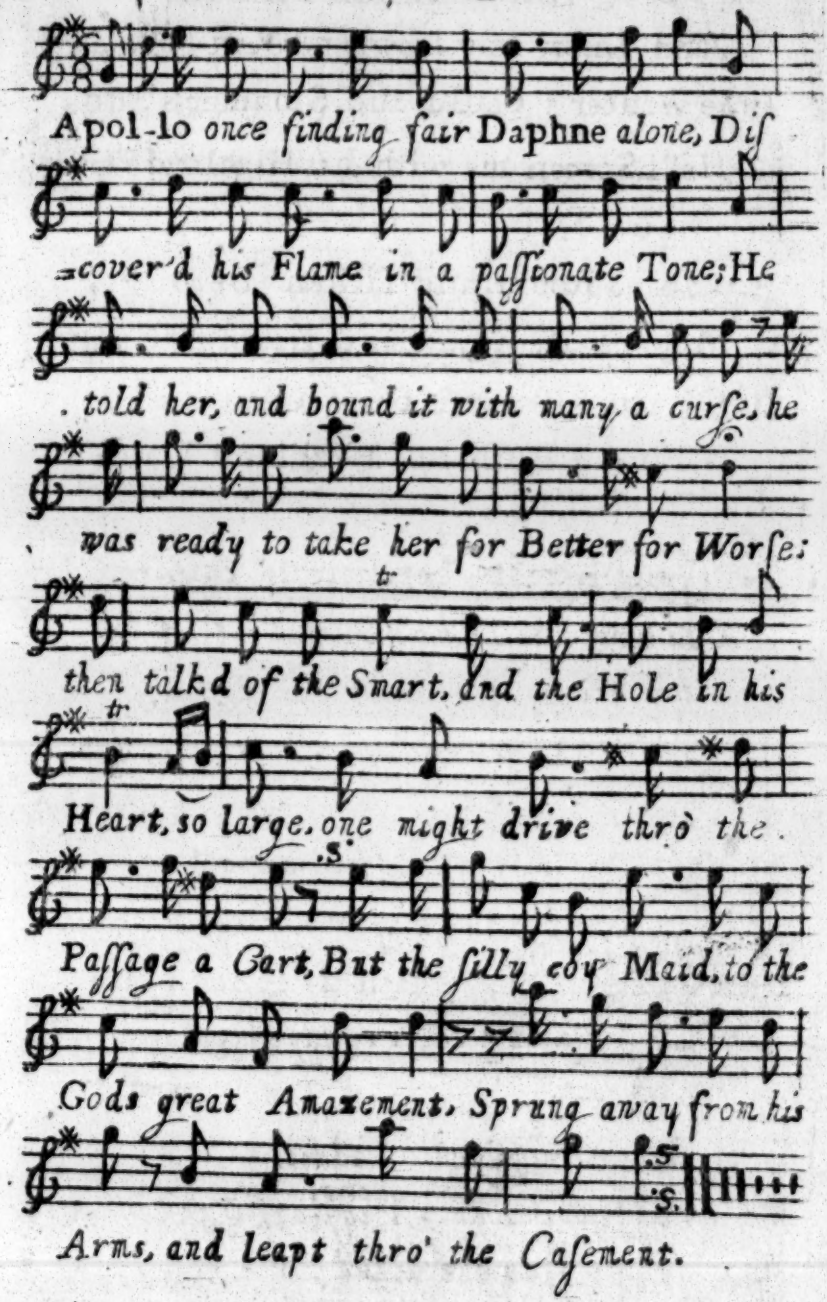
A painted Room, and ſilken Bed,
May pleaſe a Lawland-Laird & Lady;
But I can kiſs, and be as Glad,
Behind a Buſh in's Highland Plaidy.

Few Compliments between us Paſs,
I ca' him my Dear Highland Laddie,
And he ca's me his Lawland Laſs,
Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er Pretend;
Than that his Love prove true & ſteady;
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end,
While Heaven preſerve my Highland Laddie.

O my bonny Highland Laddie,
My handſome, charming, Highland Laddie,
May Heaven ſtill guard, and Love reward,
Our Lawland Laſs and her Highland Laddie.

Apollo and Daphne



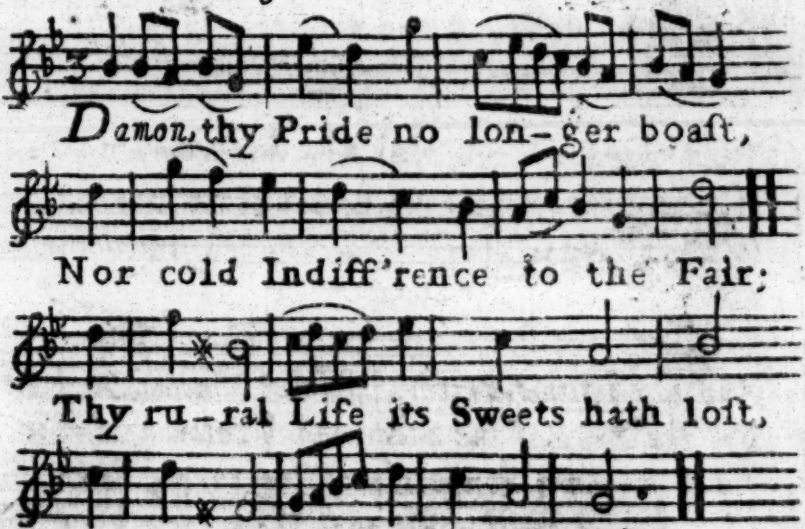
He, following, cry'd out, my Life, and my Dear,
Return to your Lover, and lay by your fear:
You think me perhaps some Scoundrel or whoreson;
Alas! I've no wicked Design on your Person.
I'm a God by my Trade,
Young, plump, and well made;
Then let me caress thee, and be not afraid.
But still she kept running, & flew like the Wind,
While the poor pursy God came panting behind.

I'm the chief of Physicians, and none of the college
Must be mention'd with me for Experience and Knowledg
Each Herb, Flower, & Plant by its Name I can call,
And do more than ye best Seventh Son of them all.
With my Powder and Pills,
I cure all the Ills,
That sweep off such Numbers each week in ye Bills,
But still she kept running, and flew like ye Wind,
While the poor pursy God came panting behind

Besides, I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,
And top all the Writers of fam'd Covent Garden,
I'm the Prop of the Stage, and ye Pattern of Wit:
I set my own Sonnets, and sing to my Kit:
I'm at Will's all the Day,
And each Night at the Play;
And Verses I make fast as Hops, as they say;
When she heard him talk thus, she redoubled her Spee
And flew like a Whore from a Constable freed.

Now, had our wise Lover (but Lovers are blind)
In ye Language of Lombard-Street *told her his mind;*
Look, Lady, what here is, 'tis Plenty of money;
Odsbobs, I must swinge thee, my Joy and my Honey;
I sit next the Chair,
And shall shortly be Mayor.
Neither Clayton *nor* Duncomb *with me can compare*
Tho' as wrinkled as Priam *as deform'd as ye Devil.*
The God had succeeded, ye Nymph had been Civil

On One who scorn'd the Power of Love.



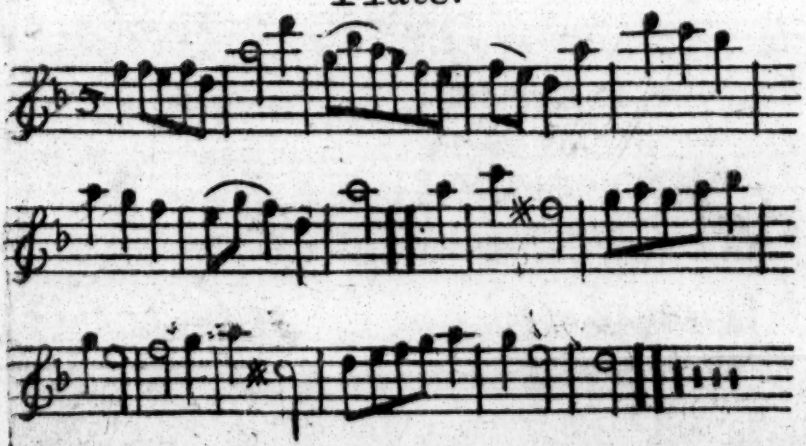
In lonely Walks, and gloomy Shades,
You hope to mitigate your Grief;
In vain we fly when Love invades.
In vain from Love we seek Relief.

Your tunefull Pipe with Jocund Strains,
No longer cheers the mirthful Grove;
In Thought oppreſs'd, you ſhun the Plains,
And nothing now Indulge but Love.

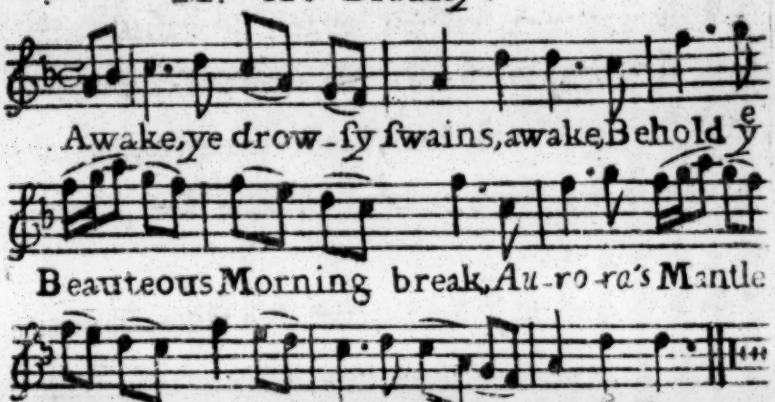
Your lowing Herds, and bleating Flocks,
Unguarded, range the diſtant Fields;
The murm'ring Rills, and hollow Rocks,
Some Pity to thy Sorrow yields.

Had Fate ordain'd the beauteous Maid;
In Courts a Birth of high Degree,
Some nobler Conqueſt ſhe had made;
And *Damon's* Heart had ſtill been free.

Flute.



The Morning— Break. *The Words by* Mr A. Bradley.



The Lark has soar'd a wond'rous Height,
And Warbling wings her airy Flight,
The Birds soft brooding o'er their Nests,
Instruct their Young from tuneful Breasts

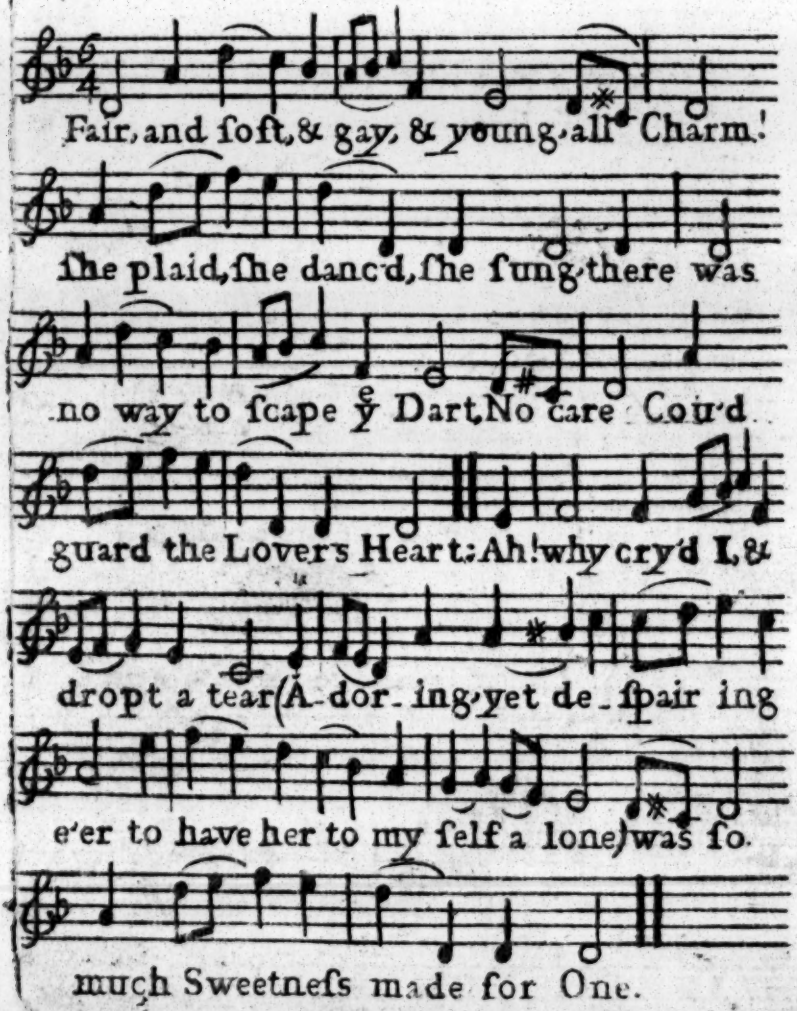
A thousand Beauties fill the Plains,
Each Twig affords melodious Strains,
Thro ev'ry Eastern Tree and Bush,
The Virgin Day appears to blush.

Already *Damon* with his Crook,
Attends his Flock at yonder Brook,
The Charming *Chloe's* by his Side,
Of all the Nymphs, the Shepherd's Pride.

Unhappy Sluggards in their Beds,
With parched Throats, & akeing Heads,
Have shut out Day, and all its Bliss,
To revel in a Strumpet's Kiss.

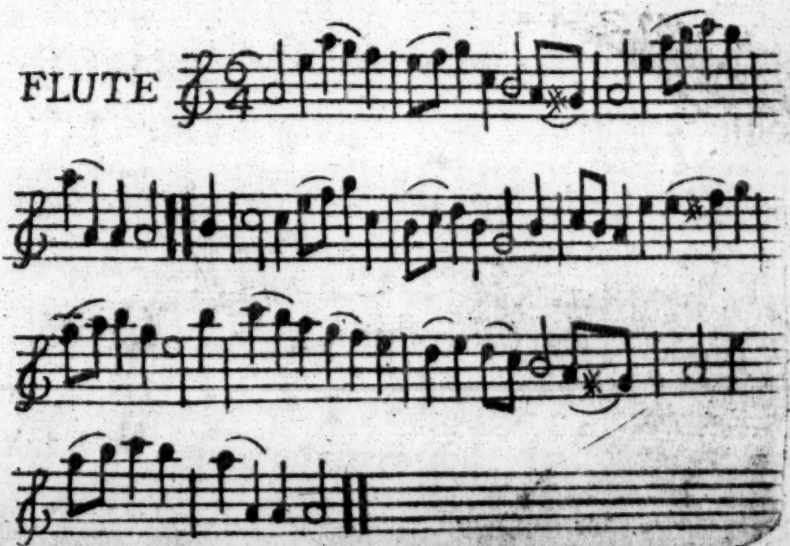
While Rural Swains enjoy the Morn,
And laugh at ev'ry Courtier's Scorn,
Nor envy their Voluptuous Way,
But, while they ſleep, enjoy the Day.

The Inconſtant

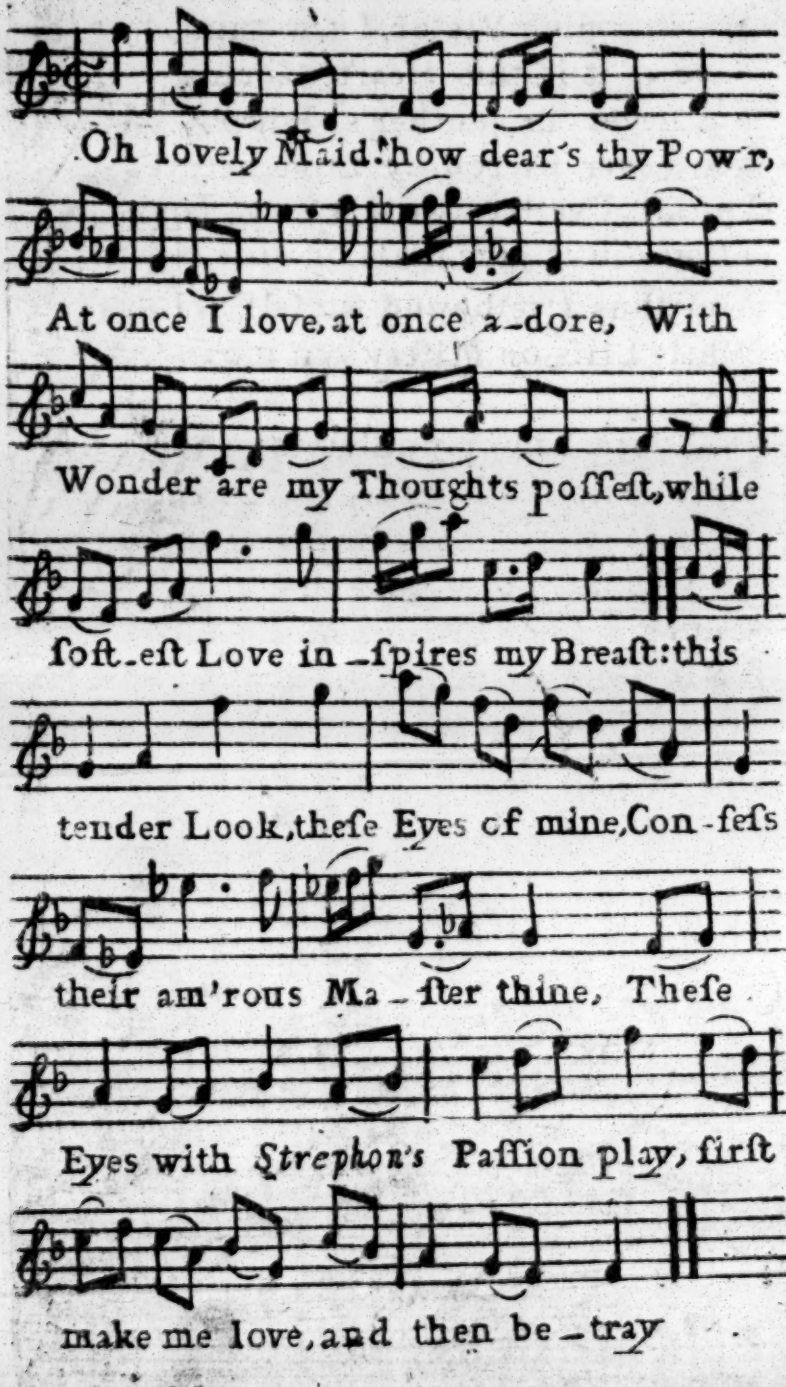


But growing bolder, in her Ear,
I in ſoft Numbers told my Care,
She heard, and rais'd me from her Feet,
And ſeem'd to glow with equal Heat,
Like Heav'n's, too mighty to expreſs,
My Joys could be but known by Gueſs,
Ah, Fool, ſaid I, what have I done,
To wiſh her made for more than One.

But long I had not been in view,
Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew;
Ere I had reckon'd half her Charms,
She ſunk into another's Arms,
But ſhe that once cou'd faithleſs be,
Will favour him, no more than me,
He too, will find himſelf undone,
And that ſhe was not made for One.

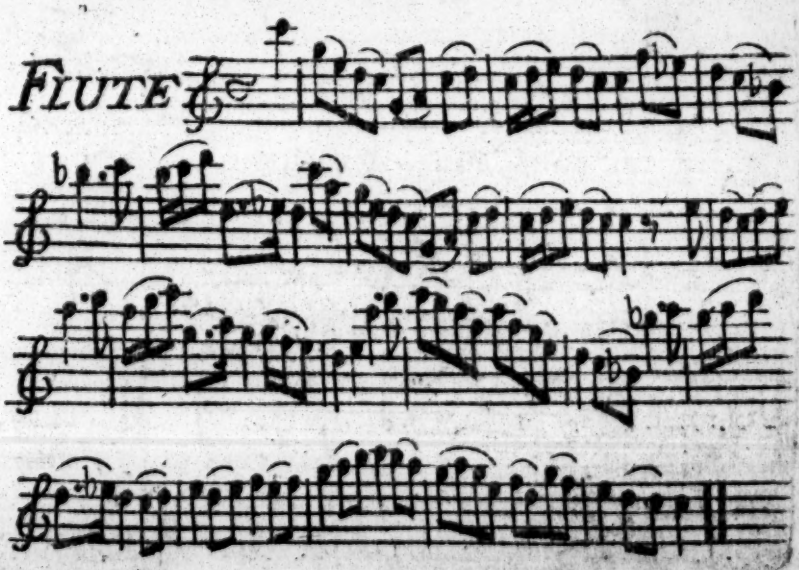


Strephon's Resolve.

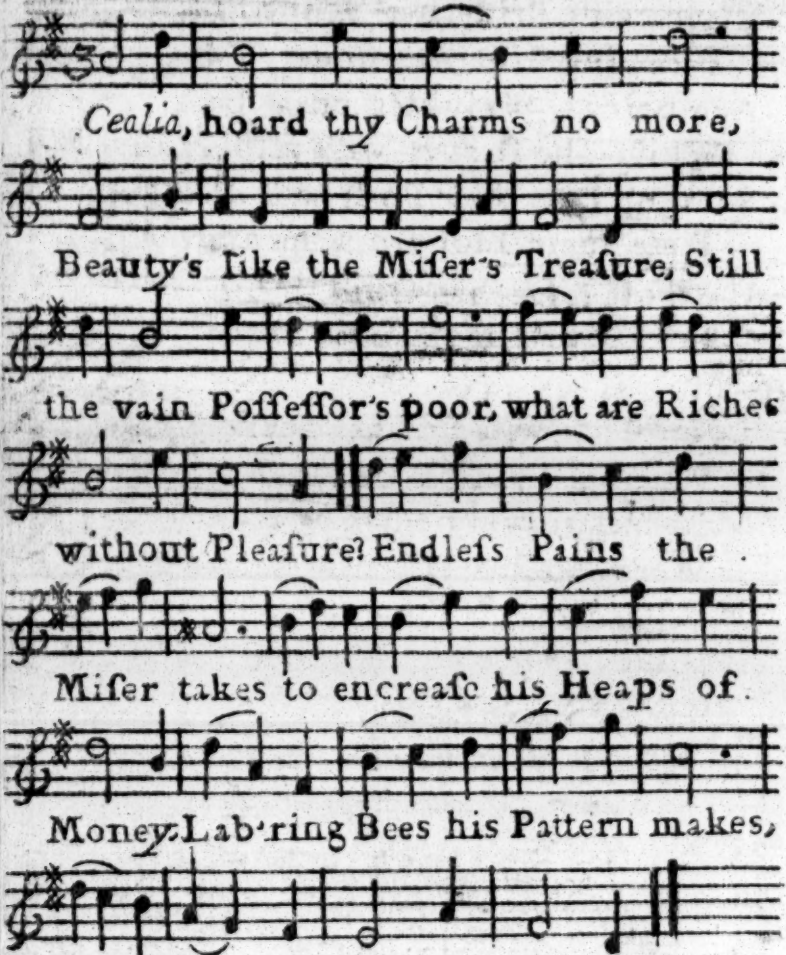


Yes, charming Victor, I am thine,
Poor as it is, this Heart of mine
Was never in another's Pow'r,
Was never pierc'd by Love before;
In thee, I've treasur'd up my Joy,
Thou can'st give Bliss, or Bliss destroy,
And thus I've bound my self to Love,
While Bliss, or Misery can move

O should I ne'er possess thy Charms,
Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy Arms,
Were Hopes of dear Enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone;
But like some discontented Shade,
That wanders where its Body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam with hollow Glare,
For ever exil'd from my Fair.



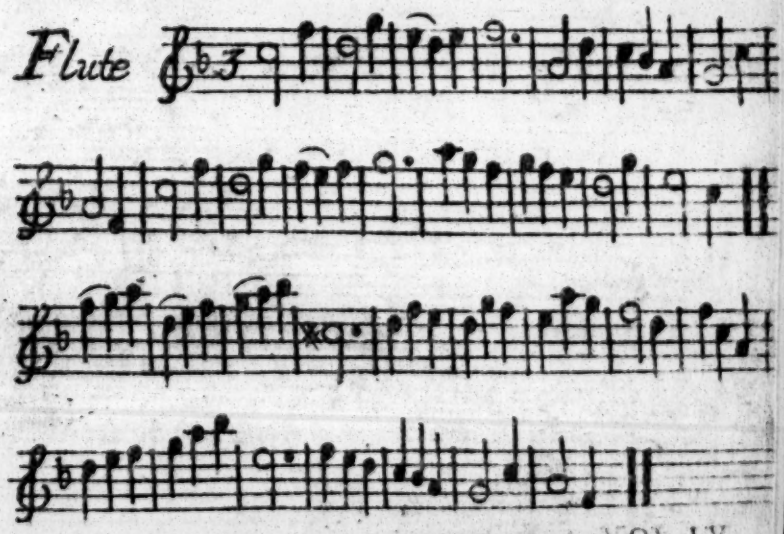
The Comparison *Set by* Mr Galliard.



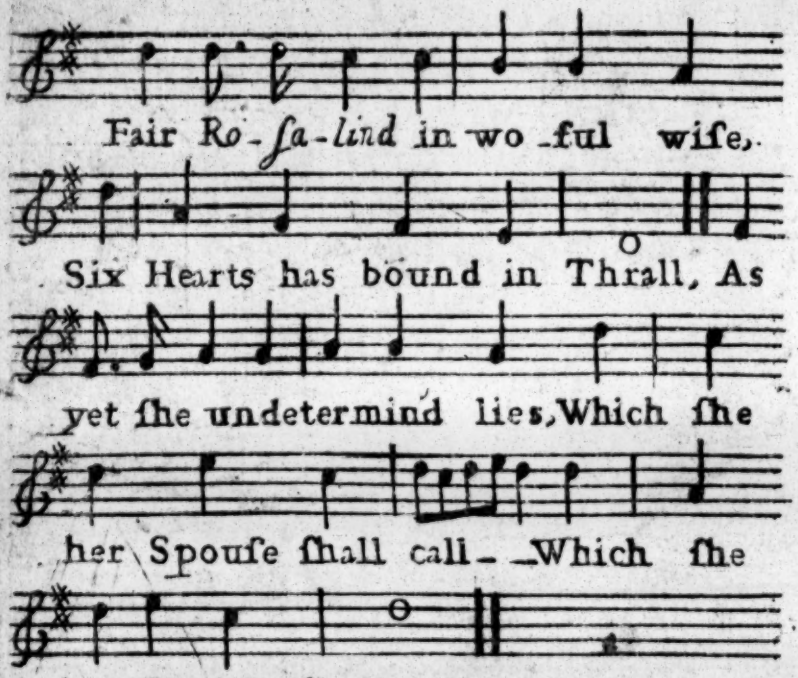
Views with aking Eyes his Store,
Trembling, leſt he chance to loſe it,
Pining ſtill for Want of more,
Tho' the Wretch wants Pow'r to uſe it;
Celia, thus, with endleſs Arts,
Spends her Days, her Charms improving;
Lab'ring ſtill to Conquer Hearts,
Yet ne'er taſtes the Sweets of Loving.

Views with Pride, her Shape, her Face,
Fancying ſtill ſhe's under Twenty;
Age brings Wrinkles on a pace,
While ſhe ſtarves with all her Plenty.
Soon, or late, they Both will find,
Time their Idol from them ſever,
He muſt leave his Gold behind,
Lock'd within his Grave for Ever.

Celia's Fate will ſtill be worſe,
When her fading Charms deceive her,
Vain Deſire will be her Curſe,
When no Mortal will relieve her.
Celia, hoard thy Charms no more,
Beauty's like the Miſer's Treaſure.
Taſte a little of thy Store,
What is Beauty without Pleaſure!

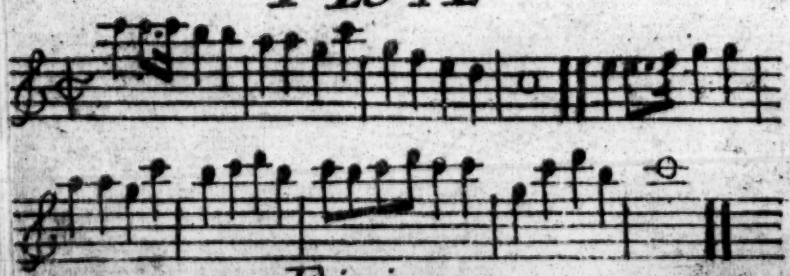


The Jilt



Wretched, and only wretched he,
To whom that Lot ſhall fall,
For if her Heart aright I ſee,
She means to Pleaſe 'em All,
She means to Pleaſe em All!

FLUTE



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